

Random Knowledge

Volume 7



Guy de Maupassant and Edna Ferber

THE MORIBUND

Guy De Maupassant

ORIGINAL SHORT STORIES, Vol 4

The warm autumn sun was beating down on the farmyard. Under the grass, which had been cropped close by the cows, the earth soaked by recent rains, was soft and sank in under the feet with a soggy noise, and the apple trees, loaded with apples, were dropping their pale green fruit in the dark green grass.

Four young heifers, tied in a line, were grazing and at times looking toward the house and lowing. The fowls made a colored patch on the dung-heap before the stable, scratching, moving about and cackling, while two roosters crowed continually, digging worms for their hens, whom they were calling with a loud clucking.

The wooden gate opened and a man entered. He might have been forty years old, but he looked at least sixty, wrinkled, bent, walking slowly, impeded by the weight of heavy wooden shoes full of straw. His long arms hung down on both sides of his body. When he got near the farm a yellow cur, tied at the foot of an enormous pear tree, beside a barrel which served as his kennel, began at first to wag his tail and then to bark for joy. The man cried:

“Down, Finot!”

The dog was quiet.

A peasant woman came out of the house. Her large, flat, bony body was outlined under a long woollen jacket drawn in at the waist. A gray skirt, too short, fell to the middle of her legs, which were encased in blue stockings. She, too, wore wooden shoes, filled with straw. The white cap, turned yellow, covered a few hairs which were plastered to the scalp, and her brown, thin, ugly, toothless face had that wild, animal expression which is often to be found on the faces of the peasants.

The man asked:

“How is he gettin' along?”

The woman answered:

“The priest said it's the end--that he will never live through the night.”

Both of them went into the house.

After passing through the kitchen, they entered a low, dark room, barely

lighted by one window, in front of which a piece of calico was hanging. The big beams, turned brown with age and smoke, crossed the room from one side to the other, supporting the thin floor of the garret, where an army of rats ran about day and night.

The moist, lumpy earthen floor looked greasy, and, at the back of the room, the bed made an indistinct white spot. A harsh, regular noise, a difficult, hoarse, wheezing breathing, like the gurgling of water from a broken pump, came from the darkened couch where an old man, the father of the peasant woman, was dying.

The man and the woman approached the dying man and looked at him with calm, resigned eyes.

The son-in-law said:

“I guess it's all up with him this time; he will not last the night.”

The woman answered:

“He's been gurglin' like that ever since midday.” They were silent. The father's eyes were closed, his face was the color of the earth and so dry that it looked like wood. Through his open mouth came his harsh, rattling breath, and the gray linen sheet rose and fell with each respiration.

The son-in-law, after a long silence, said:

“There's nothing more to do; I can't help him. It's a nuisance, just the same, because the weather is good and we've got a lot of work to do.”

His wife seemed annoyed at this idea. She reflected a few moments and then said:

“He won't be buried till Saturday, and that will give you all day tomorrow.”

The peasant thought the matter over and answered:

“Yes, but to-morrow I'll have to invite the people to the funeral. That means five or six hours to go round to Tourville and Manetot, and to see everybody.”

The woman, after meditating two or three minutes, declared:

“It isn't three o'clock yet. You could begin this evening and go all round the country to Tourville. You can just as well say that he's dead, seem' as he's as good as that now.”

The man stood perplexed for a while, weighing the pros and cons of the

idea. At last he declared:

“Well, I'll go!”

He was leaving the room, but came back after a minute's hesitation:

“As you haven't got anythin' to do you might shake down some apples to bake and make four dozen dumplings for those who come to the funeral, for one must have something to cheer them. You can light the fire with the wood that's under the shed. It's dry.”

He left the room, went back into the kitchen, opened the cupboard, took out a six-pound loaf of bread, cut off a slice, and carefully gathered the crumbs in the palm of his hand and threw them into his mouth, so as not to lose anything. Then, with the end of his knife, he scraped out a little salt butter from the bottom of an earthen jar, spread it on his bread and began to eat slowly, as he did everything.

He recrossed the farmyard, quieted the dog, which had started barking again, went out on the road bordering on his ditch, and disappeared in the direction of Tourville.

As soon as she was alone, the woman began to work. She uncovered the meal-bin and made the dough for the dumplings. She kneaded it a long time, turning it over and over again, punching, pressing, crushing it. Finally she made a big, round, yellow-white ball, which she placed on the corner of the table.

Then she went to get her apples, and, in order not to injure the tree with a pole, she climbed up into it by a ladder. She chose the fruit with care, only taking the ripe ones, and gathering them in her apron.

A voice called from the road:

“Hey, Madame Chicot!”

She turned round. It was a neighbor, Osime Favet, the mayor, on his way to fertilize his fields, seated on the manure-wagon, with his feet hanging over the side. She turned round and answered:

“What can I do for you, Maitre Osime?”

“And how is the father?”

She cried:

“He is as good as dead. The funeral is Saturday at seven, because there's lots of work to be done.”

The neighbor answered:

“So! Good luck to you! Take care of yourself.”

To his kind remarks she answered:”

“Thanks; the same to you.”

And she continued picking apples.

When she went back to the house, she went over to look at her father, expecting to find him dead. But as soon as she reached the door she heard his monotonous, noisy rattle, and, thinking it a waste of time to go over to him, she began to prepare her dumplings. She wrapped up the fruit, one by one, in a thin layer of paste, then she lined them up on the edge of the table. When she had made forty-eight dumplings, arranged in dozens, one in front of the other, she began to think of preparing supper, and she hung her kettle over the fire to cook potatoes, for she judged it useless to heat the oven that day, as she had all the next day in which to finish the preparations.

Her husband returned at about five. As soon as he had crossed the threshold he asked:

“Is it over?”

She answered:

“Not yet; he's still gurglin'.”

They went to look at him. The old man was in exactly the same condition. His hoarse rattle, as regular as the ticking of a clock, was neither quicker nor slower. It returned every second, the tone varying a little, according as the air entered or left his chest.

His son-in-law looked at him and then said:

“He'll pass away without our noticin' it, just like a candle.”

They returned to the kitchen and started to eat without saying a word. When they had swallowed their soup, they ate another piece of bread and butter. Then, as soon as the dishes were washed, they returned to the dying man.

The woman, carrying a little lamp with a smoky wick, held it in front of her father's face. If he had not been breathing, one would certainly have thought him dead.

The couple's bed was hidden in a little recess at the other end of the

room. Silently they retired, put out the light, closed their eyes, and soon two unequal snores, one deep and the other shriller, accompanied the uninterrupted rattle of the dying man.

The rats ran about in the garret.

The husband awoke at the first streaks of dawn. His father-in-law was still alive. He shook his wife, worried by the tenacity of the old man.

“Say, Phemie, he don't want to quit. What would you do?”

He knew that she gave good advice.

She answered:

“You needn't be afraid; he can't live through the day. And the mayor won't stop our burying him to-morrow, because he allowed it for Maitre Renard's father, who died just during the planting season.”

He was convinced by this argument, and left for the fields.

His wife baked the dumplings and then attended to her housework.

At noon the old man was not dead. The people hired for the day's work came by groups to look at him. Each one had his say. Then they left again for the fields.

At six o'clock, when the work was over, the father was still breathing. At last his son-in-law was frightened.

“What would you do now, Phemie?”

She no longer knew how to solve the problem. They went to the mayor. He promised that he would close his eyes and authorize the funeral for the following day. They also went to the health officer, who likewise promised, in order to oblige Maitre Chicot, to antedate the death certificate. The man and the woman returned, feeling more at ease.

They went to bed and to sleep, just as they did the preceding day, their sonorous breathing blending with the feeble breathing of the old man.

When they awoke, he was not yet dead.

Then they began to be frightened. They stood by their father, watching him with distrust, as though he had wished to play them a mean trick, to deceive them, to annoy them on purpose, and they were vexed at him for the time which he was making them lose.

The son-in-law asked:

“What am I goin' to do?”

She did not know. She answered:

“It certainly is annoying!”

The guests who were expected could not be notified. They decided to wait and explain the case to them.

Toward a quarter to seven the first ones arrived. The women in black, their heads covered with large veils, looking very sad. Then men, ill at ease in their homespun coats, were coming forward more slowly, in couples, talking business.

Maitre Chicot and his wife, bewildered, received them sorrowfully, and suddenly both of them together began to cry as they approached the first group. They explained the matter, related their difficulty, offered chairs, bustled about, tried to make excuses, attempting to prove that everybody would have done as they did, talking continually and giving nobody a chance to answer.

They were going from one person to another:

“I never would have thought it; it's incredible how he can last this long!”

The guests, taken aback, a little disappointed, as though they had missed an expected entertainment, did not know what to do, some remaining seated others standing. Several wished to leave. Maitre Chicot held them back:

“You must take something, anyhow! We made some dumplings; might as well make use of 'em.”

The faces brightened at this idea. The yard was filling little by little; the early arrivals were telling the news to those who had arrived later. Everybody was whispering. The idea of the dumplings seemed to cheer everyone up.

The women went in to take a look at the dying man. They crossed themselves beside the bed, muttered a prayer and went out again. The men, less anxious for this spectacle, cast a look through the window, which had been opened.

Madame Chicot explained her distress:

“That's how he's been for two days, neither better nor worse. Doesn't he sound like a pump that has gone dry?”

When everybody had had a look at the dying man, they thought of the refreshments; but as there were too many people for the kitchen to hold, the table was moved out in front of the door. The four dozen golden dumplings, tempting and appetizing, arranged in two big dishes, attracted the eyes of all. Each one reached out to take his, fearing that there would not be enough. But four remained over.

Maitre Chicot, his mouth full, said:

“Father would feel sad if he were to see this. He loved them so much when he was alive.”

A big, jovial peasant declared:

“He won't eat any more now. Each one in his turn.”

This remark, instead of making the guests sad, seemed to cheer them up. It was their turn now to eat dumplings.

Madame Chicot, distressed at the expense, kept running down to the cellar continually for cider. The pitchers were emptied in quick succession. The company was laughing and talking loud now. They were beginning to shout as they do at feasts.

Suddenly an old peasant woman who had stayed beside the dying man, held there by a morbid fear of what would soon happen to herself, appeared at the window and cried in a shrill voice:

“He's dead! he's dead!”

Everybody was silent. The women arose quickly to go and see. He was indeed dead. The rattle had ceased. The men looked at each other, looking down, ill at ease. They hadn't finished eating the dumplings. Certainly the rascal had not chosen a propitious moment. The Chicots were no longer weeping. It was over; they were relieved.

They kept repeating:

“I knew it couldn't last. If he could only have done it last night, it would have saved us all this trouble.”

Well, anyhow, it was over. They would bury him on Monday, that was all, and they would eat some more dumplings for the occasion.

The guests went away, talking the matter over, pleased at having had the chance to see him and of getting something to eat.

And when the husband and wife were alone, face to face, she said, her

face distorted with grief:

“We'll have to bake four dozen more dumplings! Why couldn't he have made up his mind last night?”

The husband, more resigned, answered:

“Well, we'll not have to do this every day.”

"RIGHTS" VS. POWER.

from *The Mixer and Server*, Volume 32

Official journal of the Hotel and Restaurant Employee's International Alliance

Jere L Sullivan, Editor

1923

Samuel Vaucelain, president of the Baldwin Locomotive Works, in an address in New Orleans "brought 500 business men to their feet," according to press dispatches. He "gave inspiration to every American." Something of Babbitt and the bully may be gathered from his remarks. The following is his contribution to candor:

"I've got 25,000 men working for me in a littl foundry back East. I'd like to see any union labor leader start something among them. Why, when the railway strike was starting, a bunch of labor delegates came around to the plant. In 20 minutes I had every damned one of them in jail. I was told that I had no right to put them in jail. I said: 'But they're in jail, aren't they? Now go and get them out.' You've got to act quick when you're facing a crisis."

Thanks, Mr. Vaucelain, for making this matter clear. The union leaders thought you had no "right" to put them in jail. "But they're in jail," you answered, and advise them to get out—if they could. In other words, you proved something which it is very dangerous for your class to prove to workingmen. You proved that "rights" that cannot be enforced with power exist only in the head. They are abstractions. They are not real.

What is real is power and you had the power. You used your power and proved that these "rights" do not exist. Once you convince millions of these facts these millions will strive to get the more substantial thing which your class now has— power. When the workers of the nation have power you can then squeal about your "rights," which will then be as worthless as the "rights" of these workers are now.

Your speech brought your fellow Babbitts "to their feet. Be careful that you don't "spill the beans" too often or you will be brought to your knees.

Editor Joe Keating does not employ much space to his appropriate comment, but we believe you will admit that he said something pertinent to the subject before the house. ***

One of the most persistent seekers for news items that are particularly interesting to the men and women of the catering industry, is "Manny" Koveleski, of Rochester, N. Y. The week seldom passes when he has not mailed us items appearing in one or another of the principal New York State dailies. Here is one that was originally taken from the Buffalo Evening Times, reprinted by the Utica Weekly Times, May 12, 1923, and as noted, clipped by "Manny" and mailed to headquarters. It is an unusual article for several good and sufficient reasons, one of which is that it is no doubt from the pen of the owner of the Buffalo Evening Times, who is none other than Norman E. Mack, member of the Democratic National Committee, and chairman of the New York State Democratic Committee, and may be taken to voice his views and convictions on the subject matter of prohibition as it is being imposed upon the people of the United States of America:

THEY ARE GOING BY THOUSANDS.

"Recently all the newspapers in the country were printing items about Frank Harris, the writer and publisher who has gone to Paris to live. He will never come back to the United States unless the dry laws are repealed.

Right on the heels of this came the announcement that Sinclair Lewis, author of 'Main Street,' and the most celebrated of all living American novelists, is about to take up his abode in England.

The exile of these two citizens has attracted a good deal of attention. It did so in the case of Mr. Harris partly because of the humor in the statement with which he made known his intention. He said he was going to a country where the government didn't interfere with what he chose to eat and drink.

Here was something which at one hit jogged the national funny-bone and carried a straightfrom-the-shoulder argument to American self-respect. It made an equally direct appeal to the American instinct of personal liberty.

The people felt the way Mr. Harris did. They laughed in response to his wit, they agreed with the logic of his position.

As to Mr. Lewis, if he hadn't said a word, his departure would have caused a sensation. Sinclair Lewis is too big a man for any country to lose without regret.

But Mr. Lewis did talk a little. What he said was weighty as granite and hard-hitting as bullets.

He said he was going to England because a man could be let alone there. That is a shot which carries to the center of the mark.

Sinclair Lewis is bidding good-bye to these United States because he wants to be free from molestation.

Prohibition was born, moves and has its being in molestation. It is the arch-molestation. It is molestation legalized in statutes and incarnate in swarms of spies.

Just bear this in mind—you folks who read this—that Sinclair Lewis and Frank Harris will have plenty of Americans in Europe to keep them company. The novelist and the publisher are two members of a vast army. American citizens by the thousands are quitting these shores.

They are doing that to get away from Volsteadism. And they are going away to stay.

They are carrying with them millions of dollars.

Every resident of this country who goes abroad to live, is either well-to-do enough to support the expenses of a permanent change of habitation, or wealthy.

The big majority of those whom prohibition has driven out of the United States are people of great wealth.

Paris, London, Rome, Florence, every European resort of American tourists, has now changed its transient American population for a permanent one.

So it is in China, so it is in Japan, so it is in Cuba, so it is in South America, so it is even in Africa.

From Paris to Cairo, from Tokio to Peking, from Havana to Rio de Janeiro, from Rio de Janeiro to Buenos Ayres, hotels, stores, banks and investments are reaping the harvest of the millions upon millions of money which prohibition has insulted, intimidated, bulldozed and browbeaten away from America.

That money goes into foreign circulation, alien vaults of deposit, businesses which are not our own but rivals of ours.

Our citizens are leaving us by thousands. They are taking millions of dollars with them and they are going in foreign liners. They won't be ferried across the Atlantic in Volsteadized ships.

Our \$3,000,000,000 marine establishment is rotting on our hands.

To sell part of our ships for a song, to scrap the rest of them, is the sentence Volsteadism has pronounced on our once superb fleet.

Chairman Lasker, of the Shipping Board, has told the public the cause of this ultra-deplorable, super-humiliating tale of ruin.

People won't travel on ships upon which the Volstead Act is enforced.

As soon as the Department of Justice announced the ruling making the dry law applicable to American ships there began a portentous cancellation of passages.

On one of the big American ocean liners there were fifty-four cancellations within seventy-two hours after the Department of Justice's decision. One of them was from the head of a great New York bank who was paying \$28,000 for the accommodations of himself and his family aboard ship.

That is the sort of thing that is killing our shipping. It is what has doomed to death the marine establishment which cost three billions of dollars to build.

Prohibition has thrust upon the taxpayers the \$50,000,000 annual expenditure for the upkeep of the fleet which prohibition has barred from being self-supporting and profit-making.

Prohibition has hocused the Treasury out of \$500,000,000 a year in revenue. • It has jumped its first estimate of \$9,000,000 a year for Federal enforcement to \$14,000,000.

By expense of local and state enforcement it has added scores of millions to the ever-mounting and intolerable bill of cost

In addition to all this, prohibition creates and perpetuates a continuous drain on the resources of the country by driving thousands of its citizens out of it.

With them go and never return the hundreds of millions of dollars which finance the hegira of permanent exile caused by the Volstead Act."

Did you find that as interesting as we did? Good old dollars being carried overseas to be spent for the stuff that the Church in Action says can not be had in the United States. Will one of the lawmakers arise at the next Congress, introduce a bill which will levy a tax on the churches and compel them to carry some of the load? Will Congress follow in the footsteps of New York State and make the Anti-Saloon League show where it obtains its funds?

If Dri Bill Anderson and his associates in the New York State Anti-Saloon League are able to collect close on to three hundred thousand dollars a year, what is the total amount collected from pew-holders in all of the States to keep that dry gang going?

LEWIS, SINCLAIR. *Babbitt*. 401p \$2 Harcourt 22-14419 Mr Lewis finds the setting for his

satire on American middle-class life in a good-sized city which he names Zenith and to symbolize this life he takes an average American citizen, George F. Babbitt. He is a successful real estate man, or realtor, as he prefers to be called, a regular fellow, booster, Rotarian, Elk, Hepublican, who uses all the current slang and catch words, molds his opinions on those of the Zenith Advocate-Times, and believes in a "sound business administration at Washington." To follow Babbitt for one day is to get a hideously true view of the worst in American ways and thought and speech at this particular moment of history, to feel its vulgarity and noise and glare, its aimless rush, its motor- and movie-madness, its spiritual emptiness. Yet, and beyond Babbitt's love for his friend Paul Riesling, this is the only glimmer of hope in the whole sordid picture, Babbitt and his kind have at times a vague feeling of dissatisfaction with this travesty of living. He even confesses to his son Ted on the closing page, "I've never done a single thing I've wanted to in my whole life."

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"As a humorist, Mr. Lewis makes valiant attempts to be funny; he merely succeeds in being silly. In fact it is as yellow a novel as novel can be." E. F. E.

— Boston Transcript p2 S 16 '22 950w
Cleveland p30 S 22

"It is a much better book than Main Street. Mr Lewis's way of presenting surfaces is exceedingly persuasive and his capacity for avoiding the underlying truth held out long enough. He ought to re-write Babbitt as a novel all the way through, for the root of the matter may be in him."

+ — Dial 73:456 O "22 230 w

Freeman 6:142 O 18 '22 1750w

“The havoc that Sinclair Lewis wrought amongst the inhabitants of Gopher Prairie is as nothing to the fearful execution he does in Zenith. His book will be reviled from one end of this land to the other. It will be hated, spat upon, possibly burned by the common hangman, But it will be read. And it ought to be read. Not because it is brilliant, still less because it is

mean, but because it attacks shams and hypoc-

risies and poltrooneries and dishonesties that

pretty nearly every reader, if he is honest with

himself, will realize that he has engaged in, di

rectly, or indirectly at one time or another. It

is a book of fearfully destructive criticism; but

it destroys nothing but frauds.” G. W. J. + Greensboro (N.C.) Daily News ps S 24 '22 1400 w

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““Babbitt' is a masterpiece of language, a lexicon, a grammar, a commentary on the American tongue. Yet these things “Main Street' was, too. The superiority of “Babbitt' lies in its undertones, in the evidence it has of layers below layers of humanity out of sight of the ordinary satirist. Mr. Lewis, who once sat a little flippantly in the seat of the scornful, sits there still—but much less flippantly. His seat is higher and his eyes see further.” Carl Van Doren

+ Lit R p23 S 16 '22 1200w

“Is 'Babbitt' as good as “Main Street"? There need be no hesitation in answering: it is better. There is a higher concentration of substance, a more scrupulous testing of style, the rhythm of life and of the form used as symbol are felt to be identical. . . It would be futile to attempt to inquire into the absolute aesthetic value of such a book as “Babbitt," nor would the inquiry be important. What is certain , is that to us the book represents a deed of high cultural significance and that the future historian of American civilization will turn to it with infinite profit, with mingled amusement, astonishment, and pity.” L. L. + Nation 115:28.4 S 20 "22 750w “Mr. Sinclair Lewis, who has written a good book, not seldom in strong resentment allows his expression to go unrefined.” H. M. T. + — Nation and Ath 32:121 O 21 "22 1050w

“Babbitt is hideously true to the worst things in America. The fact that it is not the whole truth makes it not so much a novel as a terribly damaging attack on nearly all of our worst faults, and a brilliant piece of propaganda for some future America which will be rid of them. To destroy evil it isolates evil; that is not fiction. It is rather a contribution to the prevailing mood, among intellectuals. There's a lot more to A merica. even that part of her next door to the Hoosters' Club, than the crude and frantic gospel of the Hoosters. There's a rich, easy-going humor, a genuine if not always effective kindness, intimately

mixed with the Booster streak. Isn't Mr. Lewis, by contrast with a writer interested in giving us characters of such a genuine American admixture, mentally almost an exile from America?" Robert Littell

– New Repub 32:152 O 4 "22 1400w

"It has that something extra, over and above. which makes the work of art, and it is signed in every line with the unique personality of the writer. It is saturated with America's vitality which makes one obey the rhythms of its dance music. And combined with this, Mr. Lewis has an individual gift of humour, a curiously sage devotion to craftsmanship, and a poetic passion for his own, new country." Hebecc West + New Statesman 20:78 O 21 '22 1750w "In 'Babbitt' Mr. Sinclair Lewis triumphs precisely where in 'Main Street' he failed. By fixing attention firmly on one superb central figure he has achieved an admirable effect of unity and concentration. You are rapt, fascinated, from the moment when you find Babbitt waking in the sleeping porch of his house at Floral Heights to that final moment of sorrowful insight when he sees himself as he is. You have the complete, brilliant portrait of a man." May Sinclair N Y Times p1S 24 "22 1800w "One of the finest social satires in the English language." Hurton Rascoe + N Y Tribune p8 S 17 22 1500w "...A successful, a musing, ironic, human document in our social history." Hurton Rascoe + N Y Tribune p8 O 1 22 90w "Professor Canby is right: this 'literature of protest' has to be written, and it would be a mistake to suppose that it has no significance. Put even the younger generation, who revel in rebellion, is rather shrewder in its appreciation of life than Mr. Lewis is in his story—it is not hard to be shrewder than a man who has a thesis. And they will remorselessly check him up with their own experience which even, when it is not large, usually begets a certain clear and non theoretical wisdom. It will be Mr. Lewis's fate to be smiled with, and also a good deal smiled at, by youth." + To No Am 21 6:710 N '22 1000 w

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"Mr. Lewis's powers of observation and analysis have developed wonderfully, and he has learned the art of satire. He has learned it to perfection. We feel now that his hate is the flame which springs up out of the fire of a deep and understanding affection. This is further vouched for by the fact that he has found his sense of humour again. The Messianic delusion has passed, and he can view the scene with equanimity. He has grown out of vituperation into real criticism. Moreover, he is now dealing more with human problems than with the difficulties of environment. Consequently, although he is still quintessentially American, his work begins to take on a more universal significance."

+ Spec 129:928 D 16 '22 1500w

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LEwls, wi LMARTH. Tutors' lane. 164p \$1.75 Knopf 22-1960s; A very slight story, the scene of which is laid in faculty circles of a New England college. Little happens beyond the mild development of the love affair between a young English instructor and the sister of an assistant professor of economics, but there is some good characterization and an atmosphere of easy humor and good-natured irony. In the author's own words, "The story which trickles through the book starts out bravely enough. For a short time it looks as though something might come of it: but nothing really does. And those who insist upon having their love spasms will be bored to death by Tutors' Lane and should on no account be allowed to look at it." .

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The book, consisting of a collection of articles originally written for the Nation, forms a coherent

critique of our present-day theater with a survey of theatrical conditions in France and Germany. The author considers our American theater inferior to the European, especially the German, to which he ascribes an unfailing sense of the identity of art and life. The plight of our theater he attributes less to the shortcomings of the dramatists than to their audiences. "It is the theatre of a class and an economic condition from which we must free it for the service of nobler and more human things." The essays are grouped under the headings: The new dramaturgy; The American stage; Contemporaries; Art, life and the theatre.

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"Cleverly written. Mr. Lewisohn is thoroughly conversant with his subject, and his comments are shrewd and pithy. His matter is always interesting, but his more conservative readers will find some of his estimates of artistic values much less sound than his knowledge of actual facts." . R. Towse * + — Lit R p755 Je 24 '22 700w "Mr. Lewisohn is the most significant of our dramatic critics. Forced by his integrity to be usually in the opposition, he has nevertheless kept not only his tolerance and his humor but also a remarkable power of seizing upon and of revealing the true and the beautiful wherever it may be found. The peculiar virtue of Mr. Lewisohn's little essays—all originally published in *The Nation*—lies in the fact that, taken together, they form an approach to those realities which find expression in the theater." J. W. Ixrtuch + Nation 114:500 Ap 26 '22 800w

Pittsburgh Mo Bul 27:364 J| "22

Springfd Republican p8 My 24 '22 400w

Theatre Arts M 6:347 O "22 190w

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B or 92 National characteristics, American 22-5315 The author of this autobiography was born in Berlin in 1882 and came to America when he was eight years old. His introduction to this country was a little South Carolina town where his parents went to join his uncle. His early education, was received in the South and continued at Columbia university. Beginning his career as a magazine writer he has reached distinction as a critic and as dramatic editor of the *Nation*, with some intermediate years spent in the middle west as professor of German, . He writes with the utmost frankness and sincerity of a spiritual experience which was apparently "up stream" all the way to a sensitive, idealistic temperament. There is considerable bitterness thruout the book, especially in his account of his experience as university professor, during the war, and he is keenly critical of American life and character, in which he sees "no stirring, no desire to penetrate beyond fixed names to living things, no awakening from the spectral delusions amid which they pursue their aimless business and their sapless pleasures."

"To read this book is to undergo a profitable ordeal. It makes a heavy drain upon one's selfcontrol. Though we may be haunted throughout by a sense of inconsistency in the author, LEVV ISOHN, LUDVVI G-Continued or be tempted to make neutralizing allowances for an unusually sensitive nature "reacting to his environment, the fact remains that the author has given us a warning that cannot be ignored. And any ordinary man who can read this book without seeing that the problem exists for him just as really as for the author simply corroborates the author's assertion that the ordinary man has forgotten how to think." C: E. Park Atlantic's Bookshelf Je "22 640w "If 'Up Stream' were a novel, I'd say that it was one of the most moving stories I'd read in years, its early chapters written with ease, vivacity, and beauty, and its close handled with such tolerant fury that it is at once masterful and pathetic. Lewisohn has a genius for characterization. Here a picture rouses one to anger, there a

description strikes a note of pathos that is finely wrought emotionally without betraying sentimentality." J. + Bookm 55:190 Ap '22 240w "Another very tired egoist has made his confession and nailed his defiance upon the gates of smug America. And what has Lewisohn to offer as a remedy for American mediocrity? An impotent egoism, a shabby sex psychology, a form of erotic German romanticism so hollow and so hopeless that no phrases can hide its flabby contours." — Cath World 115:838 S '22 350w Cleveland p51 Ag "22 "The book of a book-made man in a world in which none of the values have yet translated themselves into bookish terms; the book of a

sensitive, high-keyed intelligence, pawing anx-

iously about in the dessicating leaf stalks of last year's culture, worried by its empty, rattling sound, but totally colour blind to the particular shade of young green that is coming up between them. Nevertheless it is one of the most important books of its type, since it enables us at last to place its problem outside of social obliquity and within the dimensions of subconscious racial and experiential induration." Mary Austin Dial 72:634 Je "22 2200w "The worst charge a reader can make against Lewisohn is the aggressive conceit of the man, a conceit which frankly admits that the writer is the intellectual superior of all of his colleagues and of almost all of his contemporaries! The best that can be said of the book is that nowhere else in all of the mass of material written about America can you find so many bitter, so many true, charges made against our civilization." C. A. Hibbard — Greensboro (N.C.) Daily News p8 O 8 "22 1200w "The latter pages of 'Up Stream' sound a trifle rasping; there is too much special pleading. The larger part shows the cultured and generally sane critic that Mr. Lewisohn is when he is not 'thinking internationally.' " E. L. Pearson — — — ind 108:311 Mr 25 °22 480w "Because the subject is an argument, because the author insists on presenting his life in terms of truth and error, this autobiography is not the work of art one might expect from so great a critic of literary craftsmanship. It lacks balance and unity; it knows no economy of effort. But if this work be not finished art, it is at any rate a most eloquent and absorbing document. Mr. Lewisohn can invest personal experience with universal significance. His poignant emotion communicates itself undiminished to the reader, and his illuminating comment falls like a searchlight on a hundred hidden meanings." J. J. Smertenko + — Lit R p 622 Ap 29 '22 1200w "It is of capital value as document, pure and simple: it displays its facts adroitly and it carries conviction. But it is of even greater value as—I almost said a work of imagination. It has color, charm, grace, finish, eloquence. It is the book of a man who knows how to write English." H. L. Mencken + Nation 114:sup434 Ap 12 "22 1400w

"In defining his own fundamental philosophy he develops a stoicism which is dignified and eloquent. But when Mr. Lewisohn turns from his factual record and with disconcerting frankness reveals what pain, humiliation, and bitterness the experience has cost him, his instinct for self-dramatization tends to shake our faith in his critical validity." R. M. Lovett — + New Repub 30:230 Ap 19 '22 1250w

"He has an arrogant opinion of his own value and an equally arrogant contempt for those who have not been willing to take him at his own valuation. And what makes the self-revelation of this volume so sad is that he sees himself as an intellectual, whereas, in fact, he is a stark Emotionalist, governed by his feelings and unable to adjust himself to circumstances." Brander Matthews — N Y Times p8 Ap 9 '22 2400w "To us newer Americans, "Up Stream" is not merely a book. It is vision, revelation. It is our struggles, our hopes, our aspirations and our failures made articulate. It is the cry of young America to old America not to confine literature, education and thought to the formula of a small group. "Up Stream" is a dynamic protest against the sanctification of a priest craft in education, a revolt against the existence of an Anglo-Saxon intellectual aristocracy in a country that is the gathering together of peoples from every corner of the earth." Anzia Yezierska N Y Times p22 Ap 23 '22 1100w "The bitterness which marks his autobiography results from the fact that the great Anglo-Saxon element, the

backbone and sinew of the nation, refuses to change its point of view and remold its manner of life to conform to his Teutonic ideas." S. M. Weller – N Y Times p24 Ap 30 22 600w "One can say of Mr. Lewisohn's autobiography that it is a highly significant book without admitting that it is at all a great book. It is all protest and confession. Protest and confession have their value as counteracting certain narrowing tendencies, but there is seldom anything constructive or really clarifying in them. . In Mr. Lewisohn's case it seems, moreover, that his intellectual intensity, the best quality of his book, is always being distorted by his emotional intensity, another excellent quality. The two do not work harmoniously together." — + No Am 215: 714 My '22 780w Pratt p35 summer '22 R of Rs 65:557. My '22 120w "Although Mr. Lewisohn talks much about his sense of beauty, he seems little interested in that literature wherein imagination converts life into beauty. His own best pages are sardonic portraiture or caustic analysis. Nor does he reveal much humor." — Springf'd Republican p8 Ap 24 '22 580w "'Up Stream' is a stimulating chronicle by a temperate, judicial critic turned revolté in spite of himself. As such, it deserves wide reading. But America being what it is, it won't get it." H. L. Van Doren + Survey 48:90 Ap 15 '22 250w wis Lib Bul 18:132 My '22

ONE OF THE OLD GIRLS

by Edna Ferber
Buttered Side Down

ALL of those ladies who end their conversation with you by wearily suggesting that you go down to the basement to find what you seek, do not receive a meager seven dollars a week as a reward for their efforts. Neither are they all obliged to climb five weary flights of stairs to reach the dismal little court room which is their home, and there are several who need not walk thirty-three blocks to save car-fare, only to spend wretched evenings washing out handkerchiefs and stockings in the cracked little washbowl, while one ear is cocked for the stealthy tread of the Lady Who Objects.

The earnest compiler of working girls' budgets would pass Effie Bauer hurriedly by. Effie's budget bulged here and there with such pathetic items as hand-embroidered blouses, thick club steaks, and parquet tickets for Maude Adams. That you may visualize her at once I may say that Effie looked twenty-four—from the rear (all women do in these days of girlish simplicity in hats and tailor-mades); her skirts never sagged, her shirtwaists were marvels of plainness and fit, and her switch had cost her sixteen dollars, wholesale (a lady friend in the business). Oh, there was nothing tragic about Effie. She had a plump, assured style, a keen blue eye, a gift of repartee, and a way of doing her hair so that the gray at the sides scarcely showed at all. Also a knowledge of corsets that had placed her at the buying end of that important department at Spiegel's. Effie knew to the minute when coral beads went out and pearl beads came in, and just by looking at her blouses you could tell when Cluny died and Irish was born. Meeting Effie on the street, you would have put her down as one of the many well-dressed, prosperous-looking women shoppers—if you hadn't looked at her feet. Veteran clerks and policemen cannot disguise their feet.

Effie Bauer's reason for not marrying when a girl was the same as that of most of the capable, wise-eyed, good-looking women one finds at the head of departments. She had not had a chance. If Effie had been as attractive at twenty as she was at—there, we won't betray confidences. Still, it is certain that if Effie had been as attractive when a young girl as she was when an old girl, she never would have been

an old girl and head of Spiegel's corset department at a salary of something very comfortably over one hundred and twenty-five a month (and commissions). Effie had improved with the years, and ripened with experience. She knew her value. At twenty she had been pale, anæmic and bony, with a startled-faun manner and bad teeth. Years of saleswomanship had broadened her, mentally and physically, until she possessed a wide and varied knowledge of that great and diversified subject known as human nature. She knew human nature all the way from the fifty-nine-cent girdles to the twenty-five-dollar made-to-orders. And if the years had brought, among other things, a certain hardness about the jaw and a line or two at the corners of the eyes, it was not surprising. You can't rub up against the sharp edges of this world and expect to come out without a scratch or so.

So much for Effie. Enter the hero. Webster defines a hero in romance as the person who has the principal share in the transactions related. He says nothing which would debar a gentleman just because he may be a trifle bald and in the habit of combing his hair over the thin spot, and he raises no objections to a matter of thickness and color in the region of the back of the neck. Therefore Gabe I. Marks qualifies. Gabe was the gentleman about whom Effie permitted herself to be guyed. He came to Chicago on business four times a year, and he always took Effie to the theater, and to supper afterward. On those occasions, Effie's gown, wrap and hat were as correct in texture, lines, and paradise aigrettes as those of any of her non-working sisters about her. On the morning following these excursions into Lobsterdom, Effie would confide to her friend. Miss Weinstein, of the lingers and negligées:

"I was out with my friend, Mr. Marks, last evening. We went to Rector's after the show. Oh, well, it takes a New Yorker to know how. Honestly, I feel like a queen when I go out with him. H'm? Oh, nothing like that, girlie. I never could see that marriage thing. Just good friends."

Gabe had been coming to Chicago four times a year for six years. Six times four are twenty-four. And one is twenty-five. Gabe's last visit made the twenty-fifth.

"Well, Effie," Gabe said when the evening's entertainment had reached the restaurant stage, "this is our twenty-fifth anniversary. It's our silver wedding, without the silver and the wedding. we'll have a bottle of champagne. That makes it almost legal. And then suppose we finish up by having the wedding. The silver can be omitted."

Effie had been humming with the orchestra, holding a lobster claw in one hand and wielding the little two-pronged fork with the other. She dropped claw, fork, and popular air to stare open-mouthed at Gabe. Then a slow, uncertain smile crept about her lips, although her eyes were still unsmiling.

"Stop your joking, Gabie," she said. "Some day you'll say those things to the wrong lady, and then you'll have a breach-of-promise suit on your hands."

"This ain't no joke, Effie," Gabe had replied. "Not with me it ain't. As long as my mother selig lived I wouldn't ever marry a Goy. It would have broken her heart. I was a good son to her, and good sons make good husbands, they say. Well, Effie, you want to try it out?"

There was something almost solemn in Effie's tone and expression. "Gabie," she said slowly, "you're the first man that's ever asked me to marry him."

"That goes double," answered Gabe.

"Thanks," said Effie. "That makes it all the nicer."

"Then——" Gabe's face was radiant. But Effie shook her head quickly.

"You're just twenty years late," she said.

"Late!" expostulated Gabe. "I ain't no dead one yet."

Effie pushed her plate away with a little air of decision, folded her plump arms on the table, and, leaning forward, looked Gabe I. Marks squarely in the eyes.

"Gabe," she said gently, "I'll bet you haven't got a hundred dollars in the bank——"

"But——" interrupted Gabe.

"Wait a minute. I know you boys on the road. Besides your diamond scarf pin and your ring and watch, have you got a cent over your salary? Nix. You carry just about enough insurance to bury you, don't you? You're fifty years old if you're a minute, Gabe, and if I ain't mistaken you'd have a pretty hard time of it getting ten thousand dollars' insurance after the doctors got through with you. Twenty-five years of pinochle and poker and the fat of the land haven't added up any bumps in the old stocking under the mattress."

"Say, looka here," objected Gabe, more red-faced than usual, "I didn't know I was proposing to no Senatorial investigating committee. Say, you talk about them foreign noblemen being mercenary! Why, they ain't in it with you girls to-day. A feller is got to propose to you with his bank book in one hand and a bunch of life-insurance policies in the other. You're right; I ain't saved much. But Ma selig always had everything she wanted. Say, when a man marries it's different. He begins to save."

"There!" said Effie quickly. "That's just it. Twenty years ago I'd have been glad and willing to start like that, saving and scrimping and loving a man, and looking forward to the time when four figures showed up in the bank account where but three bloomed before. I've got what they call the home instinct. Give me a yard or so of cretonne, and a photo of my married sister

Buttered Side Down 0122.jpg

"i guess i haven't refused the way the dames in the novels do it"

down in Iowa, and I can make even a boarding-house inside bedroom look like a place where a human being could live. If I had been as wise at twenty as I am now, Gabe, I could have married any man I pleased. But I was what they call capable. And men aren't marrying capable girls. They pick little yellow-headed, blue-eyed idiots that don't know a lamb stew from a soup bone when they see it. Well, Mr. Man didn't show up, and I started in to clerk at six per. I'm earning as much as you are now. More. Now, don't misunderstand me, Gabe. I'm not throwing bouquets at myself. I'm not that kind of a girl. But I could sell a style 743 Slimshape to the Venus de Milo herself. The Lord knows she needed one, with those hips of hers. I worked my way up, alone. I'm used to it. I like the excitement down at the store. I'm used to luxuries. I guess if I was a man I'd be the kind thy call a good provider—the kind that opens wine every time there's half an excuse for it, and when he dies his widow has to take in boarders. And, Gabe, after you've worn tailored suits every year for a dozen years, you can't go back to twenty-five-dollar ready-mades and be happy."

"You could if you loved a man," said Gabe stubbornly.

The hard lines around the jaw and the experienced lines about the eyes seemed suddenly to stand out on

Effie's face.

"Love's young dream is all right. But you've reached the age when you let your cigar ash dribble down onto your vest. Now me, I've got a kimono nature but a straight-front job, and it's kept me young. Young! I've got to be. That's my stock in trade. You see, Gabie, we're just twenty years late, both of us. They're not going to boost your salary. These days they're looking for kids on the road—live wires, with a lot of nerve and a quick come-back. They don't want old-timers. Why, say, Gabie, if I was to tell you what I spend in face powder and toilette water and hairpins alone, you'd think I'd made a mistake and given you the butcher bill instead. And I'm no professional beauty, either. Only it takes money to look cleaned and pressed in this town."

In the seclusion of the café corner, Gabe laid one plump, highly manicured hand on Effie's smooth arm. "You wouldn't need to stay young for me, Effie. I like you just as you are, without the powder, or the toilette water, or the hairpins."

His red, good-natured face had an expression upon it that was touchingly near patient resignation as he looked up into Effie's sparkling countenance. "You never looked so good to me as you do this minute, old girl. And if the day comes when you get lonesome—or change your mind—or——"

Effie shook her head, and started to draw on her long white gloves. "I guess I haven't refused you the way the dames in the novels do it. Maybe it's because I've had so little practice. But I want to say this, Gabe. Thank God I don't have to die knowing that no man ever wanted me to be his wife. Honestly, I'm that grateful that I'd marry you in a minute if I didn't like you so well."

"I'll be back in three months, like always," was all that Gabe said. "I ain't going to write. When I get here we'll just take in a show, and the younger you look the better I'll like it."

But on the occasion of Gabe's spring trip he encountered a statuesque blonde person where Effie had been wont to reign.

"Miss—er Bauer out of town?"

The statue melted a trifle in the sunshine of Gabe's ingratiating smile.

"Miss Bauer's ill," the statue informed him, using a heavy Eastern accent. "Anything I can do for you? I'm taking her place."

"Why—ah—not exactly; no," said Gabe. "Just a temporary indisposition, I suppose?"

"Well, you wouldn't hardly call it that, seeing that she's been sick with typhoid for seven weeks."

"Typhoid!" shouted Gabe.

"While I'm not in the habit of asking gentlemen their names, I'd like to inquire if yours happens to be Marks—Gabe I. Marks?"

"Sure," said Gabe. "That's me."

"Miss Bauer's nurse telephones down last week that if a gentleman named Marks—Gabe I. Marks—

drops in and inquires for Miss Bauer, I'm to tell him that she's changed her mind."

On the way from Spiegel's corset department to the car, Gabe stopped only for a bunch of violets. Effie's apartment house reached, he sent up his card, the violets, and a message that the gentleman was waiting. There came back a reply that sent Gabie up before the violets were relieved of their first layer of tissue paper.

Effie was sitting in a deep chair by the window, a flowered quilt bunched about her shoulders, her feet in gray knitted bedroom slippers. She looked every minute of her age, and she knew it, and didn't care. The hand that she held out to Gabe was a limp, white, fleshless thing that seemed to bear no relation to the plump, firm member that Gabe had pressed on so many previous occasions.

Gabe stared at this pale wraith in a moment of alarm and dismay. Then:

"You're looking—great!" he stammered. "Great! Nobody'd believe you'd been sick a minute. Guess you've just been stalling for a beauty rest, what?"

Effie smiled a tired little smile, and shook her head slowly.

"You're a good kid, Gabie, to lie like that just to make me feel good. But my nurse left yesterday and I had my first real squint at myself in the mirror. She wouldn't let me look while she was here. After what I saw staring back at me from that glass a whole ballroom full of French courtiers whispering sweet nothings in my ear couldn't make me believe that I look like anything but a hunk of Roquefort, green spots included. When I think of how my clothes won't fit it makes me shiver."

"Oh, you'll soon be back at the store as good as new. They fatten up something wonderful after typhoid. Why, I had a friend——"

"Did you get my message?" interrupted Effie.

"I was only talking to hide my nervousness," said Gabe, and started forward. But Effie waved him away.

"Sit down," she said. "I've got something to say." She looked thoughtfully down at one shining finger nail. Her lower lip was caught between her teeth. When she looked up again her eyes were swimming in tears. Gabe started forward again. Again Effie waved him away.

"It's all right, Gabe. I don't blubber as a rule. This fever leaves you as weak as a rag, and ready to cry if any one says 'Boo!' I've been doing some high-pressure thinking since nursie left. Had plenty of time to do it in, sitting here by this window all day. My land! I never knew there was so much time. There's been days when I haven't talked to a soul, except the nurse and the chambermaid. Lonesome! Say, the amount of petting I could stand would surprise you. Of course, my nurse was a perfectly good nurse—at twenty-five per. But I was just a case to her. You can't expect a nurse to ooze sympathy over an old maid with the fever. I tell you I was dying to have some one say 'Sh-sh-sh!' when there was a noise, just to show they were interested. Whenever I'd moan the nurse would come over and stick a thermometer in my mouth and write something down on a chart. The boys and girls at the store sent flowers. They'd have done the same if I'd died. When the fever broke I just used to lie there and dream, not feeling anything in particular, and not caring much whether it was day or night. Know what I mean?"

Gabie shook a sympathetic head.

There was a little silence. Then Effie went on. "I used to think I was pretty smart, earning my own good living, dressing as well as the next one, and able to spend my vacation in Atlantic City if I wanted to. I didn't know I was missing anything. But while I was sick I got to wishing that there was somebody that belonged to me. Somebody to worry about me, and to sit up nights—somebody that just naturally felt they had to come tiptoeing into my room every three or four minutes to see if I was sleeping, or had enough covers on, or wanted a drink, or something. I got to thinking what it would have been like if I had a husband and a—home. You'll think I'm daffy, maybe."

Gabie took Effie's limp white hand in his, and stroked it gently. Effie's face was turned away from him, toward the noisy street.

"I used to imagine how he'd come home at six, stamping his feet, maybe, and making a lot of noise the way men do. And then he'd remember, and come creaking up the steps, and he'd stick his head in at the door in the funny, awkward, pathetic way men have in a sick room. And he'd say, 'How's the old girl to-night? I'd better not come near you now, puss, because I'll bring the cold with me. Been lonesome for your old man?'"

"And I'd say, 'Oh, I don't care how cold you are, dear. The nurse is downstairs, getting my supper ready.'"

"And then he'd come tiptoeing over to my bed, and stoop down, and kiss me, and his face would be all cold, and rough, and his mustache would be wet, and he'd smell out-doorsy and smoky, the way husbands do when they come in. And I'd reach up and pat his cheek and say, 'You need a shave, old man.'"

"I know it," he'd say, rubbing his cheek up against mine.

"Hurry up and wash, now. Supper'll be ready."

"Where are the kids?" he'd ask. "The house is as quiet as the grave. Hurry up and get well, kid. It's darn lonesome without you at the table, and the children's manners are getting something awful, and I never can find my shirts. Lordy, I guess we won't celebrate when you get up! Can't you eat a little something nourishing for supper—beefsteak, or a good plate of soup, or something?"

"Men are like that, you know. So I'd say then: 'Run along, you old goose! You'll be suggesting sauerkraut and wieners next. Don't you let Millie have any marmalade to-night. She's got a spoiled stomach.'"

"And then he'd pound off down the hall to wash up, and I'd shut my eyes, and smile to myself, and everything would be all right, because he was home."

There was a long silence. Effie's eyes were closed. But two great tears stole out from beneath each lid and coursed their slow way down her thin cheeks. She did not raise her hand to wipe them away.

Gabie's other hand reached over and met the one that already clasped Effie's.

"Effie," he said, in a voice that was as hoarse as it was gentle.

"H'm?" said Effie.

"Will you marry me?"

"I shouldn't wonder," replied Effie, opening her eyes. "No, don't kiss me. You might catch something. But say, reach up and smooth my hair away from my forehead, will you, and call me a couple of fool names. I don't care how clumsy you are about it. I could stand an awful fuss being made over me, without being spoiled any."

Three weeks later Effie was back at the store. Her skirt didn't fit in the back, and the little hollow places in her cheeks did not take the customary dash of rouge as well as when they had been plumper. She held a little impromptu reception that extended down as far as the lingers and up as far as the rugs. The old sparkle came back to Effie's eye. The old assurance and vigor seemed to return. By the time that Miss Weinstein, of the French lingers, arrived, breathless, to greet her Effie was herself again.

"Well, if you're not a sight for sore eyes, dearie," exclaimed Miss Weinstein. "My goodness, how grand and thin you are! I'd be willing to take a course in typhoid myself, if I thought I could lose twenty-five pounds."

"I haven't a rag that fits me," Effie announced proudly.

Miss Weinstein lowered her voice discreetly. "Dearly, can you come down to my department for a minute? We're going to have a sale on imported lawnjerie blouses, slightly soiled, from nine to eleven to-morrow. There's one you positively must see. Hand-embroidered, Irish motifs, and eyeleted from soup to nuts, and only eight-fifty."

"I've got a fine chance of buying hand-made waists, no matter how slightly soiled," Effie made answer, "with a doctor and nurse's bill as long as your arm."

"Oh, run along!" scoffed Miss Weinstein. "A person would think you had a husband to get a grouch every time you get reckless to the extent of a new waist. You're your own boss. And you know your credit's good. Honestly, It would be a shame to let this chance slip. You're not getting tight in your old age, are you?"

"N-no," faltered Effie, "but——"

"Then come on," urged Miss Weinstein energetically. "And be thankful you haven't got a man to raise the dickens when the bill comes in."

"Do you mean that?" asked Effie slowly, fixing Miss Weinstein with a thoughtful eye.

"Surest thing you know. Say, girlie, let's go over to Klein's for lunch this noon. They have pot roast with potato pfannkuchen on Tuesdays, and we can split an order between us."

"Hold that waist till to-morrow, will you?" said Effie. "I've made an arrangement with a—friend that might make new clothes impossible just now. But I'm going to wire my party that the arrangement is all off. I've changed my mind. I ought to get an answer to-morrow. Did you say it was a thirty-six?"

ICHHABOD.

*“Oh, that many may know
The end of this day’s business, ere it come;
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known.”*
—Julius Cæsar.

tedious ride brought the five knights nigh Shunem, the City of Elijah.

“We’ll find no prophet’s chamber here for such as we,” remarked Sir Charleroy.

“Perhaps,” said a comrade, “we may by force or cajoling find a breakfast; a cake or cruse of oil.”

“Anyhow,” replied the chief, “we must try for a little food. We can neither fight nor flee with gaunt hunger on our flanks. Who knows, after all, but that we may happen on a humane being in these parts.”

“Well, good captain, if we should find a Shulamite, black, but comely, she might be as loving to thee as that one of old was to Solomon, although——”

The sentence was broken off by the interrupting command of Sir Charleroy, “Men, quick to cover; to the lemon-tree grove on the right!”

A glance back revealed a host of armed men behind the knights.

“All saints defend!” cried the Templar, as the little band wheeled toward the refuge.

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The tale of the battle to the death that ensued, is quickly told.

Sir Charleroy, though he had fought with reckless bravery, as one hotly pursuing death, alone survived. A bludgeon blow felled him; when he recovered consciousness, he beheld standing by his side a gorgeously bedecked Moslem. The clangor of the conflict was over; the blood in which he weltered, and the vicious eyes that watched him, were all that reminded the knight of what had recently transpired. Presently the latter addressed the one that stood guard:

“Why is the infidel so tardy in finishing his work?”

“Is the Crusader in a hurry to reach night?” sententiously replied the man of gorgeous trappings.

“He would like to stay long enough to execute a murderer—the chief of thy horde.”

“My horde? Thou knowest me?”

“Oh, yes, ‘Azrael, Angel of Death,’ thy minions call thee; but I defy thee as I loathe thee.”

The chief’s brow darkened; his sword rose in air, and he exclaimed: “Hercules was healed of a serpent bite, ages ago, at Acre; Islamism in the same place recently; I must finish the hydra by cutting off thy hissing head, Christian.”

Sir Charleroy steadily met his captor’s gaze, eye to eye, and was silent.

The chief paused; then lowering his sword, toyed its point against the cross on the prostrate man’s breast.

“Bitter tongue, thou dost worship a death sign; dost thou so love death?”

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“Death befriends those who wear that sign in truth; this is my comfort standing now at the rim of earth’s last night.”

“Thy bright red blood and unwrinkled brow bespeak youth, the power to enjoy life. Youth and such power is ever a prayer for more time; thou liest to thyself and me by professing to seek thy end.”

“How wonderful! The ‘Angel of Death’ is a soul-reader as well as a murderer!” bitterly rejoined Sir Charleroy.

“Well, then, refute me! Here’s thy greasy, blood-stained sword; now go, by thine own hands, if thou darest, to judgment.”

“Trusting God, I may defy thee; yet not hurry Him!”

“I like the Christian’s metal. I might let him live.”

“Life would be a mean gift now; a painful departure from the threshold of Paradise, to renew weary pilgrimages.”

“I may be merciful.”

“I do not believe it.”

“Thou shalt.”

“When I believe in the tenderness of jackals and tigers, in the sincerity of transparent hypocrisy, I’ll praise the mercy of Azrael.”

“Our holy Koran reveals a bridge finer than a hair, sharper than a sword, beset with thorns, laid over hell. From that bridge, with an awful plunge, the wicked go eternally down; over it safely, swiftly, the holy pass to happiness. Art ready to try that bridge?”

“Ready for the land of forgetfulness; no swords nor crescents are there.”

[85]

“No, thou wouldst only reach Orf, the partition of hell, where the half-saints tarry; thy bravery merits that much; but I’ll teach thee to reach better realms.”

“Turk, Mameluke, ’tis fiendish to prejudge a dying soul; leave judgment to God, and share now all that is within thy power, my body, with thy fit partners, the vultures!”

“A living slave is worth more to me than a dead knight; I’ve an humor to let thee live.”

“Oh, most merciful hypocrite! I did not think thou couldst tell the truth so readily; but let me, I beseech thee, be the dead knight.”

“What if I save thy life, teach thee the puissant faith of Islam, give thee leadership, and with it opportunity to win entrance to that highest Paradise, whose gateway is overshadowed by swords of the brave? There thou mayest dwell forever with Allah and the adolescent houris.”

“Enough; unless thou dost aim to torture me! I’m a Knight of Saint Mary, and thou full well knowest the measure of my vows; how throughout this land my Order has warred against thy hateful polygamy, thy gilded lusts here, thy Harem heaven hereafter! Ye thrive by luring to your standards men aflame now with the fire that burns such souls at last in black perdition. I tell thee to thy teeth, thou and thine are living devils. But ye war against the wisdom of the world and the law of God; though triumphing now, ye will rot amid your riots and victories.”

The chief’s face grew black as night for an instant, but recovering himself, he continued, sarcastically at first, then with the zeal of a proselyter:

[86]

“Speak low, thou, last dying vestige of a wan faith! Thou mightst make my solemn followers yell with ridiculing laughter! I tell thee of life and of a faith as natural as nature herself. Listen; there is for the brave and faithful a Paradise whose rivers are white as milk as odoriferous as musk. There are sights for the eye, fetes most delicious and music never ceasing to ravish; these lure the brilliantly-robed faithful to the black-eyed daughters of Pleasure. One look at them would reward such as we for a world-life of pain; and the children of the prophet’s faith are given the eternities to companion these splendid creatures whose forms created of musk know no infirmity, but survive, always, as adolescent fountains. The heaven of Islamism is eternal youth, eternally luxurious.”

“It befits the Angel of Death to gild a deformed hell with bedazzling words. Thou and thine glorify lust, and thy heaven, like thy harem, is but a brothel after all. Now let me blast thy gorgeous charnel-house with the lightning of God’s Word: ‘Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God!’”

Sir Charleroy had raised himself up as he was speaking; now he fell back, exhausted. He again felt the glow in his heart that he felt on the quay when the English bishop blessed him; but it seemed more real now than then, and the approvings of conscience some way came with rebukes that caused tears to flow. He felt something akin to real penitence for a life that had not been always up to the ideal that this debate had caused him to exalt. As he fell back he closed his eyes and turned his face from his captor; the act was a prayer to be helped to shut out of his mind the picture[87] of gilded lust depicted by the false teacher that stood by. For a few moments the wounded man was left to his own thoughts, and then

his heart went out toward home crying like a sick or lost child in the night, for “Mother!” Once more he returned to that duality of existence which comes when one enters into personal introspections. There seemed to be two Sir Charleroy, one writing the history of the other, and the writer was recording such estimates as these: “As he lay there, nigh death, he drew near to God. He had once been a rover, seeking the wildest pleasures of the European capitals; but meeting passion, presented as the ultimate of life, for all eternity, his soul recoiled from it and he became the herald of purity. Once he had friends, wealth and physical prowess; but he squandered them as a prodigal; when he lay bleeding, powerless in body, amid strangers, a slave, he rose to the majesty of a moral giant.” The Sir Charleroy that was thus reviewed was comforted, and he stood off from the picture in imagination to admire it, as one standing before a mirror. Just then he thought of his mother and Mary, his ideal, standing on either side of him, before the same presentment. It might have been a dream; but he believed they smiled through tears, pressed their beating hearts to his and upheld him by their arms with tenderness and strength. His captor left him for a few moments only, undisturbed. At a sign from Azrael, he was soon carried away by a guard; the parley was ended and he that had so bravely spoken doomed to confront that that is to the vigorous mind the worst of happenings, uncertainty. For months the captive mechanically submitted to the fortunes of the[88] Sheik’s caravan; in health improving; in spirit depressed, numbed. The knight had constantly before him three grim certainties, escape impossible; rebellion useless; each day hope darkened by further departure from the sea. The captive’s treatment from the Sheik was not unkind. The latter met him by times with a sort of courtly condescension, varied only by an occasional penetrating, questioning glance. They had little conversation, yet the Sheik’s looks plainly said: “When thou art subdued, sue for favors; they’ll be granted.” De Griffin nursed his pride and firmness and prevented all familiarity on Azrael’s part. The latter was puzzled sometimes, sometimes angered; but he was too polite to show his feelings. For months the only conversation between the two alert, strong men might be summed up in these words on the Sheik’s part: “Slave, freedom and heaven are sweet.” “Knight, Allah knows only the followers of the Prophet as friends.” On the knight’s part a look of scorn or an expression of disgust was the sole reply.

In the Sheik’s retinue was another captive, a Jew. He was constantly near the knight; for being more fully trusted than the latter, the Sheik had made the Israelite in part the custodian of the Christian. The knight discerned the relationship very quickly; though both Jew and chief endeavored to conceal it. Sir Charleroy, at the first, treated his companion captive with loathing and resentment, as a spy. After a time, the “sphinx, eyes open, mouth shut,” as Azrael described Sir Charleroy, deemed it wise and politic to make the Jew his ally. The resolution once formed, he found many circumstances to aid in bridging the[89] gulf that separated the captive and his guard; the cultured Teutonic leader and the wandering Israelite. They both hated the same man, their captor; both loathed the religion he was covertly aiming to lure them to; both were anxious for freedom. They gave voice to these feelings when together, alone, and ere long sympathy made them friends. The next step was natural and easy; the stronger mind took the leadership of the two, and Sir Charleroy became teacher; his keeper became his pupil and protégé.

The twain one day, after this change of relation, walked together conversing, on a hill overlooking Jericho, by which place the Sheik’s caravan was encamped.

“Ichabod, thou wearest a fitting name.”

“I suppose so, since my mother gave it. But why say so now?”

“Ichabod, ‘glory departed,’ thou art like thy people—despoiled.”

“Oh, Lord! how long?” piously exclaimed the Jew.

“Till Shiloh comes!”

“Verily it is so written,” was the Jew’s reply.

“But He has come, Israelite!”

“Where?” the startled Jew questioned, drawing back as if he expected his, to him mysterious, companion to throw back his tunic and declare: “I am he!”

“In the world and in my heart.”

“Ah, Sir Knight, Israel’s desolation refutes all that.”

“Jew, thine eyes are veiled. I’ll teach thee to see Him yet.”

The Jew was puzzled.

The twain fell into prolonged converse, and then in that lone place the Crusader waxed eloquent, preaching[90] Christ and Him crucified to one of Abraham’s seed.

When the two captives descended to their tents, each was conscious of a new, peculiar joy. One had the joy of having proclaimed exalted truth, faithfully, to the almost persuading of his hearer; the other was moving about in the growing delight and wonder of a new dawning faith.

At frequent intervals Ichabod besought the knight to take him “to the mountain.”

Each visit thither was a delight to the new inquirer.

On such a journey one day spoke Ichabod: “Christian, I am consumed with anxiety to hear thy words and another anxiety lest they do me harm. I am thinking, thinking, by day, and, what little time my thoughts permit sleep, I’m filled with wondrous dreams! I fear to lose my old faith, and yet it becomes like Dead Sea apples under the light of this new way. So new, so infatuating. None I’ve met, and I’ve met many, ever so moved me. Why, knight, I’ve traversed half the world; sometimes as wealth’s favorite, sometimes of necessity in misfortune; I’ve seen the faiths of Egypt and India in their homes, and walked amid the temples of great Rome, but with abiding contempt for all not Israelitish. Not so this creed of the knight affects me.”

“And for good reason; I offer thee the true, new, refined and final Judaism!”

“It seems so, and yet I tremble. I dare not doubt; that’s sin; but here’s the puzzle that harasses me: What if, in doubting these things I’m now told, I be doubting the very truth, the Jewish faith!”

[91]

“Ichabod, thy heart has been a buried seed awaiting the spring. It has come.”

“Oh, knight, I’m trusting my dear soul to thee. As a dog his master, a maid her lover, so blindly I follow

thee. I can not go back: I can not pause nor can I go onward alone. I'm in the misery of a joy too great to be borne, almost, and yet too much my master to be given up. Oh, knight, thou art so wise, so strong! Steady me; hold me up! I can only pray and adjure thee to be sincere with me; only sincere; that's all; as sincere as if thou wert ministering to the ills of a sick man battling death."

The child of Abraham, with a sudden movement, flung his arms with all vehemence about Sir Charleroy. The East and the West embracing, truth leading, love triumphant.

"Poor Ichabod, if thou hadst no soul, thy clings and yearnings would bind me to thee faithfully. Thou hast tried to give me charge over that that is immortal. A Higher Being has it in loving trust; were it not so, I'd turn in dread from thy confiding!"

"Is mine so bad a soul, master?"

"Indeed, no. Its preciousness to Him that created it, is what would make me dread its partial custody."

"Thou'lt help me, master, now?"

"For three objects I'll willingly die; my mother; our lady, and the soul of one who abandons himself, as thou, to my poor pilotage."

"Then, thou strangely lovest me. Oh, this but more persuades me that thy faith is right; it makes thee so good to a stranger, a slave, a hated Jew!"

"But then we are so apart and so unlike each other!"

[92]

"No, Jew, I want to show that humanity is one. The very creed I'm trying to teach thee and would fain have all thy race, ay, all mankind fully understand, is full of love, joy, peace. These follow it as naturally as the flower the stem, the humming the flying wing made to fly and be musical."

"Oh, my dear light, with thee I'm in joy and wilderment. Thy presence seems to bring me hosts of crowned truths, all seeking to enter my being. I feel like a tired runner ready to faint when thou'rt absent, but when thou talkest the tired runner is plunged into a cooling ocean, whose circling waves, as it were charged with the stimulus of tempered lightnings, glowing with a million rainbows, overwhelm, lift up and rest him. I'm floating thereon now!"

"Thy strange fancies make me wonder, Ichabod."

"Wonder; why my strength dies from over wonder. I was ill for hours yesterday. Light to my sweat-blinded, feverish eyes, all calm and healing, comes when I yield to thy will; but still all my joy is haunted by ghosts which rise in day-mare troops, pointing rebukingly to labyrinths into which I seem to be pushed. I sometimes wonder if I'm seeing real spirits or going mad."

"Dost pray, Jew?"

"I dare not live without praying!"

“Then tell the All Pitiful what thou hast this day told to me. He loves the sincere, down to the deepest hell of doubt, and from it all, at last, will lead tumulted souls safely. An honest doubt is a real prayer, well winged; quickly it reaches heaven, at whose portal it dies to rise again all peace.”

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Mary: The Queen of the House of David and Mother of Jesus*, by A. Stewart (Alexander Stewart) Walsh

EMILIO G. DEL CASTILLO

¡AL FIN, SOLOS!

OPERETA EN TRES ACTOS

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MADRID

Sociedad de Autores Españoles
1916

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¡AL FIN, SOLOS!

OPERETA EN TRES ACTOS

DE V

A. M. WILLNER y R. BODANSKI'

MÚSICA DE

ADAPTACIÓN AL CASTELLANO

í. ... , DE ti

A l*^

Estrenada en el Teatro «le la Zarzuela, de Madrid,
la noche del 12 de Diciembre de 1914

BARCELONA

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15, Barará, 15.
1916

HEIP^é^Jr^TO

- Personajes Actores

DoLLY DovERLAND Si'ta. Mcirco.

TiLLY Dachau » Haro.

Baronesa Dachau Sra. Romero. †

Barón Frank Hansen. . . . Sr. Lopes.

El Conde de Splenningen . . » Meana.

WiLLY » Mareen.

Un novio)) Agudo.

Fritz. . . ' » Vallejp.

El de la Agencia Cook ... » García.

El Director del Hotel ... » Galerón.

José » Castañeda.

Guía i.º . , † » Loygorri.

Ídem 2.º . ' v y » Estrella,

Ídem 3.º . . ; « Cancela.

Pollo i.º Srta. Saavedra.

Ídem 2.º . . . †, . . † » Aceña.

Ídem 3.*" ... *.!... » Crespo.

Ídem 4." » Terán.

Ídem 5." » Godoy.

Ídem 6." » Escuer.

Mozo i." Sr. Guerra.

Criados, aldeanos suizos, turistas, extranjeros, etc.
Época actual. — La acción en Suiza.

i<fAé^K(t^ki^i<fAtA(fA(fAMkéAé^

ACTO Ff2.IIwIEI5.0

J (I^CORACIÓN : VA rscenario representa ser el parque de un lujosa hotel de Suiza. A derecha e izquierda, frondosos árboles. En segundo ténnino, izquierda, vestíbulo de tres anchas puertas de cristales, con escalera al parque y magníficamente djecorado. Detrás del vestíbulo se ve parte del salón dje baile, decoTado en b'.anco y rosa, con artísticas plantas de salón. Las tres puertas de cristales están decoradas por fuera con pintorescas guirnaldas de edelweiss y rosas de los Alpes. La escalera cubierfa de rica alfombra, y on ambos lados, lujosos candelabros. En el foro, balaustrada, tras de la que se ve el pintoresco paisaje de Suiza, montañas con nieve y ventisqueros en las cimas. Bancos de jarflín y sillas de mimbres diseminados por la escena; enredaderas y flores en el jardín. En el proscenio, dos sillas de playa, barnizadas de blanco, un gran paraguas de abigarrados colores sujeto en una mesa, y dos sillas. El parque ha de producir un efecto muy vaporoso y alegre. Es verano, pró.ximo al otnfio.

ESCENA PRIMERA

Al levantarse el telón hay en escena una boda de campesinos con los pintorescos trajes del país. En la escalera del hotel presenciiau la ñesta elegantes turistas, caballeros y señoritas. En el primer término' y accionand/o impaciente durante todo el número, EL DE LA AGENCIA COOK con FRITZ (aldeano). El .primero va de unifryrme ; es un tipo muy elegante, algo nervioso' y acciona con agitación. Los de la boda bailan un baile típico, trenzando cintas de colores di un alto mástil remaUado por un ramo de flores.

Música

VIO'ZOs Eas mozas de m'\ lugar

nu se casan por saber de amor,

613203

— 6

Novio

Mozos

Unos

Novio

Mozo i

Unos

Otros

Bajos

que se casan por hacer rabiar

a las mozas sin colocación.

Mueve los pies al bailar

que ahora el novio no te puede ver,

porque está diciendo a su mujer

que ya lleg" a la hora de abrazar.

Ven junto a mí,

mírame así ;
ya soy tu maridito.
Ante Dios mi palabra di,
no te debes avergonzar.
Ya nO'S podemos besar

sin cesar.

(A la novia.)

Es el casarse un placer,
y de todos el placer mayor,
porque siempre gana la mujer
al saber lo dulce que es amor.

Tu maridito será
cariñoso, tierno, amante y fiel,
y si noi lo fuera ; pobre de él !
haces tú lo mismo y ya verá.

Montañesa, ven ;

corre ya ligera

que tu novioi espera
amor.

Ven cerca de mí,

que ya eres mi mujer

y mi sangre arder
sentí.

Ven, niña, a soñar,

la vida es toda amor

y es encantador
amar.

Calma ya mi ardor.

Óyeme. Mírame.

Para tí yo guardé
mi amor.

Montañesa, ven, etc.

Óyeme. Mírame, etc.

Ven cerca de mí,

que el verte es mi placer,

— 7 —

y mi sangre arder, sentí.

Ven, niña, a soñar,
la vida es toda amor
y es encantador
amar.

(Hacen mutis aldeanos, aldeanas, novios, etc. El de la Agencia Cook se impacienta durante el número y hace gestos desespeflados para que se animen. Los turistas que presencian la boda en la escalinata del hotel, hacen mutis algo aburridos.)

ESCENA II

EL DE LA AGENCIA COOK y FRITZ.

Hablado

(Indignado.) ¡ Muy mal, muy mal ! ¡ He aquí su obra ! ¡ Un fracaso ! ¡ Un fracaso espantoso ! Nos estamos desacreditando. Sobre la Agencia Cook llueven a diario las reclamaciones de los viajeros, afirmando que se aburren en Suiza. Yoi he cumplido mi deber. Usted me dijo que organizase una boda de campesinos, lo más típica posible...

Pues ya ve usted la gracia que les ha hecho a los turistas. Es que estaba mal organizada. ¿Dónde diablos ha buscado usted esos novios? Ella, todavía podía

pasar ; no era fea. Peroi él ¡ qué cara !
¡qué gestoi ! ¡qué tipo! (indignado.) ¿Dón-
de ha ido usted a buscar ese hombre?
¡ Señor ! ¡ Tampoco se pueden pedir ma-
ravillas por tres francos cincuenta !
Sí. Disculpas no faltan. Está visto- que
las bodas no dan resultado-. Es preciso

alg'O' sensacional. (Mutis de Fritz.)

ESCENA III

iRlíchos, GUÍAS z.º, 2º y 3.º El Guía 3. es gordo y muy calmoso.

Los otros, jóvenes. Saludan quitándose el sombrero.

*

: (A los guías.) ¡ Contento me tienen usté-

des ! ¡ Valientes guías ! Ustedes se han
creído' que la Ag-encia tiene su dinero pa-
ra tirarlo. Ya no hay viajero que expe-
rimente emoción alguna al subir a los
sitios más peligrosos. ¿A quién le co-
rresponde guiar mañana a esos turistas
franceses a la Jungfrau?

Guía i A mí.

CooK ¿ Recuerda usted todo lo que debe hacer

en la excursión ?

Guía i Me parece que sí.]

CooK Veamos.

Guía i Hombre. . . Pues empezaremos la ascen-
sión... a mí me parece que por el camino
de la ladera, hasta la peña rota.

CooK Bueno, ¿y durante ese trayecto de qué

habla usted á los viajeros?

Guía i De las costumbres suizas, del clima, de los pastos, de, lo barata que es la vida.

CooK Muy bien.

Guía i Ya... al llegar a la peña rota, preparo las cuerdas y pongo así una cara como diciendo' : «Ahora empieza el peligro»).

CoOK A ver la cara. (Pone el guía la cara preocupada..)

¡ Muy mal ! ¡ Más preocupación ! (Se retira dos pasos. Le mira de perfil.) De perfil parece que se está usted riendo.

Guía i (¡ Maldita sea tu estampa !) .

CoOK (Entusiasmado.) j Así !

Guía i Bueno. De la peña rota, pasamos al camino de la caseta, y al llegar al ventisquero, cuento- la trágica historia de los tres ingleses que, por no hacer caso de las prudentes advertencias del guía, desaparecieron en el abismo, sin que se haya vuelto a tener de ellos la menor noticia. (Como quien recita luia lección de memoria.)

CooK No, señor. ¿Ven ustedes como todo- lo

equivocan? Se salvaron merced a los inteligentes esfuerzos de los empleados de la Agencia Cook. En Suiza.no ocurren jamás desgracias a los turistas. De mo-

— 9 —

¡ rir alguien, mueren los guías, que para esoí se les paga... Adelante.

Guía i Ya en el camino de la muerte...

CooK En el camino de la muerte, debe usted

figurar que resbala, y caer por el preci-

picio', donde estará éste (Señala, a un guía.)

para recogerle. ¿Quién es el encargado de dar el gritO' de angustia?

Guía 2 Yo^ (Avanzando.)

CoQK Veamos.

Guía 2 ¡Aaaaay!... (Grita exageradamente.)

CooK No. No tan exagerado. Parece que es

usted el que se ha caído. Simultáneamente uno de ustedes da un salto, gritando : «¡Hermano, yO' te salvaré!»
¿Quién va a dar el salto?

Guía 3 ¡ Yoi ! (Es muy gordo.)

CooK ¡ Hombre, por Dios ! ¡ No ! Usted ,no

está para dar saltos. Que salte Kuni.

Guía 2 Perdone usted ; pero yo nO' salto.

CpoK ¿Que no salta usted?

Guía 2 No, señor. El último saltO' me costó un mes de cama. Y comO' no s«e cobran dañOiS y perjuicios, no salto.

CooK ¡ Ah ! perfectamente. Pues está usted despedido'.

Guía 2 Muy bien. Para lo' que se gana. Ahí queda eso. Me van a oír los turistas.

(Mutis, dejando la chapa de guía sobre la mesa.)

Cqok Bueno', Waltti, ¿ya usted qué le ocurrió

el sábado' pasado con el turista inglés?

Guía i Pues que me vi ^n- un compromisoí. Fíguírese usted que cuando, según lo' convenidoí, le dejé colgado' en la cuerda sobre el precipicio, para ver si se emocio-

naba, al dar éste (Guía 2.º) el grito de angustia, se conoce que se confundieron, y empezaron a cantar, los del orfeón, el vals «Viva la alegría suiza». Y había que ver la cara que puso el inglés.

Cook ¡ De emocionado' !

Guía ¡ No, señor ; de indignado !

10

Cook Me explico la indignación del inglés.

Irle a un hombre que se cree en un peligro inminente con canciones...

Guía ¡ ¡ No' ! ¡ Cá ! Si por lo> que se indignó fué porque dijo que desafinaban.

Cook Sí, sí. Ya he dicho que supriman el or-

feón. Es un desastre. Bueno, a trabajar y a ver si evátamos las reclamaciones.

Guía.S Buenas tardes. (Mutis izquierda.)

Cook ¡ Ay, Suiza, wSuiza ! ¡ Cuánto debes a la

Agencia Cook ! (Mutis.)

ESCENA IV

FRANK y JOSÉ. Luego DOLLY.

r RA\K (Llamando a José, que viene del jardín.) ¡ JOSÉ !

(Con misterio.)

José (Extendiendo la mano.) Señor Barón. (Frank 'e

da una moneda. Aparte.) (Co-mo tO'dos los días.) (Alto, como respondiendo a una pregunta y

con aire de misterio.) La Señorita Dolly ya

ha salido, señor Barón. (Le da una moneda.)

No-, no señor; no. ha desayunado^ aquí.

(Le da otra moneda. José la mira y hace un gesto como diciendo: «Es poco.» ¿CÓMO!'^ (Dándole otra moneda.) ¡ Ah, SÍ ! PuCS nO quisicra

equivocarme, señor Barón ; pero creo que está jugando al tennis ...
Frakk Está bien. Vete.

JO.SE (Tendiendo la mano.) ¿ No dcSCa Sabcr más

el señor ?

Fr.\NK No. Vete. (Se sienta y queda pensativo. Pequeña

pausa.) Cada vez la entiendo- menos. ¿Co-
queta? No. ¿Una mujer vulgar? Tam-
poco. ¿ Pero es posible que no^ se haya
dado cuenta de que la persigo- hace tres
semanas de hotel en hotel?

Dolly ¡ José ! (Sin reparar eii Frank.)

f José (Adelantándose solícito a Dolly y extendiendo incons-
cientemente la mano.) Señorita Dolly... (Reti-

rando la mano rápidamente.)

señorita... i

Ah ! Perdone la

DOLLY (Altiva.) El Bcedecker. (José se lo entreg-a, des-

pués de tomarlo de una mesita donde está. Dolly,
durante este breve instante, contempla las montañas
del fondo con admiración. Al entrar en escena Dolly,
Frank se ha puesto en pié Tapidamente, haciendo in-

tención de aproximarse a ella, pero como Dolly no se ha dado cuenta de que está allí, Frank queda en pie, contemplándola ávidamente.)

José Aquí está, señorita. ¿Desea algo más la

señorita r (Alarga y retira rápidamente la mano, por la fuerza de la costumbre.)
Dolly (Haciendo mutis sin mirarle.) Si mi tío y mi

primos preguntan por - mí, estoy en el campo- de tennis. (Mutis.)

José (A Frank, maliciosamente, tendiéndole la mano.)

Que está en el campo de tennis. (Frank

está' abstraído y no le hace caso. José se mete la mano en el bolsillo, y hace mutis resuelto, can'landO' piano:) «Por favor, no- me hable usted de amores...» (Mutis.)

Frank (Que ha estado pensativo.) Es indudable ; ni siquiera me conoce ; le soy indiferente por completo. ¡ Pues bien ; sea ! (Resueltamente.) ¡ Se acabó ! Hoy mismo me marcho. (A José, que sale.) ¡ José ! ¡ José ! ¿ Hay

tren para la frontera?

José ¡ A las seis y media el rápido !

Frank Que se disponga mi equipaje. (Seco.)

José Está bien, señor. (Mutis.)

'ESCENA V

FRANK. Queda pensativo.

Música •

No quiero- verla más,
partir es lo- mejor.
No más amor.
Por ella creí
que el mundo reía,
por ella en un día

— 12 —

las ilusiones

perdí.

Dolly... ¿por qué... te amé?

A esa mujer es preciso^ olvidar.

¡ Coíqueta ! •

Soñaba y llegó el despertar.

Quisiera olvidar, mas no podré,
que lejos de ella mi amor será-
un sueño que loco me forjé.

¡ Amor !...

Yo de tus penas me reía,
y es mi alegría, sueñO' encantador

de un día.

(Transición. Alegremente.)

Basta de sufrir,
no' quiero amar,
porque es hermoso reir,

gQzar;
y en la mujer
hay qué buscar
locura y placer.
Burlas del amor
que hacéis sufrir,
noi quieroi vuestro^ dolor.
Reir

es lo mejor.
¡ Fuera del alma penas,

fuera amor !
Lejos del alma partid
sueños de loco amor.

ESCENA VI !

Í;RANK y JOSÉ.

Hablado

Jo.sí'í Todo está dispuesto' para cuando ordene

el señor.

Fr.ank ¿Dispuesto' para qué?

José Para el viaje. El señor sale a las seis y

media para la frontera.

í3

¿Yo? ¿Qué dices, José? "¡Yo no me voy de Suiza ! ¡ Yo no me voy nunca de este hotel ! ¿Lo entiendes? Que yó' no...

Perfectamente. Que usted no se va nunca de este hotel. Está clarísimo.

(Pero... si nO' es ' posible que una mujer como Doily acceda a casarse con el majadero dé Willy. Allí viene con su padre. No quierO' verles... No puedo tolerar su presencia. Me voy. (Gritando.) ¡ Mi male-tín ! ¡ Mi equipaje ! ¡ Pronto- !

¿Qué dice el señor?

Que me marchó ahora mismo de este hotel.

¿Eh? (¿Y decía que no se iba a ir nunca?) ¿El señor se irá en el rápido?

No. En un mercancías ; en el primer tren que salga ; y si no hay tren, en coche. ¡ Pronto ! ¡ Vivo' ! ¿ Es que no me entiendes?

El señor no tiene que molestarse en hablar para que yo- le entienda. (Tendiéndole la mano.) El más pequeño ademán es para mí más elocuente que todas las palabras. (Al ver que no ' le da nada, insiste.) Y que

el señor Heve buen viaje.

(Distraído le da la mano con efusión.) ¡ (jrraCiaS,

José, muchas gracias ! (Mutis.)

(Se le queda mirando indignado. Mueve la mbeza negativamente y 'canta con filosofía:) «NO, nO',

no... No me bable usted de amores.»...

(Y hace mutis tras él.)

ESCENA VII

WILLY y EL CONDE SPLENNINGER. Salen al compás de la música y van a sentarse junto a la mesa.

Música

vViLLY Soy un hombre feliz,

elegante y seductor.

5PLEN. Las mujeres que te ven

— 14

WILLY

Los DOS

WILLY

S^LEN.

WILLY

Splen.

WILLY

Los DOS

Splen.

Dictos ;

WILLY

Splen.

WILLY

Splen.

WILLY

Splen.

WILLY

Splen.

ya, están locas por tu amor.
Por mi carta datal
y mi aspecto varonil
eso es muy natural.

Ya I , ^ i chiflado a más de mil.

Noble y rico- soy yO'

y eso hace pensar.

No exageres que es pecado

el exag-erar.
Yo sé enamorar.
El diingro' es el poder.
El dinero es lo mejor.
Pues por él tienes mujer.
y por él tienes amor.
El dinero hace triunfar,
el dinero hace reir.
El dinero hace gozar
la alegría de vivir.
No^ hay placer. — No hay amor,
el dinerO' es loi mejor.

ESCENA VIII

al final POLLOS i.º, 2.º, 3.º, 4.º, ,5.º y 6.º y JOSÉ.
(Los pollitos son segundas tiples.)

Hablado

Bueno, papá. Ya es hora de que hablemos tranquilos.

¡ Uhist ! (Va al foro y vuelve, imitando misteriosamente.) Habla, hijo mío, pero no desentones.

¿Puedes explicarme, papá, a qué obedece la vida que llevamos? Hace tres días que no comemos en la mesa del hotel. Exactamente. .

Que nos levantamos a las siete.
En punto-.

Que ni remotamente nos acercamos al campo de tenis.
Ni te lo aconsejo.

15

WILLY ¿y a qué se debe todo esto, papá?
Splén. Se debe... a que se debe, hijo de mi alma... (Levantándose.)

WILLY" ¿Qué dices?...

Splén. Willy : ha llegado el momento^ de que hablemos con seriedad. Yo no sé el concepto que a ti te merece esa juventud que resuelve su vida por una boda. El hombre se convierte en un objeto de primera necesidad que la mujer compra, según el escaparate donde se exhibe y el estuche en que se encierra.

Willy De acuerdo, papá.

Splén. Tú, Willy, eres feo...

Willy (Poniéndose en pie y adoptando una posición ridícula.) ¡ Papá !

Splen. Eres feo, y por consiguiente tienes ma-

la salida en el comercio, matrimonial.

Willy El talento^ suple la belleza. <

Splen. Afortunadamente, no, Willy.

Willy Peroi todo- esO' que dices es sólo aplicable a los aristócratas llenos de deudas, aco-
sados de usureros y sin dos francos.

Splen. Ese es, precisamente, nuestro casoí pa-
tológico.

Willy ¿Cómo, papá? ¿El conde de Spleanin-
ger y el barón de Willy tienen deudas?

Splen. Desde el día que nacieron, hijo de mi co-
razón.

Willy ¡ Qué vergüenza ! ¡ Si el viejoi conde de
Splenninger, nuestro ilustre abuelo^, le-
vantara la cabeza !...

Splen. Willy ; tu ilustre abuelo, el viejo comde
de Splenning-er, no tuvo en su vida dos
francos, siguiendo' la tradición de los
Splenninger.

Willy Pero,, ¿no es histórico- que te legó una
cuantiosa fortuna?

Splen. Leyenda, Willy, leyenda. Toda la heren-
cia de los Splenninger se reduce a un li-
broi en el que se leen estas dos palabras ;

i6 —

«Debe y Haber.» En el haber ño^ había
nada, Willy, pero cómo' dejaría el debe
tu ilustre abuelo, que las gentes dijeron
de él al morir : «Descansa, viejo' comde
de Splenninger, que bien has cumpHdo

tu deber.»

Willy (¡ Caramba con mi abuelo. !)

SrLKN. Mi ilusión era dejarte ese libro en herencia.

Willy Si quieres me puedes desheredar.

Splen. Tú noi tienes más solución que casarte con Doliy. Su pobre padre, mi primoy el millonario^ Doverland, me confesó al morir que esa boda era un deseo' que se llevó a la otra vida.

Willy ¿Y Dolly está conforme?

Splen. Del todo. (Levantándose.) Ayer me dijoi que

la boda puede celebrarse cuando- quieras, puestO' que le eres indiferente en absoluto. .

Willy Lo mismo que ella a mí.

Splen. Entonces seréis felices. El amor se acaba,

Willy, la indiferencia, nunca. (Salen

los seis Pollitos.)

Pollo i Señor Conde, un momento.

Splen. ¿Qué hay?

Pollo i ¿ Es casual o. responde a la moda el que vaya usted siempre descubierto?

Splen. ¿Eh? ¿Cómo? Exactamente, responde a

la última moda.

Pollo 2 (¡ Claro! ¡ Como que el Conde es el arbitro de la elegancia !)

Pollo i ¿Y es la última moda llevar el sombrero en la mano?

Splen. Noi ; yo lo he sacado- distraído.

Todos Gracias, señor Conde. (Mutis todos al hotel.)

WILLY Oye, papá, ¿y eso de no ponerse el sombrero' a qué responde?

Splen. A esto. (Se pone el sombrero que se le queda con la coronilla de pequeño que es.) El mío estaba inservible y le cambié por éste en un res-

17 —

taurante de París. Ahora, que como tomé la medida a ojo...

WILLY ¡ Cómo te admiras', papá !

José (Con una cuenta en cada mano y presentándoselas a

Spienninger.) A propósito, señor Conde. En el computador me han entregado estas dos facturas...

Splen. (¡ José !)

WILLY (¡ Qué vergüenza !) (Se hace el loco ponién-

dose a silbar. En este momento salen los seis Pollitos descubiertos. Spienninger los ve, quita el sombrero a su hijo y con el suyo y el de Willy tapa ambas facturas, colocándoselos a José en los brazos, diciéndole al mismo tiempo imperativo :)

'Splen. Llévalos a nuestras habitaciones, (José se

le queda mirando unos momentos con cara de asombro, pero como no le puede entregar las facturas, hace un gesto de resignación y vase. Los Pollos salen, miran al cielo-, saludan con una reverencia al Conde y a Willy, y estornudando hacen mutis.) La miseria del conde de Spienninger impone una moda. Willy, antes de un año' van a pc-

lo' todos los elegantes de todos los balnearios del mundo. Vamos.

¡WILLY Papá, eres grande... ¡inmenso!.

'Splén. Soy Spienninger, Willy. (Hacen mutis.)

^ ESCENA IX

¡BARONESA DACHAU y TILLY. Salen cada una por un extremo, se sientan en ambos lados de la escena. Pausa. La madre mira a la hija con los impertinentes.

Música

RECITADO

' TILLY ¡ Mamá !

JíBaRONB. ¡ Tilly ! (Muy redicha.)

: FiLLY (Suspirando.) ¡ Ay, mamá !

' 3arone. ¡ Ay, Tilly! (Pausa.) ¿Por qué suspiras, corazón? No te descompongas. No pierdas ese aire de grandeza, que heredas

i de tu madre. Piensa que es lo único que

Solos.— 2

— i8 —

nos queda de los nobles Dachau que cuentan con dos reyes, tres papas y un . santo en la familia.

TILLY ¿Quién fué el santo, mamá?

BarO'Ne. Tu padre, hija mía, y así nos vemos desde que se nos fué el santo al cielo.

TILLY Y dime, mamá, ¿por qué venimos a un

hotel tan caro?

Barone. Porque en estos "hoteles de lujo, como' están tomadas todas las habitaciones, necesariamente tienen que darnos las de la servidumbre, y como no cobran hasta que hay libre una habitación de las buenas, nos sale gratis.

¿Por qué, mamá?

Porque en cuanto hay buenas habitaciones. .. nos vamos.

(Suspira.) ¡ Ay, mamá ! ¡ Qué triste es pasar el verano como nobles, para que luego, al llegar el invierno, tengamos que hacer de huespederas.

] Calla, áng-el mío ! No me apenes. Cuando recuerdo que los nobles cuarteles de nuestro escudo no' son más que cuarteles de verano, y que en cuanto llega el invierno dejamos los cuarteles y abrimos la Pensión...

TILLY «Pensión para estudiantes y señores serios. Vistas a la calle. Escribase, Pensión Dachau.»

Barone. No pensemos en eso. Esta noche hay fiesta y no quiero' que esté ajada esta carita de rosa. ¿ Está libre este corazoncito para dar entrada a un amor? ¿Olvidaste ya tu pasioncilla por el picaruelo de Willy?

TILLY ¡ Ah, no ; y no le he de olvidar nunca,

¿lo' oyes? Y he de quererle siempre, ¿lo oyes? Siempre.

Barone. Es Dachau. Terca pero noble, como su madre. (Muds.)

TILLY

Barone.

TILLY

Barone.

ig —

ESCENA X

TILLY, sentada en la silla de playa y muy pensativa. WILLY sale con el cuello de la americana subido y . sin sombrero.

WILLY La moda impuesta por mi padre me cuesta una pulmonía. (Transición cómica.) ¡Pc-

ro^ no me importa ! ¿Qué es la vida s'in

mi lilly r (Se sienta en otra silla de playa de espaldas a Tilly.)

JILLY (Escribiendo con la sombrilla en la arena.) ¡VVI-

lly!...

WILLY (Escribiendo con el bastón.) ¡Tilly!... (Quedan pensativos.)

Los DOS ¡Ay !...

WILLY ¿Eh?

JILLY' ¿En : . . . (Juego escénico en el que Tilly se levanta y va por la parte del público a mirar la otra silla, haciendo Willy lo mismo por el lado opuesto, sin verse.)

WILLY (Leyendo en la arena.) ¡Willy !...

TILLY (Leyendo en la arena.) ¡Tilly!... ¿De quién es este bastón?

Willy (ídem.) ¿De quién es esta sombrilla?

Tilly ¡Willy!...

Willy ¡Tilly! (Encontrándose.) Pero, ¿es usted, digo, tú?

Tilly ¡ Qué alegría !

Willy ¡ Qué sorpresa !

Tilly ¿ Eres tú quien ha escrito en la arena mi nombre.

Willy ¿Y tú el mío?

Tilly ¡ Ay, qué rico !

Willy ¡ Ay, qué rica !

Tilly ¿De modo que no^ me has olvidado?

Willy ¡ Tilly ! ¡ Nadie olvida a un ángel de la guarda, y tú lo eras para mí en la Pensión Dachau, (Digno en cómico.) donde yo estudiaba.

Tilly Donde tú debías estudiar.

Willy Hace un año.

Tilly En la fiesta de los estudiantes. ¿Te

20

WILLY
TILLY

WILLY

TILLY

, WILLY

TILLY

WILLY
TILLY

WILLY

TILLY
WILLY

TILLY
WILLY

TILLY
WILLY

acuerdas? Bailamos un vals, y otro, y
otrO'.

Y así hasta las seis de la mañana.

Esoí es, y a las ocho- te ifuistes a exami-
nar,

Y a las diez me dieron un suspenso-.
Volviste a casa a las doce,

Y a la una reoibí un teleg-rama de mi pa-
dre en el que me decía : «Pollinoi, ponte
en camino. »

Y a las tres te despediste de mí llorando
y jurándome eternoi amor, y no- te has
vuelto a acordar de mí. ¡ Si es ese el
eterno amor, como tú lo entiendes ! . . .
¡Tilly... Tilly de mi vida!...

Y te habrás casado, estoy seg-ura, y tu
mujer será fea y gorda y antipática, y
tendrás dos niños, tres niños, cuatro' ni-
ños...

(Confuso.) No, Tilly. Yo te juro- que mi
mujer no- es gorda ni antipática, que mi
mujer no está Casada conmigo, ni mis
hijos tienen padre, ni yo soy el padre de
mis hijos, que soy soltero.
¿Soltero'? Me engañas.
Soltero-, como- cuando estabas en la pen-
sión y te hacían la corte Federico, Agus-
tín, Ricardo, Juan y todos lo-s estudian-
tes.

Pero sólo eras tú el preferidoi.
¿Te acuerdas de tus pretendientes? ¡Có-
mo me hacían rabiar !
Pero- si eran cosas tuyas, si yo no...
¡ Que no- ! ¿ Me vas a negar lo que yo he
visto? Verás...

Música

WiLLY El rubio Federico-

que siempre fué un borrico-.
Tilly No- hacía más que suspirar,

decirme versos y Uo-rar.

WiLLY Agustín, no negarás que en el balcón

te habló en una ocasión.
TiLLY Pero ese no se pudo declarar

por tartamudear.
WiLLY El tercero era Fermín

que era tuertO' y jorobado.
TiLLY Y el cuartO', el granuja mayor.

¿ Quién era él ?

WILLY (Cómicamente.) Servidor.

Los cuatro te hacían la corte

siempre que había» ocasión,

queriéndote hacer su consorte

con ardiente ilusión.

TiLLY Y mientras los otros pensaban

que no me ocupaba de tí,

por una rendija del cuartO'

muy piano decías así :

«Dulce, linda Tilly,

ven y escúchame,

C[ue está enfermo^ Willy

sin saber de qué.

Dulce, linda Tilly,

perla celestial,

mira que tu Willy

puede acabar mal.»

Willy Saca tu manita,

hazme ese favor,

que sóloi con besos

curará este amor.

Dulce, linda Tilly,

ven y escúchame,

que está enfermO' W^illy

sin saber de qué.

Los DOS Dulce, linda Tilly,

ven y escúchame.

Tilly Un día me besaste

y al Otro me abrazaste.

Willy Perdóname, que no- fué así.

Son dos los besos que te di.

Tilly Una tarde me juraste por tu honor

guardarme ¡¡eterno amor.

Willy Y nunca a otra mujer fui a en^amorar.

Me pueden regiistrar.

TiLLY Si a mi amor has sido' fiel,

te prometo ser tu esposa.

WiLLY Tan sólo' una vez yo sentí. .

¿Por quién fué?

TiLLY Fué por mí.

El día que nos separamos

triste en la calle sonó

un vals que otras veces cantamos,

.y te dije así yo.

WiLLY Si un día. Willy.me olvida

y ya no se acuerda de mí,

verás como Tilly afligida

repite sus frases así :

Dulce, linda Tilly,

etc., etc. (Evolución y mutis.)

ESCENA XI

DOLLY y SPLENNINGER. Luego WILLY.

DoLLY Querido tío, sientO' mucho decirte que
no ag"radezco' gran cosa tu hospitalidad.

Splen. ¿Te aburres aquí?

DoLLY Extraordinariamente, tío. Venir a Suiza

para hacer lo mismo que en cualquier
playa de moda, es ridículo! Yo' soñaba
con emprender excursiones emocionan-
tes, ascensiones atrevidas, algo impre-
visto, alg-o...

Splen. (Algoi que me costara un ojo' de la cara,
seguramente.)

DoLLY Este vivir monótono me fatiga. Somos
los eternos monigotes de la comedia del
buen tonO', que se miran indiferentes, se
odian O' se aman siempre dentro de la
vulgaridad... Yo pensaba hacer tales
locuras que quedase memoria de nos-
otros en Suiza,

Splen. Quedará. Donde va un Splenninger,
siempre queda. Es matemático.

23

DO'LLY Escalar los montes, llegar a los más al-
tos picos...

Splen. ¡ Oh, los Splenninger miramos siempre

los picos con desprecio! Además, Dolly,
¿tú sabes lo que dices? Los turistas
más osados retroceden; hay que oír ha-
blar a los guías.

Doi.LY Pero, ¿ es posible que un hombre como

tú tenga miedo, querido' tío? ¿Te niegas a acompañarme?

Splen. No... Vamos... neg'armé así en redondo... no. me nieg-O'. (Pero^ no' subo.)

Dolly ¿Y mi primo Willy?

Splen.- Por ahí anda el pobre loco pensando distracciones para tí... Ahí le tienes.

Dolly ¡Willy! ¿Qué? Vamos, contesta. ¿So te ha ocurrido alg'O' g"rande, algo nuevo?

Willy ¿A mí? (Con asombro.)

Splen. . Sí, hombre. Antes me hablabas de quemar el hotel y salvar a Dolly... (Dándole con el codo.)

Willy ¿Yo?... Ah, sí... Pero' me enteré que está asegurado y desistí. En cambio- os daré una noticia sensacional.

Dolly ¿Sí? ¡ Dila pronto !

Willy Pues... que esta noche hay baile.

Dolly Gracias. Yo no bailo. (DesUusionada-)

Willy Pues entonces, ¿qué es lo que quieres?

Splen. Subir allí. (Por las montaiias.)

Willy ¿Allí? ¿Y qué va a hacer allí sola? Porque comprenderás que yo no- subo.

Splen. ^ Ni yo tampoco. (Aparte a wuiy.)

Willy Buenoi, sepamos cuales son tus deseos.

Dolly ¿Mis deseos? Soledad... calma... Algo no previsto...

Splen. (.\parte a Willy.) ¿No la entiendes? Cuando una mujer se pone así es que alguien es-

tá de sobra. Vamonos.

Willy (Aparte a Splenning^{er}.) ComO quicraS. (Alto.)

Prima, (Besándole la mano.) voy a hablar
con los guías.

Dolly Adiós, primo. Me has comprendido. Se-

— 24 —

ras un marido modelo. (Padre e lújo se mi-
ran. Ella se sonríe.)

WiLLY ¿Qué te parece? (ai padre.)

S'pLEN. Que por algo quieren las mujeres un ma-

ridoi tonto.

WiLLY ¿Por qué?

Sflen. Por... eso, hijo mm. (Mutis.)

DoLLY (Pensativa.) Sí... subiré yo S'ola. Arriba, a

lo' más alto. (Contempla las montañ.as del foro.
Frank, que sale cuando está cantando, la mira con
interés sin ser visto.)

Do'nde el cielo es más azul...
y el mundO' se ve más lejos...

Música

DoLLY Montañas de hielO'

que nadie pisó
y a la tierra podéis dominar,

igual que vosotras

quisiera ahora yo[^]
en lo' más alto mi amor soñar.

Arriba en las cumbres

dichosa seré

mirando la inmensidad.
Montañas que yo jamás pisé
vosotras sabéis la verdad.

(Dolly se acerca a la mesa y se sienta junto a ella,
cantando con gran expresión.)

Bello es vivir
cuando el alma sintió una ilusión

y el corazón
de alegría comienza a latir.

Y al despertar
en su nido de rosas de amor,

todo el dolor
de la vida nos hace olvidar.
Las cimas nevadas quisiera escalar
y sentir en la altura el temor,
y sola, en las cumbres, dichosa olvidar
que el mundo mató mi amor.
Placeres del alma yo nunca sentí,

— 25 —

mis penas callar sabré.
Montañas que sois iguales a mí.
Callad como yo callé.

Bello es vivir (Con expresión.)

cuando' el alma sintió una ilusión

y el corazón
de alegría comienza a latir.

etc., etc.

(Esta última parte la canta apoyada en uno de los
candelabros de la escalera, y en los últimos compases
va subiendo poco a poco hasta entrar en el hotel, pe-
ro al terminar la música sale decidida-)

ESCENA XII

DOLLY y JOSÉ.

DOLLY

José

DíJ-LLY

Jo.SÉ

¡ José ! ¡ José ! (Llamando.)
¡ oeñO'rita ! (Tendiéndole la mano y retirándola.)

Es necesario que me busques un guía
intrépido'. Un guía que no tema a na-
da... Un guía...

(Que ha estado pensativo.) ¡ Sí !• LO' tengO. La
señorita será servida. (Hace mutis Dolly. Me

ditando.) La mO'ntaña... Un guía... (Ve 'a
placa sobre la mesa.) Esta placa... Un tra-
je... La propina... (Haciendo acción de guar-
darse el dinero coge la. placa y sale cantando.) .

El dineroi es el poder.

El dinerO' es lo n-.cior. ,

¡ Sí, señor ! ¡ vSí, señor ! (Mntis.)

ESCENA XIII

TILLY, que sale muy preocupada con un traje de moda atrasada,
pero que sea muy bonito. Luego BARONESA DACHAU y después
POLLOS i.º, s.º, 3º, 4.º, sº y ^""i de smokin, calzón de raso corto
y sombrero de paja en la mano. Son muchachas.

BARONE, (Acercándose a su hija, cautelosa.) ¿ NO'Stalgia

por el país natal? ¿Splín? Splín debe ser, hija mía. Es la enfermedad de la

— 26 —

aristocracia. ¿Qué otra puede padecer una Dachau? |

TiLLY Verg'üenza, mamá.

Barone. ¡ Qué disparate ! Una Dachau puede llevar la cabeza así de alta. (Levanta la cabeza y se le sale el peto del vestido algo deteriorado.)

'iLLY Mamá. No levantes la cabeza, que se te sale el peto.

Baroxe. ¿ EnseñO' alg"ún encaje interior?

TiLLY ¿Encaje, mamá? Querrás- decir zurcido.

Barone. ¡ Niña !

TiLLY ¡ Ay, mamá ! A mí me da vergüenza,

mucha verg'üenza, estar entre toda esa g"ente tan elegante, con este vestido tan cursi.

Barone. (Severa.) ¡ Tilly ! Ese vestido ha sido alabado en más de cien revistas de salones por los más inteligentes cronistas, y tu madre, aún no hace veinte años, que gracias a él fué llamada la reina de la moda.

Tilly De la moda de hace veinte años.

Barone. Vestidos como ese no se hacen ya, hija mía.

Tilly Pues por eso- choca más.

Barone. No te preocupes, ángel mío. El Kaiser lo ha dicho : «Una Dachau, con o sin

ropa, es una Dachau. » (Esto lo dice gravemente y simulando atusarse los bigotes.)

Tilly Naturalmente.

Barone. * Oye. ¿Y quién era aquel aristócrata que te pedía antes que le inscribieses en tu carnet ?

'Tilly ¿Pero no le conociste? ¡ Willy ! ¡ El es-

tudiante Willy !

Barone. ¡ Ah ! El del telegrama famoso dp «Pollino,' ponte en camino.»

Tilly (Mimosa.) No digas eso, mamá.

Barone. ' Pollino, pero noble. No todos los pollinos pueden decir lo mismo. ¿Ya qué obedece tu huida del salón?

Tilly No me riñas, mamá ; pero es que al ver

— 27

Barone.
Pollo i

Pollo i

TILLY

Pollo i
Barone.

PóllO' i

'TILLY
POLLO' I

a Willy se me representó de tal modo
nuestra casa de huéspedes, que imaginé
que todos la estaban viendo como yo la
veía, y que iban a exclamar de prontO',
burlándose de nosotras : «Ahí está la
señora Baronesa con su hija Tilly. La
Condesa en verano y en invierno pupi-
lera. »

(Alaarmada.) ¡ Calla ! (Salen los Pollos i, 2, 3, 4,
S y 6.)

¡ Ahí está la señora Baronesa con su hi-
ja Tilly !

(Asusjada.) ¡ Ay !

La Condesa...

(En verano, y en invierno^ pupilera) (Xiii y

y la Baronesa se han tapado los oídos con las manos

al ver salir a los PoJios.) (Creí que atormen-
tarían mis oídos con la frase difamante.)
Sabemos, linda Tilly, que tenéis ocupa-
doi todo' el carnet; por'esO', envidiosos,
venimos aquí a robar un vals al afortu-
nado acaparador... valga la frase.
(Que valga...)

(Disponiéndose la bailar.) Con permiso-. Con-
desa.

Lo tienen ustedes, distinguidos aristó-
cratas. (Haciendo mutis.) (¡ Qué horror, si

se descubriese!...) (Saie.)

¡ Tilly ! (Invitándola.)

Pero, ¿un solo- vals, eh?
Para los seis.

(Tilly baila alternativamente con los Pollos i, 2, 3,
4. 5 y 6.)

Música

Tilly Si una niña baila el vals

sin darse cuenta es,
del ritmo sin notarlo
se van detrás los pies.

!Al fin, solos! : opereta en tres actos

by Lehár, Franz, 1870-1948; Willner, Alfred Maria. Endlich allein; Bodanzky, Robert. Endlich allein;
González del Castillo, Emilio, 1883-1940

DOCTOR FOSTER

Doctor Foster went to Glo'ster,

In a shower of rain;
He stepped in a puddle, up to his
middle,

And never went there again.

LITTLE BO-PEEP

Little Bo-Peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find
them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come
home,
And bring their tails behind
them.

TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run;

The pig was eat,

And Tom was beat,
And Tom ran crying down the
street.

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE

Hey, diddle, diddle!

The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;

The little dog laughed

To see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

BOBBY SHAFTOE

Bobby Shaftoe's gone to- sea,
With silver buckles on his knee;
He'll come back and marry me,
Pretty Bobby Shaftoe!

WILLY BOY

'Willy boy, Willy boy, where are

you going?

I will go with you, if that I

may."

'I'm going to the meadow to see

them a-mowing,

I'm going to "help them to make
the hay."

GEORGY PORGY

Georgy Porgy, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry.
When the boys came out to play,
Georgy Porgy ran away.

COMICAL FOLK

In a cottage in Fife
Lived a man and his wife

Who, believe me, were comical folk;
For, to people's surprise,
They both saw with their eyes,<

And their tongues moved whenever
they spoke!

THE ROBIN

The north wind doth blow,

And we shall have snow,

And what will poor robin do then,

Poor thing?
He'll sit in a barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,

Poor thing!

LITTLE GIRL AND QUEEN

"Little girl, little girl, where have

you been?"

"Gathering roses to give to the

Queen."

" Little girl, little s^irl, what gave

she you?"

" She gave me a diamond as big as

my shoe."

WEE WILLIE WINKIE

Wee Willie Winkie runs through

the town,

Upstairs and downstairs, in his

nightgown;

Rapping at the window, crying

through the lock,

"Are the children in their beds?"

Now it's eight o'clock."

ABC

Great A, little a,

Bouncing B!

The cat's in the cupboard,

And can't see me.

r^

CAESAR'S SONG

Bow-wow-wow !

Whose clog art thou?

Little Tom Tinker's clog,

Bow-wow-wow !

SING, SING

Sing, sing, what shall I

sing?

Cat's run away with the

pudding string!

Do, do, what shall I

do?

The cat has bitten it

quite in two.

MARCH WINDS

March winds and April showers

Bring forth May flowers.

THE BLACKSMITH

" Robert Barnes, my fellow fine,
Can you shoe this horse of mine?"
"Yes, good sir, that I can,
As well as any other man;
There's a nail, and there's a prod,
Now, good sir, your horse is shod."

ONE, TWO, BUCKLE MY SHOE

One, two,
Buckle my shoe;
Three, four,
Knock at the door;
Five, six,
Pick up sticks;
Seven, eight,
Lay them straight;
Nine, ten,
A good, fat hen;
Eleven, twelve,
Dig and delve;
Thirteen, fourteen,
Maids a-courting;
Fifteen, sixteen,
Maids in the kitchen;
Seventeen, eighteen,
Maids a-waiting;
Nineteen, twenty,
My plate's empty.

PEASE PORRIDGE

Pease porridge hot,

Pease porridge cold,
Pease porridge in the pot,

Nine days old.
Some like it hot,

Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot,

Nine days old.

OLD MOTHER GOOSE
Old Mother Goose, when

She wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air

On a very fine gander.

THE TEN O'CLOCK
SCHOLAR

A diller, a dollar, a ten o'clock
scholar !

What makes you come so
soon ?

You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon.

PINS

See a pin and pick it up,
All the day you'll have good luck.
See a pin and let it lay,
Bad luck you'll have all the day.

THE MAN IN THE MOON

The Man in the Moon came
tumbling down,
And asked the way to Norwich;
He went by the south, and burnt
his mouth
With eating cold pease porridge.

*^ w

YOUNG LAMBS TO SELL

If I'd as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry young lambs to sell;
Young lambs to sell, young lambs to sell;
I never would cry young lambs to sell.

TO BABYLON

How many miles is it to Babylon?

Threescore miles and ten.
Can I get there by candlelight?

Yes, and back again.
If your heels are nimble and light,
You may get there by candlelight.

BOBBY SNOOKS

Little Bobby Snooks was fond of
his books,
And loved by his usher and
master;
But naughty Jack Spry, he got a
black eye,
And carries his nose in a plaster.

SULKY SUE

Here's Sulky Sue,
What shall we do?
Turn her face to the wall
Till she comes to.

HOT-CROSS BUNS

Hot-cross Buns!

Hot-cross Buns!

One a penny, two a penny,

Hot-cross Buns!

Hot-cross Buns!

Hot-cross Buns!

If ye have no daughters,
Give them to your sons.

PAT-A-CAKE

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake,

Baker's man !
So I do, master,

As fast as I can.

Pat it, and prick it,

And mark it with T,

Put it in the oven

For Tommy and me.

BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP

Baa, baa, black sheep,
Have you any wool ?
Yes, marry, have I,
Three bags full;

One for my master,
One for my dame,
But none for the little boy

Who cries in the lane.

THE HOBBYHORSE

I had a little hobbyhorse,

And it was dapple gray;

Its head was made of pea straw,

Its tail was made of hay.

I sold it to an old woman

For a copper groat;

And I'll not sing my song again

Without another coat.

TOMMY TITTMOUSE

Little Tommy Tittlemouse

Lived in a little house;

He caught fishes

In other men's ditches.

POOR OLD ROBINSON CRUSOE

Poor old Robinson Crusoe!

Poor old Robinson Crusoe!

They made him a coat

Of an old nanny goat,

I wonder why they should do so

With a ringf-a-tingf-tanef,
And a ring-a-ting-tang,

Poor old Robinson Crusoe!

IF WISHES WERE HORSES

If wishes were horses, beggars would
ride.

If turnips were watches, I would
wear one by my side.
And if "ifs" and "ands"
Were pots and pans,
There'd be no work for tinkers!

PUSSYCAT AND QUEEN

*' Pussycat, pussycat,

Where have you been?"
"I've been to London

To look at the Queen."

' Pussycat, pussycat,

What did you there?"

"I frightened a little mouse
Under the chair."

BARBER

Barber, barber, shave a pig.
How many hairs will make a wig?
Four and twenty; that's enough.
Give the barber a pinch of snuff.

LITTLE FRED

When little Fred went to bed,
He always said his prayers;

He kissed mamma, and then papa,
And straightway went upstairs.

JACK JELF

Little Jack Jelf
Was put on the shelf

Because he could not spell "pie";
When his aunt, Mrs. Grace,
Saw his sorrowful face,

She could not help saying, "Oh, fie!"

And since Master Jelf
Was put on the shelf

Because he could not spell "pie,"
Let him stand there so grim,
And no more about him,

For I wish him a very good-bye!

THE LITTLE BIRD

Once I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop;

So I cried, "Little bird,
Will you stop, stop,
stop?"

And was going to the
window

To say, " How do you
do?"
But he shook his little
tail,
And far away he flew.

JACK

Jack, be nimble, Jack, be
quick,

Jack, jump over the candle-
stick.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

Old Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,

To give her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there
The cupboard was bare,

And so the poor dog had none.

MISS MUFFET

Little Miss Muffet .

Sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;

There came a big spider,

And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

HUMPTY DUMPTY

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,

Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;

All the King's horses and all the
King's men

Cannot put Humpty Dumpty together again.

ONE MISTY MOISTY MORNING

One misty moisty morning,

When cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man,

Clothed all in leather.
He began to compliment

And I began to grin.
How do you do ? And how do you do?

And how do you do again?

DANCE TO YOUR DADDIE

Dance to your daddie,

My bonnie laddie;

Dance to your daddie, my bonnie

lamb;
You shall get a fishy,
On a little dishy,
You shall get a fishy, when the boat

comes home.

THE OLD WOMAN FROM FRANCE

There came an old woman from

France

Who taught grown-up children to
dance;

But they were so stiff,

She sent them home in a sniff,

This sprightly old woman from France.

A SURE TEST

If you are to be a gentleman,

As I suppose you'll be,

You'll neither laugh nor smile,

For a tickling of the knee.

FIVE TOES

This little pig went to market;

This little pig stayed at home;

This little pig had roast beef;

This little pig had none;

This little pig said, "Wee, wee

I can't find my way home."

A CANDLE

Little Nanny Etticoat

In a white petticoat,

And a red nose;

The longer she stands

The shorter she grows.

THE MAN IN OUR TOWN

There was a man in our town,

And he was wondrous wise.
He jumped into a bramble bush,

And scratched out both his
eyes.
But when he saw his eyes were out,

With all his might and mam,
He jumped into another bush,

And scratched 'em in again.

The real Mother Goose

by Wright, Blanche Fisher, ill

Publication date 1916

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THE EIGHT HOUR RAILWAY WAGE LAW.

THE conflict between the capital invested in the railroads in the United States and the labor involved in their operation having become so acute that their representatives could no longer agree upon the terms of employment, the fourth day of September, 1916, was definitely fixed for a strike of such magnitude as to involve the practical suspension of all railroad service in the United States for an indefinite period. The calamity with which the people of the United States were thus confronted involved a suspension of the mails and the stoppage of transportation at a time when the movement of the National Guard of the country might become imperative at any moment ; the fruit crops stood in jeopardy of perishing; no manufacturing enterprise in the country would have been able to move its product; and the food supply in many localities would soon have been exhausted. There is hardly a man, woman or child in the land who would not have felt the loss, and it would be difficult to overestimate the number of those who would have suffered privation. Nor was there any hope that if the nation accepted the terrible consequence of permitting the railroads and their employees to fight it out, the settlement would be permanent whether labor won the fight or lost; for it is useless to hope that when those who have been dominated once learn to fight they will be easily discouraged by failure or restrained by success. The conflict between capital and labor has ever increased in its intensity as labor has become organized and more powerful in its influence, and the conflict will inevitably go on until it is definitely settled as to who shall be the master.

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When an enterprise is private in its nature, we must rely for an adjustment of this conflict upon the natural laws of supply and demand — once regarded as controlling, but now often incompetent to protect the consumer from immediate sacrifice — at least until it is recognized that combinations to control the price of labor are often just as vicious as combinations to control the

price of any other commodity, and the strike comes to be regulated by statute.

With a public service it is different. The right to contract has never been regarded as absolute. 1 It exists only where it does not conflict with the public welfare; and there is no reason why the public should consent to suffer great injury, in order to permit capital and labor to fight each other over terms of employment, when the practical result of the conflict must be the destruction of public business, property and welfare. There are three interests involved in the public railroad service: that of capital, that of labor and that of the people at large. The contribution of each is essential to the service. The man, the plant and the capital employed in the operation of interstate railroads are all equally to be regarded as instruments of the public service and subject to public control in the performance of that service. 2

As early as the case of *Searight v. Stokes*, 3 Chief Justice Taney pointed out that :

"The United States have unquestionably a property in the mails. They are not mere common carriers, but a government, performing a high official duty in holding and guarding its own property as well as that of its citizens committed to its care ; for a very large portion of the letters and packages conveyed on this road, especially during the sessions of Congress, consists of communications to or from the officers of the executive department, or members of the legislature, on public service or in relation to matters of pub-

1 *Chicago, B. & Q. R. v. McGuire*, 219 U. S. 549; *Erie R. v. Williams*, 333 U. S. 685; *Holden v. Hardy*, 169 U. S. 366; *McLean v. Arkansas*, 211 U. S. 539.

* *Ex parte McNiel*, 13 Wall. 236; *Cooley v. Board of Wardens*, 12 How. 299; *Second Employers' Liability Cases*, 223 U. S. 1.

* 3 How. 151, 169.

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lie concern. * * * We think that a carriage, whenever it is carrying the mail, is laden with the property of the United States within the true meaning of the compact."

This language was quoted with approval in the case of *In Re*

Debs*

It appears, therefore, that in compelling the railroads to submit temporarily to the only scale of wages upon which they could conduct their business without serious interruption, the United States Government was simply prohibiting the railroads from destroying both public and private property, the value of which depended upon transportation. The question was not whether Congress should yield to the demand of labor for the passage of this statute, but whether Congress should permit the interstate common carriers to suspend the performance of their public functions, for which they had received so large a consideration from the hands of the public, in order to protect their private interests although this interest could be amply protected at a much smaller loss by a readjustment of the freight rates.

Not only were these instrumentalities engaged in the public service, but the business which they were conducting was made possible only by public consent and the right of eminent domain. The relation between the employer and the employee was in no just sense a private relation, for the public was concerned in that relation just as much as were the other two parties, not only because the rights and property of the public were directly involved, and not only because of the public concessions made in consideration of a publicly regulated service, but also because the public was to pay for the service rendered by the combined efforts of capital and labor at a rate of freight based upon the scale of wages.

Whenever there are three interests involved and it becomes apparent that there is a disagreement between two of these interests which they cannot settle between themselves without great injury to the rights and property of the third, it is but natural and proper that the third party should assert its legitimate power to compel the other two to come to terms. When, therefore, the railroads and their employees have reached a point where they

' 158 U. S. 564, 584.

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can no longer agree, and Where this disagreement threatens to destroy the public service, the time has assuredly come when the public must say to them, "You must either serve the public or you must give up your franchise, and if you cannot serve the public by paying one wage, you must pay another."

No one will deny the wisdom of investigation before action whenever investigation is possible; but it is equally plain that there are many situations in life when men must act upon their judgment and act at once rather than suffer injury from delay necessarily incident to investigation. It is often necessary to preserve the status quo while an investigation proceeds; and this may not be denied by any person who is familiar with the chancery practice of using injunctions pendente lite in order to preserve the status quo until investigation can be made. When an injunction of this kind is necessary at all, it is always necessary to act without such an investigation as would justify a final decree in order to preserve the subject matter of the inquiry until it can be ascertained where the right of the matter really lies. To destroy this writ, so as to enable one party to destroy the subject matter of the controversy pending an investigation by the court, would be to deprive the administration of justice of one of its most efficient instruments.

In this instance, the subject matter of the controversy was the public service, for it is upon this service that the burden of the threatened strike would have fallen if the strike had been consummated; and more than this, there would have been no possible way of adjusting the loss after it had once occurred. On the other hand, there was not the slightest difficulty in protecting the railroads from any loss they might suffer by reason of fixing an excessive scale of wages pending an investigation if it should be determined that the scale was too high. The charges which the interstate common carrier is permitted to demand from the public for its service are fixed by law, and are necessarily based upon the scale of wages paid. It would never be possible to determine whether any rate was fair or whether it was confiscatory except by taking into consideration the wages which the railroads must pay for the service of their employees, and whenever it is determined that the scale of wages which is fixed by the

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demands of labor or by an enactment of Congress is so high that the prevailing freight rate is inadequate, there is not the slightest difficulty in administering justice through the Interstate Commerce Commission. Congress was, therefore, confronted with a situation in which a failure upon its part to act would result in inestimable damage to the public; a situation in which it could avoid this damage only by fixing a temporary rate at which the men were willing to work, for it is manifest that it was entirely beyond its constitutional power to compel the men to work ; a situation in which there was no danger of doing any

injustice to any interest, as it was easily within the power of Congress and of its agencies to reimburse the railroads for any injury which preliminary regulation might do, by increasing the freight rate if necessary, just as it is within the power of the courts to reimburse any injury which they may do by the issuance of a temporary injunction or injunction pendente lite by an action upon the bond.

In this dilemma, Congress acted, and we turn to the inquiry as to whether it is within the constitutional power of Congress to regulate the scale of wages to be paid by those engaged in public interstate service. Confiscation was not involved ; because confiscation could result only from a disproportion between the scale of wages and the scale of freight, and, so long as the scale of freight is movable, there can be no difficulty in adjustment. Treated as a regulation of the hours of labor by trainmen, the validity of the statute is, of course, beyond discussion. ³ While it is doubtless true that the enactment tended strongly to the establishment of an eight hour day, it must be conceded that that which the statute directly enacted was to regulate the wages to be paid by the railroad companies to their employees for a limited period pending an investigation. It therefore remains only to inquire whether the fixing of the scale of wages to be paid to the employees of interstate railroads was within the constitutional power of Congress to regulate interstate commerce.

It is now too late to question the power of Congress to regulate the rate of freight to be charged for the service of an interstate common carrier. And the power to determine what

* *Holden v. Hardy*, *supra*; *Lochner v. New York*, 198 U. S. 45.

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compensation is to be allowed for the whole service necessarily carries with it the power to determine just how that compensation shall be divided among the different instrumentalities which go to make up the common carrier as a whole. In order to determine what is a proper freight rate, it is, of course, necessary to inquire what are the elements which enter into the service : what is the cost of the track, its construction and its maintenance; what is the extent of the investment in rolling stock, and what is necessary for its maintenance; what is the cost of the labor contributed; and what should be the profit allowed on the capital invested. To say that Congress has

no power to fix the compensation to be allowed to labor is as unwarranted as it is to say that Congress has no power to deal with the subject as to the compensation which is allowed on the capital invested. Indeed, the power of Congress to fix, or to limit, the compensation which the interstate common carrier shall pay to its employees necessarily results from the simple fact that this compensation is only a part of that which is allowed to be collected from the public, and that the allowance which must be made for the performance of labor is not to be differentiated from the allowance that is to be set apart as compensation for the use of the capital invested. Congress has, indeed, so frequently enacted, and the Supreme Court of the United States has so frequently supported, other statutes of a similar character, that it is difficult to realize that the constitutionality of such a statute should now be inveighed against.

The pilot who directs the ship into port stands upon the same footing as the engineer who directs the locomotive. The power of Congress, and, indeed, the power of the states, to fix the compensation which shall be paid to pilots is based upon the idea that they are engaged in a public service in which the people at large are concerned. Congress could regulate their charges only under the interstate commerce clause of the constitution; but the power of Congress to fix the compensation which should be paid to the pilot for his personal services was settled from a very early period. In the case of *Ex Pare McNeil*? Judge Swayne, in rendering the opinion of the court, said :

' *Supra*.

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"It must be admitted that pilot regulations are regulations of commerce. A pilot is as much a part of the commercial marine as the hull of the ship and the helm by which it is guided ; and half pilotage, as it is called, is a necessary and usual part of every system of such provisions."

This case involved the validity of a statute not only fixing the compensation which a pilot should receive for his services, but compelling the ship to pay half pilotage if it had not accepted the services of the pilot when tendered. The author of the opinion pointed out that from time immemorial the compensation of pilots has been regulated by the states. The Act of Congress approved August 7, 1789, 7 provided that pilotage should be regulated by the existing laws of the states, or such laws as the states should thereafter enact, until further provisions should be

made by the Congress, and this provision is now found in the Revised Statutes of the United States. 8 In the case of *Gibbons v. Ogden*, 9 the Supreme Court of the United States held that Congress has the power of reenacting the state statutes upon this subject, and from this early date down to the present time no one has successfully questioned the constitutional power of Congress to fix the rate of compensation as a regulation of commerce. In the case of *Charlotte, C. & A. R. Co. v. Gibbes*, 10 there came before the Supreme Court of the United States the question as to whether it was competent for the state to require the railroads to pay a fixed salary to railroad commissioners for their services. It will be observed that, as in the case of pilots, the services of the railroad commissioners was compulsory — the railroads were not permitted to say whether they cared for the service or not. Speaking of the subject, the court said :

"Though railroad corporations are private corporations as distinguished from those created for municipal and governmental purposes, their uses are public. They are formed for the convenience of the public in the transportation of persons and merchandise, and are invested for that purpose with special privileges. They are allowed to exercise the States' right of eminent domain that they may appropriate for their uses the necessary property of others upon paying just com-

' 1 Stat. L. 54. * § 4235.

• 9 Wheat. 1. M 142 U. S. 386.

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pensation therefor, a right which can only be exercised for public purposes. And they assume, by the acceptance of their charters, the obligations to transport all persons and merchandise upon like conditions and at reasonable rates; and they are authorized to charge reasonable compensation for the services they thus perform. Being the recipients of special privileges from the State, to be exercised in the interest of the public, and assuming the obligations thus mentioned, their business is deemed affected with a public use, and to the extent of that use is subject to legislative regulation. * * * That regulation may extend to all measures deemed essential not merely to secure the safety of passengers and freight, but to promote the convenience of the public in the transaction of business with them, and to prevent abuses by extortionate charges and unjust discrimination. It may embrace a general supervision of the operation of

their roads, which may be exercised by direct legislation commanding or forbidding, under severe penalties, the doing or omission of particular acts, or it may be exercised through commissioners specially appointed for that purpose. The mode or manner of regulation is a matter of legislative discretion. When exercised through commissioners, their services are for the benefit of the railroad corporations as well as of the public. Both are served by the required supervision over the roads and means of transportation, and there would seem to be no sound reason why the compensation of the commissioners in such case should not be met by the corporations, the operations of whose roads and the exercise of whose franchises are supervised. In exacting this there is no encroachment upon the Fourteenth Amendment. Requiring that the burden of a service deemed essential to the public, in consequence of the existence of the corporations and the exercise of privileges obtained at their request, should be borne by the corporations in relation to whom the service is rendered, and to whom it is useful, is neither denying to the corporations the equal protection of the laws nor making any unjust discrimination against them."

There is really nothing new in the fixing of the compensation to be paid by the common carrier for services which they receive from individuals and other corporations assisting them in the performance of their duties. We are all familiar with the regulation of switching charges, the regulation of tap line services, and the like.

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In the case of *Cooley v. Board of Wardens*,¹¹ the action was to recover half pilotage fees under the 29th section of the act of the Legislature of Pennsylvania passed in 1803, and the court said :

"The power to regulate navigation is the power to prescribe rules in conformity with which navigation must be carried on. It extends to the persons who conduct it, as well as to the instruments used."

The court held that the fixing of the pilotage fees was nothing more nor less than a regulation of commerce.

It has long since been settled that a state may regulate the method of compensating coal miners.¹² In the case of *McLean v. Arkansas*,¹³ the Supreme Court of the United States upheld the

statute of Arkansas requiring coal to be measured for payment of miners' wages before screening it. The court said :

"But in many cases in this court the right of freedom of contract has been held not to be unlimited in its nature, and when the right to contract or carry on business conflicts with laws declaring the public policy of the State, enacted for the protection of the public health, safety or welfare, the same may be valid, notwithstanding they have the effect to curtail or limit the freedom of contract."

The court then proceeded thus to enumerate a number of instances in which the Supreme Court had upheld the power of Congress to fix the compensation which should be received for particular services:

"In Knoxville Iron Co. v. Harbison, 183 U. S. 13. it was held that an act of the legislature of Tennessee, requiring the redemption in cash of store orders or other evidences of indebtedness issued by employers in payment of wages due to employees, did not conflict with any provisions of the Constitution of the United States protecting the right of contract.

"In Frisbie v. United States, 157 U. S. 160, the act of Congress prohibiting attorneys from contracting for a larger

u Supra.

" Rail Coal Co. v. Ohio Industrial Comm., 236 U. S. 338; Holden v. Hardy, supra.

13 Supra.

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fee than \$10.00 for prosecuting pension claims was held to be a valid exercise of police power.

"* * * The statute fixing maximum charges for the storage of grain, and prohibiting contracts for larger amounts, was held valid. Munn v. People of Illinois, 94 U. S. 113.

"In Patterson v. Bark Eudora, 190 U. S. 169, this court held that an act of Congress making it a misdemeanor for a ship-master to pay a sailor any part of his wages in advance was valid."

In the case of Munn v. Illinois, 14 the Supreme Court of the

United States upheld the statute regulating warehouse charges, and said :

"From this source come the police powers, which, as was said by Mr. Chief Justice Taney in the License Cases, 5 How. 583, 'are nothing more or less than the powers of government inherent in every sovereignty, * * * that is to say, * * * the power to govern men and things.' Under these powers the government regulates the conduct of its citizens one towards another, and the manner in which each shall use his own property, when such regulation becomes necessary for the public good. In their exercise it has been customary in England from time immemorial, and in this country from its first colonization, to regulate ferries, common carriers, hackmen, bakers, millers, wharfingers, innkeepers, &c, and in so doing to fix a maximum of charge to be made for services rendered, accommodations furnished, and articles sold. To this day, statutes are to be found in many of the States upon some or all these subjects ; and we think it has never yet been successfully contended that such legislation came within any of the constitutional prohibitions against interference with private property. With the Fifth Amendment in force, Congress, in 1820, conferred power upon the city of Washington 'to regulate * * * the rates of wharfage at private wharves, * * * the sweeping of chimneys, and to fix the rates of fees therefor, * * * and the weight and quality of bread,' 3 Stat. 587, Sect. 7; and, in 1848 'to make all necessary regulations respecting hackney carriages and the rates of fare of the same, and the rates of hauling by cartmen, wagoners, carmen and draymen, and the rates of commission of auctioneers.' "

14 94 U. S. 113, 185.

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The court then proceeded to point out at great length that whatever may be the right of a private citizen to demand whatever he can get for his own services or for the use of his property; yet when he and his property become engaged in a public business, they become affected with the public interest, and cease to be *juris privati* only, and are subject to the public control.

In the case of *St. Louis, Iron Mtn. & St. Paul Ry. Co. v. Paul*, 1 " the Supreme Court upheld the statute requiring employees to be paid in money when discharged. In the case of *Brie R. v. Williams*, 10 the Supreme Court upheld the law requiring railroad

employees to be paid twice a month. In the case of *Morgan's S. S. Co. v. Louisiana Board of Health*.¹⁷ it was held that Congress could fix quarantine fees. And seamen's wages have always been regulated.¹⁸

It seems, therefore, to be clear that it is within the power of Congress at all times to regulate the wages which are to be paid by the interstate common carrier to its employees. It possesses this power because the employer and the employee are engaged in the public service. The business which they are carrying on is made possible by public concession and the public is a party to the enterprise. The regulation of such a business has always been vested in the government, not for the benefit of the employer or of the employee, but for the benefit of the public whom they both serve. The rates of compensation which they may receive from the public for the entire service are definitely fixed; and where there are several elements which go to make up that service — such as the contribution of labor, the property used and the capital invested — the compensation of each of these must be taken into consideration in fixing the rate for the entire service, and the distribution of the freight rate allowed for the entire service amongst the different contributors to that service, must necessarily be within the power of Congress, in whom the regulation of compensation for the entire service is vested, and the exercise of this power may be by way of fixing either a minimum or a maximum compensation to be paid.

The fixing of the minimum compensation has been necessary in this instance to preserve the service temporarily pending an in-

* 173 U. S. 404. " *Su/xra*.

" 118 U. S. 465. " 6 Fed. Stat. Ann. 862.

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vestigation; but the time may not be far distant when the exercise of this power will be absolutely essential to enable the common carrier to perform its functions upon a reasonable tariff of freight, from the standpoint of the public, without a sacrifice of all compensation for the capital invested and resulting confiscation by reason of the demands of labor which are so rapidly increasing. The power of Congress to fix the scale of wages is exercised today by fixing a minimum which shall be paid for labor; but it may be necessary tomorrow to exercise that same power in fixing a maximum, in order that the common carrier, as a whole, may be enabled to serve the public upon a reasonable

basis.

Congress, of course, has no power to compel any man to work for the interstate common carrier for less than he may be pleased to demand; for while idle or engaged in some private employment he is not an instrument of interstate commerce. His doings are not concerned with the public, and his power to contract cannot be limited. Nor can Congress compel the owners of the physical properties which constitute the railroad, or the capital which is used in its operation, to enter into any contract for service in regard to any private undertaking. 19 But it is within the power of Congress to prescribe the terms of any contract which has to do with the public service by interstate common carriers, and it may be confidently asserted that when the scale of wages which the railroads are compelled to pay becomes so great as to make the present freight rate impracticable or unfair, that freight rate will be readjusted until the demands of labor become so great that capital cannot receive a fair return for its contribution to the service without imposing upon the public a burden which is disproportionate to its real value, and when this happens Congress must fix a scale of wages which will be fair to all parties concerned. Thus it may come to pass that the power of Congress to fix the scale of wages for the employees of interstate railroads, will some day prove to be the greatest safeguard that exists against ruinous injustice towards the capital invested in interstate railroads.

Mobile, Ala. Harry T. Smith.

" Adair v. United States, 808 U. S. 161.

The Eight Hour Railway Wage Law
by Smith, Harry T.

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Alors, magistrats, jury, gendarmes huissiers, Code civil, justice, allégories mythologiques, menaçantes et rassurantes, Christ en croix, qu'est-ce que vous faites là? Pourquoi tout cet appareil inutile, toute cette solennité vide, toute cette dépense, tout ce dérangement? Ces trois individus coupables, tous les trois, de délits et de crimes qui compromettent non seulement leur propre honneur, leur propre morale, mais la morale universelle et la sécurité des citoyens électeurs, pourquoi les renvoyez-vous finalement chez eux, sans condamnation, sans flétrissure, sans amende même?

Parce que, me répondrez-vous, c'est là un cas exceptionnel. Cette jeune fille était vraiment sympathique par sa bonne conduite antérieure, le père par l'honnêteté de toute sa vie: il n'a pas pu résister à sa douleur et à sa colère, devant la froide ingratitude et la cynique cruauté de ce jeune homme, nous l'avons compris et nous l'avons acquitté.

Non; ces raisons-là, vous les donnez parce que vous ne pouvez pas, vous ne voulez pas donner les vraies raisons. Les vraies raisons, les voici: ne pouvant pas punir les vrais coupables, vous êtes fatalement amenés à absoudre ceux dont le crime n'est que la conséquence directe de cette culpabilité non seulement impunie, mais dont, dans certains cas, il ne vous est pas permis de connaître, dont il vous est interdit de faire mention, que vous devez respecter en un mot, qui vous est sacrée pour ainsi dire, comme la réputation la plus intacte, comme le dogme le plus révérend. Il est tel cas où vous n'avez même pas le droit de prononcer le nom du véritable coupable, et où vous ne pouvez punir que l'innocent et même la victime.

J'ai assisté, il y a deux ou trois ans, à un procès criminel où la coupable, du moins la personne amenée à la barre, était une jeune femme. Elle s'était mariée, enceinte, avec un jeune homme, lequel ignorait absolument ce détail. Elle accoucha, à terme, sans que son mari se fût douté de cette grossesse et en l'absence de ce mari. Elle se délivra elle-même; puis elle perdit la tête et tua son enfant, dont elle cacha le corps dans une armoire. Le crime fut découvert et la jeune femme arrêtée et traduite devant les assises.

L'homme qui l'avait rendue mère était marié, c'est-à-dire doublement coupable; il l'avait eue sous sa protection, ce qui le rendait triplement coupable; il l'avait garantie comme la plus honnête fille du monde au jeune homme, lorsque celui-ci était venu lui demander des renseignements, ce qui le constituait quadruplement coupable; ni l'accusée, ni l'accusation, ni la défense n'avaient le droit de prononcer le nom de cet homme, le premier, le seul coupable, parce que la recherche de la paternité est interdite par nos lois. Cet homme était négociant. S'il n'avait pas payé un de ses billets, vous lui auriez saisi ses meubles, et tout ce qu'il possédait; vous l'auriez déclaré en faillite, en faillite frauduleuse, si ses livres n'avaient pas été bien en règle, et vous l'auriez condamné à la prison. Il avait trahi le mariage, trahi la tutelle, trahi la confiance d'un honnête homme, donné le jour à un enfant illégitime; il était la cause d'un meurtre, du meurtre de son propre enfant; l'action qu'il avait commise amenait la femme qu'il avait dit aimer sur les bancs de la cour d'assises, la faisait condamner aux galères, car elle fut condamnée; condamnait le mari de cette femme à la honte, au désespoir, au ridicule, au célibat, à la stérilité, à n'avoir plus d'épouse légale, à n'avoir plus d'enfant légitime, et vous ne pouviez rien contre le vrai coupable, à peine le réprimander, dans le vide, et encore anonyme. S'il

plaisait à ce coupable de se reconnaître dans ce que j'écris en ce moment, il pourrait m'attaquer en diffamation; je ne pourrais pas faire la preuve, et vous me condamneriez comme diffamateur, probablement à un franc d'amende, ce qui ne serait pas cher, mais ce qui serait encore une condamnation supérieure à celle que vous pouviez lui infliger.

Qui avez-vous donc véritablement puni du double crime commis par cet homme et par cette fille? Celui qui n'en avait commis aucun, le mari, l'honnête homme, l'innocent. L'amant n'a même pas été inquiété; l'infanticide, son temps fait, redeviendra libre, et très probablement elle n'aura fait que la moitié de son temps, si elle s'est ce qu'on appelle bien conduite, depuis son emprisonnement; quant au mari, à qui vous n'avez rien à reprocher que d'avoir eu confiance, que d'avoir voulu aimer selon les lois, d'avoir voulu constituer la famille, le foyer, l'exemple, ce qui est recommandé par toutes les religions et toutes les morales, dont vous vous déclarez les défenseurs, il reste et demeure éternellement la victime de cet homme adultère et de cette femme infanticide; et si, demain, il avait un enfant d'une autre femme que celle-là, vous condamneriez cet enfant à n'avoir jamais ni famille régulière, ni nom légal, à moins que sa mère n'eût l'idée comme l'autre de le tuer, auquel cas, le mari, devenu à son tour adultère et père illégal et dénaturé, n'encourrait, comme coupable, aucune des peines qui lui ont été infligées comme innocent!

Vous me répondrez encore: «Ce sont là des exceptions très rares dont la loi n'a pas à tenir compte.» Où avez-vous vu cela? Le caractère fondamental, la propriété spécifique d'une loi font que même une seule injustice ne puisse pas être commise en son nom, et, tant que cette injustice peut être commise, cette loi est incomplète, par conséquent insuffisante, de là préjudiciable, et le premier venu, comme moi, peut l'attaquer et en demander la revision.

Et, comme cette revision demandée ne se fait pas, les faits, depuis quelques années que ces questions ont été de plus en plus débattues par l'opinion publique, les faits concluant en faveur de cette revision se succèdent et se précipitent les uns sur les autres; les incarnations se multiplient avec une rapidité, une éloquence, un retentissement, une plus value de scandale effrayants, et la Providence paraît être absolument décidée à vous forcer la main.

Du reste, pour les vrais observateurs, ce qu'on appelle la Providence a des procédés qui devraient commencer à être connus. Quand une société ne voit pas ou ne veut pas voir ce qu'elle doit faire, cette Providence le lui indique d'abord par de petits accidents symptomatiques et facilement remédiables; puis l'indifférence ou l'aveuglement persistant, elle renouvelle ses indications par des phénomènes périodiques, se rapprochant de plus en plus les uns des autres, s'accroissant de plus en plus, jusqu'à quelque catastrophe d'une démonstration tellement claire, qu'elle ne laisse aucun doute sur les

volontés de ladite Providence. C'est alors que la société imprévoyante s'étonne, s'épouvante, crie à la fatalité, à l'injustice des choses et se décide à comprendre. Ce qui est encore à constater au milieu de tout cela, c'est l'obstination que mettent non seulement la masse des gens, mais les hommes chargés de veiller à la moralité et au salut des sociétés, à donner pour cause aux drames et aux crimes nés de l'insuffisance des lois, les examens et les propositions philosophiques que, tout au contraire, cette insuffisance inspire à certains esprits. Pour tous les routiniers, les auteurs de la démoralisation sociale sont ceux qui la découvrent ou la dénoncent à l'avance. Quand on a dit à une société: «Prends garde! si tu continues tels ou tels errements, tu provoqueras telle ou telle catastrophe;» on est pour cette société, qui ne veut pas reconnaître ses torts, la cause même de cette catastrophe, le jour où elle se produit. L'Église catholique en est encore à nous dire que ce sont les abominables passions et les détestables conseils de Luther qui ont fait tant de mal au catholicisme; elle oublie de se rappeler ou de rechercher les causes qui ont produit Luther et nécessité la Réforme. Les défenseurs de la monarchie de droit divin et des traditions féodales nous disent que c'est l'esprit diabolique de Voltaire et des encyclopédistes qui a produit la Révolution et les excès du XVIIIe siècle; ils se gardent bien de reconnaître et d'avouer les faits qui ont suscité les attaques de Voltaire et de l'Encyclopédie. Même observation en littérature. Ce sont les écrivains qui écrivent contre les mœurs immorales de leur temps qui démoralisent leur temps. On commence par prétendre que le mal dont ils parlent n'existe pas; puis, quand il est notoire, que ce sont leurs écrits qui l'ont fait naître, puis, quand il gagne de plus en plus, qu'il vaut mieux n'en rien dire.

Ainsi, celui qui écrit ces lignes (formule ingénieuse trouvée par un grand orgueilleux qui n'osait pas dire _moi_ aussi souvent qu'il l'aurait voulu), ainsi celui qui écrit ces lignes a, de cette façon, beaucoup contribué à la démoralisation de son époque; seulement ceux qui emploient le mot démoralisation, à propos de moi ou de tout autre, l'emploient à tort et le confondent souvent, trompés qu'ils sont par un phénomène purement extérieur, avec un autre mot qui, du reste, n'existe pas et que l'on ferait peut-être bien de créer.

Une société dont on dit qu'elle se démoralise, ce que l'on a dit d'ailleurs de toutes les sociétés depuis que le monde existe, une société qui se démoralise n'est pas toujours une société qui modifie sa morale, mais une société qui modifie ses mœurs, ce qui n'est pas la même chose, et ce qui est même à l'avantage de la morale éternelle, dont on ne peut pas plus supprimer un des principes fondamentaux qu'on ne peut supprimer un des éléments qui composent l'air respirable.

Aucun révolutionnaire, aucun novateur, aucun radical n'aura jamais l'idée de proclamer que l'on doit, que l'on peut tuer, voler, manquer à sa parole, à l'honneur, séduire les jeunes filles, abandonner sa

femme, délaisser ses enfants, renier, trahir et vendre sa patrie. Celui qui soutiendrait une pareille thèse passerait pour fou, et tout le monde lui tournerait le dos. La morale ne s'altère donc pas, mais elle s'élargit, elle se développe, elle se répand, et, pour cela, elle brise ces formules étroites et partiales dans lesquelles elle était inégalement contenue et dosée et qu'on appelle les mœurs et les lois.

Les esprits soi-disant révolutionnaires ou subversifs sont ceux qui aident la morale éternelle, inaliénable à briser ces formules particulières, locales, à se frayer un chemin à travers les plaines stériles qu'elle doit fertiliser. Quand nous demandons, par exemple, la recherche de la paternité, ou le divorce, ou le rétablissement des tours, c'est-à-dire que les innocents ne souffrent plus pour les coupables, quand alors il s'élève des clameurs contre nous, ce n'est pas la morale qui s'indigne, car ce que nous demandons est de la morale la plus élémentaire, ce sont les mœurs et les lois qui s'effrayent. Nous avons contre nous les Lovelaces de toute classe, pour qui ces mœurs et ces lois sont un privilège dont leur égoïsme et leurs passions peuvent user sans représailles, les Prud'hommes de tous rangs pour lesquels le monde finit à leurs habitudes, à leurs traditions, à leurs idées, à leur famille, et qui ne se sentant pas atteints, et convaincus qu'ils ne pourront jamais l'être, par les calamités que ces mœurs produisent, ne voient pas qu'il y ait lieu de changer quoi que ce soit aux lois qui les protègent; nous avons encore contre nous les ignorants qui ne veulent rien apprendre, les hypocrites qui ne veulent rien avouer, les gens de foi et même de bonne foi qui croient leur Dieu compromis dès qu'on leur parle d'un progrès en contradiction avec leurs dogmes religieux, les timides qui ont peur d'un changement, les contribuables qui redoutent une dépense; autrement dit, nous avons contre nous les quatre-vingt-dix-neuf centièmes de nos compatriotes; mais c'est sans aucune importance, puisque le centième auquel nous appartenons depuis le commencement du monde a fait faire aux quatre-vingt-dix-neuf autres toutes les réformes dont ils se trouvent, d'ailleurs, très bien aujourd'hui, tout en protestant contre celles qui restent à faire. C'est par suite de tout ce malentendu sur la signification et la valeur réelle des institutions, des faits et des mots qu'après l'acquittement de mademoiselle Marie Bière, un conseiller à la Cour, qui avait assisté aux débats à côté de _celui qui écrit ces lignes_, disait à ce dernier, d'une voix véritablement émue, avec l'accent amical mais convaincu du reproche et de l'inquiétude: «Voilà pourtant ce dont vous êtes cause avec votre _Tue-la_!»

Ainsi, c'est moi qui, en écrivant la lettre qui se terminait par ce mot, et en l'écrivant après l'assassinat de madame Dubourg par son mari; c'est moi qui suis cause que M. Dubourg a tué sa femme! Ainsi, voilà un magistrat des plus honorables, des plus intelligents et, comme homme privé, des plus spirituels et des plus fins, qui aime mieux croire à la pernicieuse influence d'un écrivain isolé qu'à

une insuffisance de la loi ancienne et à une réclamation des mœurs nouvelles! Où sont les sociétés qui suivent le conseil d'un homme, si ce conseil ne répond pas, d'une manière quelconque, à ses besoins.

Mais si on a reproché à l'auteur de l'Homme-Femme d'avoir dit: Tue-la! on n'a pas moins reproché à l'auteur de la Princesse Georges de n'avoir pas été, dans son dénouement, jusqu'au meurtre du mari par la femme, et le public aurait volontiers crié à l'héroïne: Tue-le! La presse l'a crié le lendemain pour le public, et l'auteur a été forcé, dans une préface, d'expliquer pourquoi il n'y avait pas eu mort d'homme. Il a donné ses raisons, bonnes ou mauvaises, là n'est pas la question. Ce qui est certain, c'est qu'il a dû s'expliquer, s'excuser même de n'avoir pas fait tuer par une honnête femme, indignement sacrifiée, un mari qui la trompait pour une drôlesse. Croyez-vous que madame de Tilly avait vu ou lu la Princesse Georges, et qu'elle se soit dit: «Eh bien, moi, je vais aller plus loin que l'héroïne de M. Dumas, et je vais brûler la figure à madame de Terremonde»?

Non, n'est-ce pas? N'admettons donc pas, comme le conseiller à la Cour et tous ceux qui s'en prennent aux effets au lieu de s'en prendre aux causes, n'admettons donc pas que la littérature ait la moindre influence sur les mœurs. Tandis que la corruption du XVIII^e siècle se peint dans Manon Lescaut, le besoin d'idéal qui domine toutes les sociétés, quel que soit le numéro du siècle, se traduit dans Paul et Virginie. On pleure sur Manon, on pleure sur Virginie; on ne devient ni meilleur ni pire; on a deux points de comparaison et deux chefs-d'oeuvre de plus, voilà la vérité, et voilà le bénéfice pour l'humanité pensante.

Cependant, si la littérature, par le drame ou le roman est incapable de produire un mouvement des idées et de les faire naître, elle est capable, par le plus ou moins d'émotion qu'elle produit, en traitant certains sujets, de faire voir et de constater où les idées en sont de leur mouvement naturel, et le chemin parcouru depuis une certaine époque, et l'imminence de certains dangers, et la nécessité de certaines préoccupations, de certaines études, de certains efforts. Ainsi à ne prendre l'Homme-Femme et la Princesse Georges que pour ce qu'ils valent au point de vue de la moralisation ou de la démoralisation de la société, à ne les prendre que comme thermomètres particuliers chargés de mesurer la température morale de notre société actuelle, il résulterait de l'expérience, surtout si l'on y ajoute le mauvais accueil fait à la Femme de Claude, que, il y a déjà huit ans, le public ne voulait pas qu'on tuât la femme coupable, en matière d'amour, mais que, pour l'homme coupable en cette même matière, il voulait qu'on le tuât.

Il faut tenir compte aussi, je le sais bien, dans ce jugement du public, des inégales influences atmosphériques du théâtre et du livre,

du spectateur collectif et du lecteur individuel, ce qui peut supposer un écart de quinze degrés sur vingt, la chaleur cérébrale développée par la discussion imprimée, par la déduction philosophique d'un cas ne pouvant jamais atteindre à celle que développe le même cas, mis en forme et en action par des personnages des deux sexes devant des spectateurs mâles et femelles. Il faut faire aussi la part des raisons secrètes et spécieuses que les gens d'esprit, mêlés à une foule, dans une proportion très modeste, il est vrai, mais cependant toujours appréciable, peuvent avoir de confirmer l'opinion de la foule instinctive et de première impression. Ces raisons, on peut les traduire ainsi:

«Le péché d'amour adultère dont si peu d'hommes sont ou se savent les victimes, et dont tant d'autres hommes sont ou peuvent être les bénéficiaires, mérite-t-il qu'on inflige à la femme un châtement aussi disproportionné que la mort et qui peut priver tant de gens d'un bonheur éphémère mais recherché que cette femme aurait pu donner encore; car évidemment elle devait être jeune, jolie, et destinée, dans un avenir prochain, à trahir son amant comme elle avait trahi son mari, soit qu'elle eût à se venger d'un abandon toujours facile à prévoir, soit qu'elle se fût lassée d'une distraction dont la continuité devient une servitude? Le meurtre, dans ce cas, serait donc cause d'une non-valeur qu'on ne doit jamais autoriser.

»D'un autre côté, il n'y aurait pas justice égale entre les deux parties, puisque, tandis que l'on conseillerait le meurtre de la femme, si facile à surveiller, à suivre et à surprendre, on ne saurait conseiller à la femme, être faible et timide, ne sachant se servir d'aucune arme à feu, de tuer son mari adultère, celui-ci ayant, d'ailleurs, tous les moyens de se soustraire à ses recherches, et allant où bon lui semble sans avoir jamais à lui en demander la permission ni à lui en rendre compte.

»Pour ces motifs, il ne nous coûte pas du tout, à propos de la pièce de M. Dumas, dans laquelle mademoiselle Desclée est si remarquable, de donner une petite satisfaction aux femmes, en déclarant que l'auteur de _l'Homme-Femme_ a eu tort de dire: _Tue-la!_ et que l'auteur de _la Princesse Georges_ a eu tort de ne pas dire: _Tue-le!_»

Eh bien, nous le répétons, en mêlant comme des cartes de toutes couleurs les raisons de toute nature, évidemment un grand mouvement s'était opéré dans l'opinion; on commençait à reprocher le trop d'indulgence pour les passions de l'homme et le _pas assez_ de pitié pour les souffrances et même pour les faiblesses de la femme.

C'est alors qu'après les incarnations littéraires, symptômes sympathiques et précurseurs, appartenant au monde fictif, se sont produites des incarnations vivantes, appartenant au monde réel, incarnations dont les dernières ont été, en quelques mois et coup sur

coup, mademoiselle Marie Bière, mademoiselle Virginie Dumaire, madame de Tilly. Il n'est pas besoin d'être prophète pour en prédire d'autres, dans de très brefs délais, et encore plus effrayantes, encore plus significatives que celles dont nous nous occupons en ce moment.

* * * * *

Soyons donc sérieux en face des faits réels.

Ici, nous ne sommes plus au théâtre, nous sommes en pleine vie; il ne s'agit plus d'esthétique et de thèses, il s'agit de crimes et de sang; ce ne sont plus des comédiens débitant leurs rôles que nous allons applaudir ou siffler, ce sont des victimes et des bourreaux que nous allons condamner ou absoudre; il s'agit de la liberté, de l'honneur et de la vie; le bagne et l'échafaud sont là.

Regardons bien attentivement, nous allons voir les mêmes causes, les mêmes effets, les mêmes conséquences se produire. Ces trois criminelles vont formuler la même plainte, proclamer la même injustice, en appeler à la même revendication, et cependant elles appartiennent toutes les trois à des milieux tout à fait différents, tout à fait opposés même. La première est une femme de théâtre, la seconde une servante, une prostituée, dit-on, la troisième une femme du monde; l'une était vierge, l'autre avait déjà eu un enfant d'un autre homme, la dernière était une femme mariée qui avait des enfants légitimes, qui les aimait et qui avait toujours été digne de tous les respects comme fille, comme épouse, comme mère.

Si ces trois crimes n'avaient pas été commis, si les choses avaient suivi leur cours naturel, si la fille de mademoiselle Bière avait vécu, et que, plus tard, le fils de mademoiselle Virginie Dumaire la prostituée eût voulu l'épouser, mademoiselle Marie Bière ne l'aurait pas voulu.

Si l'un des enfants de madame de Tilly avait voulu s'allier avec l'enfant de Marie Bière ou de Virginie Dumaire, madame de Tilly s'y serait opposée. Avant leurs crimes respectifs, la première se croyait hiérarchiquement en droit de mépriser la seconde, la dernière de mépriser les deux autres.

Les voici cependant sur les mêmes bancs, entre les mêmes gendarmes, ayant à répondre à la même accusation, inspirant la même sympathie. Pourquoi? parce que, arrivées là, elles ne sont plus la comédienne, la servante, la femme du monde, elles ne sont plus telles ou telles femmes, elles sont la Femme, qui vient violemment et publiquement demander justice contre l'homme et à qui l'opinion, mise en demeure de se prononcer, accorde cette justice, avec des manifestations telles que la loi en est réduite à s'incliner.

Or quel est cet homme, contre lequel ces trois femmes viennent demander justice? On l'appelle ici M. G..., là M. P..., plus loin M. T. Sont-ce trois hommes différents? Non. C'est un seul homme, toujours le même, sous des noms divers, c'est l'Homme, non pas tel que le veulent la nature et la morale, mais tel que nos lois l'autorisent à être.

En effet, la nature dit à l'homme: «Je t'ai donné des curiosités, des besoins, des désirs, des passions, des sentiments que peut seul satisfaire cet être nommé femme à qui j'ai donné un coeur, une imagination et quelquefois des sens qui la disposent à se laisser convaincre et entraîner par toi; prends cette femme; une fois tes curiosités, tes besoins, tes désirs, tes passions satisfaits, si tu sais te servir de l'intelligence, de la conscience, des sentiments dont je t'ai doué, tu aimeras cette femme, tu feras d'elle la compagne de toute ta vie, la mère de tes enfants. S'il y a une chance de bonheur pour toi, sur cette terre, elle est là.»

La morale dit ensuite à cet homme: «Ce n'est pas assez. Cette femme, tu l'as choisie, tu l'aimes, tu veux la posséder et la rendre mère? N'attends pas la possession et la maternité pour te l'attacher à tout jamais. Tu ne dois pas seulement avoir de l'amour pour elle, mais aussi du respect; il n'y a pas d'amour durable sans cela, et pourquoi ton amour ne serait-il pas durable, puisque tu le declares irrésistible? Prouve donc l'un et l'autre à cette personne, en lui donnant d'avance ce que d'autres ne lui donnent qu'après, en te bornant à elle, en l'honorant de ton nom, en travaillant pour elle et les enfants qui naîtront de vous deux.»

Les moeurs et les lois disent ensuite au même homme: «Méfie toi; il y a là une amorce décevante, une solidarité douteuse, un bonheur incertain. Prends le plaisir, laisse le mariage, c'est une chaîne; laisse l'enfant, c'est une charge; et recommence avec d'autres femmes tant que tu pourras. Tu auras ainsi le plaisir, et tu garderas la liberté. Personne n'aura le droit de te rien dire, mais si, par hasard, on te demande des comptes, sois sans honte et sans crainte, nous sommes là, lois et moeurs, nous répondrons pour toi et de toi.»

Et nombre d'hommes, surtout parmi les plus civilisés, laissent de côté ce que les principes de la morale ont d'assujettissant, et joignant directement ce que les invitations de la nature ont d'agréable à ce que les insuffisances de la loi ont de commode, ces hommes, depuis des siècles, se sont mis et ont continué et continuent à prendre des filles sans fortune, sans famille, sans défense sociale, à les posséder tant qu'elles leur plaisent et à les abandonner quand elles ne leur plaisent plus. La chose était acceptée ainsi, la prostitution et le suicide faisant le reste. Par le suicide, la société est débarrassée d'un souci et d'un reproche; par la prostitution, d'autres hommes, plus

moraux, plus méthodiques, plus garantis encore, _moralement_, se procurent un plaisir de seconde main, moins raffiné, mais souvent plus agréable que le premier, dont le commerce des carrossiers et des couturières se trouve d'ailleurs très bien, ce qui fait que l'économie sociale gagne d'un côté ce que la morale et la dignité humaine perdent de l'autre. Les grandes civilisations ont besoin, paraît-il, de ces échanges «et après tout, dirait M. Prud'homme, qui apparaît toujours quand il s'agit de résoudre les problèmes momentanément insolubles, ces demoiselles n'étaient pas si intéressantes; pourquoi ne se sont-elles pas mieux défendues? Elles devaient bien prévoir le résultat; elles savaient bien qu'elles faisaient le mal, puisqu'elles le faisaient en cachette; il est tout naturel que le mal soit puni. Elles ont eu les agréments de l'amour sans en accepter les devoirs, elles en ont les chagrins sans en avoir les droits, elles ont ce qu'elles méritent.»

Il y a du vrai; il y en a toujours dans ce que dit M. Prud'homme, sans quoi il ne serait pas si universel et si triomphant. Les choses continuaient donc leur marche ascendante et il n'y avait ni à espérer ni à craindre un changement de route, quand, tout à coup, un troisième personnage est intervenu dans la question, personnage toujours muet, quelquefois mort, et cependant d'une éloquence terrifiante. Voyons comment il procède, celui-là, depuis quelque temps. Voyons ce qui ressort, en substance, des débats récents où il intervient avec obstination.

LA JUSTICE, à mademoiselle Bière.

Pourquoi avez-vous frappé cet homme?

L'ACCUSÉE

Parce que l'enfant que j'avais eu de lui est mort par lui, et que, mon enfant étant mort, et son père m'ayant abandonnée, je voulais que cet homme mourût.

LA JUSTICE

Pourquoi, étant dans ces idées, avez-vous renoué des relations avec cet homme?

L'ACCUSÉE

Parce que j'aurais voulu avoir un autre enfant.

LA JUSTICE

Expliquez-nous cela.

L'ACCUSÉE

Je ne peux pas; mais toutes les mères me comprendront...

Depuis le mot de Marie-Antoinette devant le tribunal révolutionnaire, jamais l'âme de la femme traquée par la féroce de l'homme n'avait trouvé un mot plus profond, plus troublant, plus vrai.

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Passons à mademoiselle Virginie Dumaire.

LA JUSTICE, à l'accusée.

Vous avez tué votre amant?

L'ACCUSÉE

Oui.

LA JUSTICE

Vous regrettez d'avoir donné la mort à cet homme?

L'ACCUSÉE

Non; ce serait à recommencer que je recommencerais.

LA JUSTICE

Pourquoi l'avez-vous tué?

L'ACCUSÉE

Parce que j'avais un enfant de lui et que je voulais qu'il reconnût cet enfant et que je ne voulais pas qu'il l'abandonnât.

LA JUSTICE

Mais vous avez déjà eu un enfant d'un autre homme?

L'ACCUSÉE

C'est vrai, mais il était mort.

LA JUSTICE

Ainsi, vous aviez appartenu déjà à d'autres hommes?

L'ACCUSÉE

Oui, mais j'avais un enfant vivant de celui-là.

Passons à madame de Tilly.

LA JUSTICE, à l'accusée.

Vous avez jeté du vitriol au visage de mademoiselle Maréchal.

L'ACCUSÉE

Oui.

LA JUSTICE

Parce qu'elle était la maîtresse de votre mari?

L'ACCUSÉE

Non. S'il n'y avait que cette raison, j'aurais pardonné.

LA JUSTICE

Pourquoi alors?

L'ACCUSÉE

Parce que j'ai des enfants et que mon mari, leur père, n'attendait que ma mort pour faire de cette femme la mère de mes enfants; il me l'avait dit: et je ne voulais pas que mes enfants eussent d'autre mère que moi, même moi morte.

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Voilà donc les enfants, ou plutôt l'enfant qui entre dans le débat, et qui, par la voix de la femme, de la mère, de celle qui, comédienne, servante, grande dame, dans la honte ou la glorification, dans le secret ou en pleine lumière, a mis cet enfant au monde, au risque de sa propre vie, au milieu des angoisses, des terreurs, des tortures et des cris, voilà l'enfant qui entre dans le débat, et qui, légitime ou non, vivant ou mort, du sein de sa mère, du fond de son berceau ou du fond de sa tombe, prend la défense de sa mère, que vous voulez condamner, contre son père, qui vous échappe; et le voilà défiant la loi qui recule.

Est-ce clair?

C'est que vous aurez beau faire et surtout beau dire, les lois de la nature resteront toujours antérieures aux lois du code et même de la

morale; c'est qu'elles seront, en définitive, les plus fortes et que vous n'aurez de repos et de sécurité véritables que quand vous aurez mis d'accord ces trois termes: la nature, la morale et la loi. Il y en a deux qui s'entendent, la loi et la morale; mais la nature n'est pas admise dans leur convention et il faut qu'elle le soit.

C'est peut-être très moral et surtout très simple de dire: «Les enfants naturels n'auront pas le droit de rechercher leur père; nous ne reconnâtrons comme ayant des droits quelconques que les enfants nés d'un mariage ou reconnus par acte authentique et encore ceux-ci n'auront que des droits restreints à la notoriété, à l'estime, à l'héritage; il n'y a de femme respectable et pouvant invoquer notre protection que la femme mariée; à partir de quinze ans et trois mois, la jeune fille qui aura cédé à un homme, sans que celui-ci ait employé le rapt ou la violence, n'aura rien à nous demander si cet homme la rend mère et l'abandonne; le meurtre volontaire est puni de la prison ou des galères: s'il est accompagné de préméditation, il est puni de mort, etc.»

Tout cela est très moral, très simple, très clair, très joli, si vous voulez, mais cela n'a aucun rapport avec les instincts, les besoins, les exigences de la création universelle; ce sont des vues particulières, des menaces inutiles dont elle ne tient, dont elle ne peut tenir aucun compte dans son évolution providentielle et progressive; et, lorsque cette grande lutte du masculin et du féminin, lutte dans laquelle, comme mâles, nous nous sommes donnés tous les droits, vient finalement aboutir au champ clos du tribunal, la femme, sacrifiée depuis des siècles à vos combinaisons sociales comme fille, comme épouse, comme mère, se révolte et vous dit en face, car telle est la conclusion que l'on doit tirer de la répétition de certains faits déclarés jadis infâmes par vos lois et aujourd'hui indemnes par vos jugements, et la femme criminelle, révoltée, entre deux gendarmes, sans repentir, menaçante, prête à recommencer, vous dit en face:

«Eh bien, oui, j'ai aimé; oui, j'ai ce que vous appelez failli, c'est-à-dire cédé à la nature; oui, je me suis donnée à un homme, à plusieurs même; oui, j'ai ensuite prémédité un crime, je me suis exercée à manier les armes des mâles; oui, j'ai attendu cet homme et je l'ai frappé par surprise, lâchement, dans le dos et en pleine rue; oui, j'ai demandé à celui-ci un dernier baiser, et, tandis qu'il me serrait dans ses bras et qu'il ne pouvait m'échapper, je lui ai brûlé la cervelle; oui, j'ai marqué mon mari infidèle et ingrat sur le visage de sa complice, de cette jeune fille qui ne m'avait rien fait personnellement, qui ne me devait rien, qui ne se défiait pas de moi, qui ne pouvait pas me croire capable, moi femme du monde et respectée, d'une lâcheté et d'une ignominie; tout cela est vrai; mais je suis la mère, l'être sacré s'il n'a jamais failli, l'être racheté s'il aime l'enfant né de sa faute.

«Eh bien, ce que j'ai fait, je l'ai fait au nom de mon enfant qui est innocent, quelle que soit sa mère, que vous auriez dû protéger et que vous ne protégez pas. Vous avez permis à l'homme de me prendre vierge, de me rendre mère, de me rejeter ensuite déshonorée et sans ressources, et de me laisser à la fois la honte et la charge de son enfant; vous lui avez permis aussi, quand il m'avait épousée, de me trahir, d'avoir d'autres femmes, contre lesquelles vous ne pouvez pas ou ne voulez pas me défendre, de me prendre ma fortune, celle de mes enfants pour la porter à l'autre, et vous m'avez condamnée à être éternellement la femme de cet homme, tant qu'il vivrait, si misérable qu'il fût. Vous me ridiculisez si je reste fille, vous me déshonorez et me conspuez si, en restant fille, je deviens mère; vous m'emprisonnez et m'annihilez si je me constitue épouse pour devenir mère; soit, j'en ai assez, et je tue. Vous avez permis que mon enfant, illégitime ou légitime, puisse ne pas avoir de père; emprisonnez-lui ou tuez-lui maintenant sa mère: il ne nous manque plus que ça; allez!»

Qu'est-ce que vous pouvez répondre? qu'on n'a pas le droit de se faire justice soi-même? que l'homicide volontaire est prévu par tel article du Code pénal et doit être puni de telle et telle peine par tel autre? Essayez.

Les criminelles sont-elles donc véritablement dans leur droit? Non; mais elles montrent l'homme dans son tort, la loi dans son tort, et alors c'est la foule, c'est-à-dire l'instinct naturel qui devient l'arbitre et qui vous force à rendre votre verdict au nom de l'innocent qui est l'enfant. Et ce sentiment naturel et cette émotion sont montés à un tel degré, que, si celui que vous appelez le ministère public, le défenseur de vos lois, le protecteur de la morale, l'organe de la justice (un incident nouveau se produisant qui peut donner aux débats un cours moins favorable à l'accusée), si ce magistrat inquiet, responsable, demande un surcroît d'enquête pour mieux connaître de la vérité, le public présent proteste comme dans une salle de spectacle, l'opinion s'irrite, la presse s'indigne. On ne rend pas assez tôt à la liberté cette femme qui a tué, cette meurtrière qui ne nie pas son crime, qui ne le regrette pas, qui le recommencerait si elle l'avait manqué. Et c'est le magistrat, c'est l'accusateur qui devient pour ainsi dire l'accusé.

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Qu'est-ce que cela signifie vraiment? où en est la majesté de la justice? que devient le respect dû à la loi? Celui-ci a reçu deux balles dans les reins; il peut en mourir d'un moment à l'autre, on vous l'a dit. Celui-là est mort assassiné; c'est encore plus net et plus sûr; ces hommes aussi avaient une mère, une famille, le dernier avait une profession, il servait à quelque chose; il n'avait ni volé ni tué, il n'avait commis aucun des délits que les législateurs, dans leurs longues et minutieuses méditations, ont prévus, numérotés,

flétris, frappés d'une peine infamante ou taxés d'une réparation matérielle. Cette autre est défigurée, estropiée, condamnée à la honte, au célibat, à la misère et à la maladie. Ces trois personnes n'ont cependant agi comme elles l'ont fait qu'avec l'autorisation et la garantie de vos lois; elles n'ont commis ni un des crimes, ni un des délits, ni une des contraventions que vous avez incriminés ou même signalés comme immoraux et justiciables d'une forte ou d'une petite peine; elles seraient en droit de vous dire: «Vous ne nous avez pas renseignés; vous ne nous avez pas indiqué nos devoirs; vous nous avez même dévolu des droits; nous ne pensions pas mal agir, puisque votre Code, si clair et si détaillé à la fois, n'indique nulle part que notre conduite soit répréhensible. La religion à laquelle nous avons été voués par nos parents en venant au monde et la morale qu'on nous a inculquée depuis nous apprenaient bien que notre conduite n'était pas très régulière, puisque nous pratiquions l'amour autrement que dans le mariage; mais les habitudes et les moeurs autorisent de tous côtés autour de nous ce que vos lois ne punissent ni ne défendent, et, d'ailleurs la religion et la morale défendent tout aussi bien la séduction, l'abandon des enfants, les vengeance et les meurtres dont nous sommes victimes. Puis cette religion et cette morale n'ont aucun moyen coercitif à leur disposition, et, n'ayant plus à discuter qu'avec notre conscience, nous étions toujours sûrs, tant que nos forces physiques resteraient à la disposition de nos fantaisies, de trouver cette conscience aussi élastique et accommodante que la société au milieu de laquelle nous vivons; en outre, cette religion et cette morale tenant le repentir à notre service sans lui fixer d'époque, nous avons cru devoir remettre cette formalité aux derniers moments de cette vie terrestre et réjouir ainsi le ciel plus que ne le feraient les justes qui n'ont jamais péché.»

Voilà ce que ces trois personnes seraient en droit de vous dire si vous les écoutiez; mais vous en êtes réduits à ne plus les écouter, et, après leur avoir donné tant de droits de faire le mal, à ne pouvoir les défendre contre celui qu'on leur fait. La loi de Lynch tout bonnement. Les repréailles personnelles, la justice par soi-même, oeil pour oeil, dent pour dent, voilà où vous en êtes, avec votre Code, objet d'admiration pour tous les peuples!

Et tous ces désordres, tous ces crimes, tous ces scandales, toutes ces illégalités parce que vous n'avez pas le courage, car ce n'est pas le temps qui vous manque, de faire des lois qui assurent à l'honneur des filles les mêmes garanties qu'à la plus grossière marchandise, qui rendent la même justice à tous les enfants de la même espèce, de la même patrie, de la même destinée, et qui autorisent celui des deux époux que l'autre déshonore, abandonne, ruine ou trahit, à reprendre sa dignité, sa liberté, son utilité, sans avoir recours à l'adultère, à la stérilité, au suicide ou au meurtre. Alors, faute d'équité prévoyante et de justice préventive, maris qui égorgent leurs femmes, filles qui tuent leurs amants, épouses qui mutilent leurs

rivales, applaudissements de la foule, prédominance des sentiments, défaite de la loi--et triomphe de l'idée.

Car tout se tient. Cette incarnation nouvelle de l'idée dans les _femmes qui tuent_ n'est pas la seule à laquelle vous allez avoir à répondre, et nous en voyons déjà une autre, soeur de la première, poindre dans les brumes de l'horizon, du côté où le soleil se lève.

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Dieu sait si, dans notre beau pays de France, raisonnable, prévoyant, logique comme nous venons essayer de le démontrer une fois de plus, Dieu sait s'il y a des gens qui se tordent de rire chaque fois qu'on avance cette proposition: que les femmes, ces éternelles mineures des religions et des codes, ces êtres tellement faibles, tellement incapables de se diriger, ayant tellement besoin d'être guidés, protégés et défendus que la loi a mieux aimé y renoncer, voyant qu'elle aurait trop à faire, Dieu sait, disons-nous, s'il y a des gens qui se tordent de rire à cette seule proposition que les femmes pourraient bien, un jour, revendiquer les mêmes droits politiques que les hommes et prétendre à exercer le vote tout comme eux. Jusqu'à présent, cette proposition n'avait été énoncée et soutenue que dans des journaux rédigés par des femmes et le seul retentissement qu'elle avait en était dans le rire presque universel dont elle avait été accueillie; ceux qui ne riaient pas, les personnages sérieux haussaient les épaules; quelques-uns, dont je suis, se demandaient tout bas si les réclamantes n'avaient pas raison. A vrai dire, la réclamation était faite le plus souvent dans des termes tellement exaltés, proclamant si haut la supériorité intellectuelle, morale, civile de la femme sur l'homme, qu'en effet elle disposait au rire. Mais, de ce qu'un droit est maladroitement revendiqué, il ne s'ensuit pas qu'il ne soit point un droit. Tous les jours, un créancier sans instruction, dans une lettre dont l'orthographe aussi fait pouffer de rire, réclame ce qui lui est dû pour son travail, et, si comique que soit la forme de la réclamation, il n'en faut pas moins y faire droit et payer la créance.

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En janvier 1879, je trouvais et relevais, dans un journal, une proclamation des femmes, et, comme en ce moment-là même, avec cette manie de prévoir qu'on a pu facilement constater dans mes habitudes, je touchais à la question dans la préface de _Monsieur Alphonse_, j'imprimai en note cette proclamation que je vais reproduire ici pour en arriver où je veux.

APPEL AUX FEMMES

«_Après ce dernier appel au triomphe de la République, voici venir l'heure de conquérir notre liberté. La question politique

tranchée, on va s'occuper de la question sociale. Si nous ne sortons pas de notre indifférence, si nous ne réclamons pas contre notre situation de mortes civiles, la liberté, l'égalité viendront pour l'homme; pour nous femmes, ce sera toujours de vains mots._

»_Les ministères se succéderont, la République de nom deviendra République de fait; si la femme se contente d'être résignée, elle continuera sa vie d'esclave sans pouvoir se rendre indépendante de l'homme, dont le droit seul est reconnu, le travail seul rétribué._

»_Femmes de France_,

»_Trois projets de loi qui nous concernent sont en ce moment soumis aux Chambres. Eh bien, pas une de nous ne pourra les soutenir ou les amender. Une assemblée d'hommes va faire des lois pour les femmes comme on fait des règlements pour les fous. Les femmes sont-elles donc des folles auxquelles on puisse appliquer un règlement?_

»_L'homme fait les lois à son avantage, et nous sommes forcées de courber le front. Parias de la société, debout! Ne souffrons plus que l'homme commette ce crime de lèse-créature de donner à la mère moins de droits qu'à son fils. Entendons-nous pour revendiquer la liberté et la faculté de nous instruire, la possibilité de vivre indépendantes en travaillant, la libre accession à toutes les carrières pour lesquelles elles justifieront des capacités nécessaires;_

»_L'association, et non la subordination dans le mariage;_

»_L'admission des femmes aux fonctions de juges consulaires, de juges civils, de jurés;_

»_Le droit d'être électeurs et éligibles dans la commune et dans l'État._

»_Femmes de Paris, il ne tient qu'à nous de changer notre sort. Affirmons nos droits, réclamons-les avec persévérance et insistance. Nos soeurs de la province nous suivront, et les républicains sincères nous donneront leur concours à la tribune et au scrutin, parce que tous savent qu'émanciper la femme, c'est affranchir la génération naissante, c'est républicaniser le foyer._»

Tel est cet appel, resté et devant rester sans écho. En le transcrivant dans ma préface, je le faisais suivre de cette seule réflexion:

Le rédacteur du journal qui a cité cette proclamation trouve cela drôle. S'il est encore de ce monde dans vingt ans, il reconnaîtra que cela n'était pas aussi drôle qu'il le croyait le 23 janvier 1879.

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Reprenons aujourd'hui cette proclamation, tenons-la pour une expression sincère, et jugeons-la avec l'impartialité à laquelle tout ce qui est sincère a droit, quelle que soit la forme; tâchons d'établir le vrai, le faux, les contradictions, les résultats d'un pareil manifeste et mettons toute la méthode, toute la justice, toute la clarté, toute la logique possibles dans cette discussion. Ce n'est pas très facile quand on discute de la femme telle qu'elle doit être avec la femme telle qu'elle est, telle que nous l'avons faite, avouons-le, nous les hommes; car nous l'autorisons tantôt par notre despotisme, tantôt par notre admiration, tantôt par notre mépris, à dire que tout ce qu'elle a de bon vient d'elle et que tout ce qu'elle a de mauvais vient de nous. Prenons le fond même des choses et traitons-les avec le même sérieux que l'auteur du manifeste.

La question n'est pas nouvelle. Cette revendication politique des femmes, ce désir de vouloir être associées à l'homme et même substituées à lui dans le gouvernement de l'État, date de loin; il y a deux mille trois cents ans, Aristophane écrivait sur ce sujet une de ses meilleures comédies et la tentative féminine a maintes et maintes fois été répétée depuis lors. Prenons la dernière, elle est restée et restera longtemps peut-être sans acquiescement, du moins parmi les femmes. Les raisons de l'insuccès sont bien simples et bien faciles à donner.

D'abord, nombre de femmes n'ont pas lu ce manifeste; mais toutes les femmes de l'univers l'eussent-elles lu, le résultat obtenu eût été absolument le même. Dans quel groupe féminin eût-il pu trouver de l'approbation et de l'appui. Voyons comment se répartit l'espèce féminine dans notre pays et dans tous les pays civilisés.

Il y a d'abord (à tout bonheur tout honneur), il y a d'abord les femmes heureuses dans l'état actuel des choses. Celles-là non seulement ne demandent pas la moindre réforme, mais elles la redoutent et elles traitent de folles ou de déclassées celles qui en demandent une. Il est vrai de dire que le bonheur personnel n'est pas un argument dans une discussion générale, ce n'est qu'un privilège et il devient aisément de l'égoïsme. Nombre d'hommes aussi avaient trouvé le bonheur dans l'état social au milieu duquel ils vivaient; cela n'a pas empêché d'autres hommes, ayant à souffrir de cet état social, de faire des révolutions nécessaires, et ce n'est pas fini, quels que soient la satisfaction et le profit que des hommes nouveaux tirent des réformes nouvelles. Il n'y a donc pas à compter sur l'adhésion des femmes heureuses du moins tant qu'elles seront heureuses, et, en attendant, si elles se comptent,

elles verront qu'elles seront loin d'être la majorité.

Il y a les femmes habiles, intelligentes, si vous aimez mieux, qui, munies de certaines qualités physiques et morales, ont tourné l'obstacle, comme on dit, et faisant ce qu'elles veulent du milieu qu'elles occupent, tiennent les hommes pour des êtres inférieurs et déclarent que celles qui ne se tirent pas d'affaire, comme elles, sont des niaises et des maladroites. Il n'y a pas non plus à compter sur celles-là, encore moins que sur les premières. Non seulement elles ne se plaindront jamais de l'état des choses, mais elles le trouvent parfait et comptent bien qu'il n'y sera rien changé. En tout cas, si le changement arrivait, elles seraient toutes prêtes à en tirer parti comme de ce qui est. Mais, dans cette discussion, la ruse n'est pas plus un argument irréfutable que le bonheur.

Il y a, et c'est la masse, les femmes du peuple et de la campagne, suant du matin au soir pour gagner le pain quotidien, faisant ainsi ce que faisaient leurs mères, et mettant au monde, sans savoir pourquoi ni comment, des filles qui, à leur tour, feront comme elles, à moins que, plus jolies, et par conséquent plus insoumises, elles ne sortent du groupe par le chemin tentant et facile de la prostitution, mais où le labeur est encore plus rude. Le dos courbé sous le travail du jour, regardant la terre quand elles marchent, domptées par la misère, vaincues par l'habitude, asservies aux besoins des autres, ces créatures à forme de femme ne supposent pas que leur condition puisse être modifiée jamais. Elles n'ont pas le temps, elles n'ont jamais eu la faculté de penser et de réfléchir; à peine un souhait vague et bientôt refoulé de quelque chose de mieux! Quand la charge est trop lourde elles tombent, elles geignent comme des animaux terrassés, elles versent de grosses larmes à l'idée de laisser leurs petits sans ressources, ou elles remercient instinctivement la mort, c'est-à-dire le repos dont elles ont tant besoin. Il n'y a donc pas à compter sur l'adhésion de ces malheureuses. Si le journal où se trouve l'_Appel aux femmes_ leur tombe entre les mains, elles en enveloppent le morceau de hareng salé ou de fromage mangé à la hâte sur un morceau de pain dur, et elles ne le liront pas même après, par la meilleure de toutes les raisons: elles ne savent pas lire. Vienne l'émeute, quelques-unes, dans les grandes villes, assassineront, incendieront et se feront fusiller dans le vin, le pétrole et le sang; voilà tout; mais l'ignorance, la misère et la servitude ne sont pas plus que le bonheur et la ruse des arguments en faveur du maintien des choses.

Il y a les femmes honnêtes, esclaves du devoir, pieuses. Leur religion leur a enseigné le sacrifice. Non seulement elles ne se plaignent pas des épreuves à traverser, mais elles les appellent pour mériter encore plus la récompense promise, et elles les bénissent quand elles viennent. Tout arrive, pour elles, par la volonté de Dieu, et tout est comme il doit être dans cette vallée de larmes, chemin de l'éternité bienheureuse. Non seulement celles-là ne réclameraient, dans aucun cas,

ce que l' Appel aux femmes demande, mais elles ne l'accepteraient pas si on le leur offrait. D'ailleurs, elles ne lisent ni les journaux, ni les livres où il est question de ces choses-là; cette lecture leur est interdite. Si, par hasard, elles avaient connaissance de pareilles idées, suggérées certainement par l'esprit du mal, elles en rougiraient, elles en souffriraient pour leur sexe, et elles prieraient pour celles qui se laissent aller à propager de si dangereuses erreurs et à donner de si déplorables exemples. Il ne faut donc pas non plus compter sur celles-là, quoi qu'elles aient à souffrir de notre état social, puisque la soumission est leur règle, le sacrifice leur joie et le martyre leur espérance. Mais, pas plus que le bonheur, la ruse, l'ignorance, la misère et la servitude,--la foi aveugle, l'extase et l'immobilité volontaire de l'esprit ne sont des arguments sans réplique.

Il y a celles qui ne sont ni heureuses, ni adroites, ni abruties, ni pieuses, qui ont assez de dignité pour vouloir rester dans le bien, assez d'intelligence pour pouvoir être associées à n'importe quel homme, ou pour entrer seules dans n'importe quelle carrière, où il n'est besoin que de volonté, de patience, d'énergie, de probité; assez d'idéal, de tendresse, et de dévouement pour être épouses et mères; assez de réserve et de respect d'elles-mêmes pour ne jamais récriminer, et qui, parce qu'elles sont femmes, et femmes ou moins belles, ou moins hardies ou moins riches surtout que d'autres, se voient refuser, non seulement les sentiments et les joies, mais les positions, les moyens d'existence auxquels elles pourraient prétendre. Trop affinées par l'éducation pour le travail des manoeuvres, trop fières pour la domesticité ou la galanterie, trop timides pour la révolte ou l'aventure, trop femmes pour les vœux monastiques, sous la pression régulièrement pesante, circulaire et infranchissable de l'égoïsme collectif, celles-là voient, de jour en jour, en sondant l'horizon toujours le même, s'effeuiller dans l'isolement, dans l'inaction, dans l'impuissance, les facultés divines qui leur avaient d'abord fait faire de si beaux rêves et dont il leur semble que l'expansion eût pu être matériellement et moralement si profitable aux autres et à elles-mêmes. Elles sentent qu'elles auraient pu donner au moins autant de bonheur qu'elles en auraient reçu, et elles meurent sans avoir été ni amantes, ni épouses, ni mères. De temps en temps, elles font une tentative individuelle, isolée, avec leurs seules ressources et leurs seules forces dans quelqu'une de ces carrières ou de ces entreprises des mâles, où l'appui si nécessaire de l'homme et de l'argent leur manque presque toujours et qui avorte, ajoutant des soucis pour l'avenir aux tristesses du présent et du passé; quelquefois une espérance secrète de revanche par le coeur, par l'amour, amène un écart mystérieux, une faute désintéressée et touchante cruellement et silencieusement expiée sans recours à l'assassinat. S'il est un groupe de femmes auquel l' Appel aux femmes devrait s'adresser, où il devrait trouver des alliées, c'est celui-là. Mais il ne faut pas compter non plus sur ces femmes. Leur intelligence, leur instruction, leurs chagrins, leurs

déceptions sans cesse renouvelées, tout leur dit qu'il y aurait autre chose à faire d'elles et pour elles que ce qu'on fait; mais, leur modestie, l'habitude de l'effort inutile, la peur du bruit et du scandale ne leur permettent que des adhésions secrètes et des complicités tout intérieures. Elles souffrent, elles doutent, elles se taisent, et, passé un certain âge, elles n'espèrent même plus.

Enfin, il y a les femmes intelligentes, dont l'intelligence, grâce à la fortune ou à l'indépendance matérielle, n'a pas besoin d'aller jusqu'à l'habileté; ces femmes, ne se considèrent pas seulement comme des êtres de sentiment, de fonction et de plaisir: elles s'intéressent aux grandes questions humaines et sociales; elles lisent, s'éclairent, vivent, sans le pédantisme fustigé par Molière, dans le commerce des esprits supérieurs, et, se faisant accessibles aux idées de progrès et de civilisation en dehors des formules traditionnelles et consacrées, dites «bonnes pour les femmes», elles se tiennent pour aussi capables que les hommes de comprendre, de réfléchir, de savoir et de juger. Ces femmes-là ne doutent pas que la femme, en qualité de personne humaine, douée d'un coeur et d'un cerveau, tout comme l'autre personne humaine, ne doive avoir un jour les mêmes droits, noms, raisons et actions que celle-ci. Seulement, elles savent que ce progrès, elles ne sauraient le conquérir de prime abord par elles seules, que c'est là, au commencement, oeuvre d'homme, et que ce progrès ne peut être que retardé à être violemment et publiquement revendiqué par elles. Dans le groupe des hommes où ces questions de l'avenir s'agitent et qui sont appelés à les traiter un jour dans la politique, groupe qu'elles traversent constamment, elles sont par leur éducation, par leurs aptitudes, par leur droiture, par leur morale élevée, large, conciliante, par leurs qualités intellectuelles et morales, par leurs perceptions fines et leur interprétation ingénieuse des choses, elles sont le meilleur exemple et le plus puissant témoignage en faveur de l'égalité sociale, morale, légale de l'homme et de la femme. Mais ces femmes ne sont pas nombreuses, et l'appel public qui leur est fait ne doit pas compter sur leur adhésion publique. La question, pour elles, est à la fois trop sérieuse, trop complexe et trop délicate pour être livrée aux hasards des discussions en plein air, et compromise par les utopies des impatientes et des excessives, sur lesquelles seulement un tel manifeste pouvait compter, de sorte que les auxiliaires qu'il recrute et qui adhèrent à lui publiquement sont justement celles qui le compromettent et qui éloignent les autres.

D'où viennent l'impatience, l'exagération, l'agitation extérieure de ces adhérentes dangereuses? De convictions sincères, nous n'en doutons pas, mais plus souvent nées de souffrances, de déceptions, d'erreurs individuelles que d'observations désintéressées. «Ce sont ceux qui souffrent qui crient!» diront ces femmes; ce n'est pas douteux; et, si ceux qui souffrent ne criaient pas, on ne saurait pas qu'ils souffrent et personne ne songerait à soulager les maux ou à réparer les injustices dont ils ont à se plaindre, c'est tout aussi évident. Mais

la souffrance par elle seule n'est pas plus un argument irréfutable que le bonheur. Toute souffrance a droit à la pitié et à l'assistance; mais elle est quelquefois la conséquence logique et le châtiment fatal d'une imagination exaltée, d'une insoumission irréfléchie, d'un rêve déçu, d'un orgueil trop grand, d'un manque d'énergie et de volonté.

On n'arrive, très souvent, homme ou femme, à craindre et à tenter de détruire un état social, qu'après l'avoir longtemps exploité tel qu'il était. On n'a donc à lui reprocher que de ne s'être pas prêté à certaines combinaisons peut-être trop exigeantes. Ce n'est pas là une raison suffisante pour ceux que l'on veut troubler dans leur repos et leurs habitudes. De là cette résistance instinctive et naturelle à des réformes radicales dont la cause peut être attribuée aux intérêts purement personnels et même mal définis de ceux qui les réclament. «Il faut voir», disent les gens sans parti pris; mais, pour bien voir, il faut du temps, et les impatients déclarent qu'ils ont vu et bien vu pour tout le monde. Cela n'est pas toujours convaincant.

La personne humaine, homme ou femme, est continuellement à la recherche du bonheur; mais le bonheur est relatif et dépend des tempéraments, des caractères, des milieux. Chacun se rêve un bonheur particulier, et celui-là serait le fou des fous qui croirait qu'en donnant à chacun le bonheur particulier qu'il désire, on constituerait le bonheur universel. D'un autre côté, disons-le, au risque de passer une fois de plus pour un esprit paradoxal, si nous ne pouvons pas toujours nous procurer le bonheur que nous souhaitons, nous pouvons toujours nous soustraire aux malheurs qui nous frappent, lesquels ne sont jamais, passez-moi le mot, que des bonheurs qui n'ont pas voulu _se laisser faire_.

Il n'y a pour l'homme que deux malheurs involontaires, qu'il puisse qualifier d'immérités, dont il ait vraiment le droit de se plaindre et auxquels la société doive vraiment assistance et pitié; ce sont ceux qu'il peut trouver à sa naissance: la misère et la maladie. En dehors de ces fatalités congénitales, ce qu'il appelle son malheur est toujours son oeuvre. La vie ne réalise pas toutes ses espérances, et alors il se déclare malheureux. Il veut le plaisir, il veut la fortune, il veut l'amour, il veut la gloire, il veut la famille! Un jour, le plaisir se dérobe, la fortune échappe, l'amour trompe, la gloire trahit, la famille se dissout par l'ingratitude ou la mort; alors l'homme maudit la destinée, il crie à l'injustice.

En réalité le malheur de l'homme se réduit à ceci: à ce qu'il n'a pas été aussi heureux qu'il comptait l'être, qu'il s'attribuait le droit de l'être. Si cet homme qui se plaint tant, avait su pour lui-même ce qu'il savait si bien pour les autres, et ce qu'il leur disait si bien, quand il les entendait gémir en lui demandant de les consoler: que le plaisir est éphémère, que la fortune est changeante, que l'amour est volage, que la gloire est trompeuse, que l'enfant est mortel et souvent

ingrat, il n'aurait pas connu les malheurs qu'au lieu et place du bonheur espéré, lui ont causés la famille, la gloire, l'amour, la fortune et le plaisir. Il a joué, avec l'espoir de gagner, il a perdu, il paye. Qu'y faire? Il n'avait qu'à ne pas jouer.

Un homme qui ne se marie pas est sûr de ne pas avoir les ennuis, les dangers, les chagrins du mariage; un homme qui n'a pas d'enfants est sûr de ne pas en perdre et de ne pas les voir ingrats; un homme qui a de quoi vivre, qui s'en contente et qui ne cherche pas à devenir millionnaire est sûr de ne pas perdre ce qu'il possède; un homme qui n'a pas de maîtresse est sûr de ne pas être trahi par elle; un homme qui n'a pas l'ambition des hautes destinées est sûr de ne pas être précipité des sommets, et il se soucie fort peu que la roche tarpéienne soit près du Capitole. Ce n'est pour lui que de la géographie et de l'architecture. Ce qui fait le malheur de l'être humain, toujours en dehors de la misère et de la maladie natives, c'est qu'il met son bonheur dans les choses périssables, lesquelles, en se désagrégeant par la loi des épuisements et des métamorphoses, laissent dans le vide, dans la stupeur et dans le désespoir ceux qui se sont fiés à elles. Tout être qui ne s'attachera qu'aux choses éternelles ne connaîtra pas ces malheurs-là. De là cette sérénité des grands religieux et des grands philosophes; de là leur mépris bienveillant, charitable et doux pour les infortunes humaines dont ils ont trouvé la cause dans les erreurs et les faiblesses du petit désir humain. Pas de déceptions, pas de fatalités, pas de récriminations pour ceux qui se vouent à l'amour exclusif, sans calculs et sans ambitions terrestres, de la nature, de Dieu, de l'art, de la science, de l'humanité.

Alors plus d'action, plus de mouvement, plus d'idéal, plus d'espérances; plus de but, plus de liens, plus de familles, plus de sociétés par conséquent! La vie, non pas même des animaux, lesquels obéissent encore à des instincts, à des besoins, à des émotions, à des sentiments, mais des automates et des machines, ou alors un monde de raisonneurs, de saints, de contemplatifs, s'extasiant devant la création sans rien demander, sans rien comprendre à la créature, et, en définitive, la stérilité et la mort pour éviter l'illusion, la faute et la douleur. Voilà ce que vous nous demandez?

Moi, je ne vous demande rien. J'établis tout bonnement ce qu'on appelle un état de situation. Je me trouve en face de personnes qui se plaignent et qui accusent la société de tous les maux dont elles souffrent. Je cherche si, en effet, collectivement, les hommes sont aussi coupables que certaines personnes le disent de leurs malheurs particuliers. Je trouve et je prouve que l'initiative personnelle y entre pour beaucoup, je démontre mathématiquement qu'il n'y a vraiment que deux malheurs involontaires et immérités, et, ce point établi que nous ne saurions poursuivre la réalisation du bonheur humain à travers tous les alea de ce monde, sans avoir la chance de nous égarer et de nous perdre, j'indique le moyen certain, bien connu, qui est et restera

peu usité de n'avoir rien à redouter des douleurs communes, et, après ce préliminaire indispensable à mes conclusions, j'en reviens à l'_Appel aux femmes_, et je m'occupe de discerner en toute conscience, avec ceux qui ne se croient pas le droit de tout railler à première vue, ce qu'il faut prendre, ce qu'il faut laisser des revendications féminines qui, par des actes violents ou des manifestes libellés, se proposent et vont bientôt s'imposer à la discussion politique.

* * * *

Établissons avant tout ceci:

Quand la femme demande à ne pas être esclave de l'homme, et quand, en même temps, elle croit pouvoir être indépendante de l'homme, elle a tort.

D'abord la femme n'est esclave de l'homme que quand elle le veut bien, quand elle l'épouse, et rien, légalement, ne la force de l'épouser. Ensuite elle ne peut pas avoir une vie à part, indépendante de l'homme, puisque l'homme remplit certaines fonctions matérielles qu'elle ne peut remplir, et sans lesquelles sa vie à elle, sa vie à part, sa vie indépendante comme elle la voudrait, n'aurait aucune sécurité, aucune possibilité d'être; ainsi l'homme est soldat et la femme ne l'est pas. Elle dépend donc de l'homme, même si elle reste célibataire, pour la défense de son foyer. Quant à son esclavage, il est, nous le répétons, volontaire; elle est légalement libre, aussi libre, plus libre que l'homme, à partir de vingt et un ans, et pas un pouvoir au monde ne saurait lui prendre la moindre parcelle de cette liberté légale, si elle veut la garder, liberté bien autrement étendue, bien autrement avantageuse, toujours légalement, que la nôtre.

En effet, à vingt et un ans, la femme peut se marier sans le consentement de ses parents ou plutôt en passant outre; à vingt-cinq ans seulement, l'homme peut se marier dans les mêmes conditions; autrement dit, il est, pendant quatre ans de plus qu'elle, esclave de la loi, et, sur ce point, dans l'état social, inférieur à la femme. Ce n'est pas tout. L'homme est astreint, non de son plein gré, mais par un de ces règlements que la femme l'accuse d'avoir dirigés contre elle seule, l'homme est astreint au service militaire et, s'il déserte, s'il se révolte, les galères ou la mort. De cet esclavage qui pèse sur l'homme et dont elle est dispensée, la femme ne parle pas. Cette dispense, vaut cependant bien quelque chose. La femme est donc mal venue à demander son admission aux fonctions de juge civil et de juré; il n'y a pas plus lieu de lui accorder le droit de diriger l'État qu'il n'y a eu lieu de lui imposer le devoir de le défendre. Qu'elle soit soldat d'abord, elle sera juge, consul ou juré ensuite.

Voilà donc de grands avantages sur les hommes concédés par les lois à

la femme. En les lui attribuant, les lois se sont conformées aux indications de la nature. La femme leur a paru être organiquement plus précoce, musculairement plus faible que l'homme; elle a tenu compte de sa précocité, quant au mariage; de sa faiblesse, quant aux fonctions. La femme lui paraissant plus faible que l'homme, la loi, dans le mariage, a voulu la mettre non pas sous le pouvoir, mais sous la protection de l'homme. Là encore, elle a suivi les indications de la nature. L'enfantement, l'allaitement, les soins assidus à donner à l'enfant pendant son enfance, c'est-à-dire pendant dix ou douze ans, tout cela, joint à la faiblesse naturelle de la femme, exigeait la tutelle du mari. Cette tutelle devient facilement de la surveillance, de la tyrannie, parce que la loi a dû compenser pour l'homme les trop grands privilèges que, dans l'union conjugale, la nature accordait à la femme et qui étaient un danger incessant pour le mari. En effet, avec un peu d'habileté, qui n'est pas rare, la femme peut introduire dans le foyer commun, donner le nom et appeler à des biens patrimoniaux ou acquis, à la succession de son époux, l'enfant d'un autre homme, tandis que l'homme ne peut jamais, quoi qu'il fasse, imposer à sa femme l'enfant d'une autre femme. L'homme s'est donc attribué certains droits ou plutôt certaines garanties qui ne le garantissent pas toujours, bien qu'il en abuse souvent à l'égard de ces femmes irréprochables et sacrifiées, en faveur desquelles nous demandons le divorce. La femme peut donc avoir à se plaindre de l'homme dans le mariage; mais alors elle rentre dans les _alea_ de la recherche du bonheur commune aux deux sexes. Elle a espéré être heureuse par le mariage, elle ne l'est pas; elle s'est trompée, et elle paye son erreur. L'homme est soumis comme elle à la même déception, s'il a commis la même faute; ce n'est pas là une loi spéciale prise en défaut, c'est une loi générale, pour les uns et les autres. La femme pouvait éviter les chagrins du mariage. Elle n'avait qu'à ne pas se marier. Rien ne l'y forçait. Elle a cédé à l'espérance d'être plus heureuse par le mariage que par le célibat, soit; la loi humaine, jusque-là, n'a rien à se reprocher.

Savez-vous ce qui fait le malentendu dans cette interminable discussion de la revendication des droits des femmes? C'est que les femmes se trompent de mot, involontairement bien entendu, dans l'exposé de cette revendication et qu'elles s'en prennent aux lois de ce qui est, encore une fois, l'oeuvre des moeurs. Voilà la vérité. Les droits accordés par les lois sont identiques pour elles comme pour l'homme, et, même, nous l'avons dit, s'il y a un avantage, il est pour la femme. La loi lui laisse faire tout ce qu'elle permet à l'homme. Elle lui donne toute la liberté compatible avec la sécurité publique, et l'homme n'en a pas plus qu'elle. C'est seulement quand la femme a fait une chose, non pas commandée, mais recommandée par les moeurs, lesquelles n'ont pas de règlement fixe, ni de moyens matériels de contrainte, c'est seulement enfin lorsque la femme a cédé aux conseils et à l'influence des moeurs, toujours avec l'espérance de les utiliser à son profit, c'est alors seulement qu'il lui vient l'idée d'accuser les lois de son insuccès ou

de son erreur. La loi n'impose à la femme aucun mode particulier d'existence; elle se borne à les prévoir tous, autant que possible, pour le cas où, une difficulté survenant par suite de la mauvaise exécution d'un contrat particulier volontaire, signé par les deux parties, on vient réclamer son intervention et son arbitrage. La femme n'a donc pas à réclamer les mêmes droits légaux que les hommes; elle les a. La femme majeure, comme l'homme majeur, est complètement libre: elle peut quitter sa famille, aller, venir, voyager, s'expatrier, acheter, vendre, négocier, entrer dans toutes les carrières en accord avec son intelligence, son instruction, ses aptitudes, ses forces, son sexe. Elle peut vivre à sa fantaisie et avoir autant d'enfants qu'il lui plaît, si la nature s'y prête, avec qui bon lui semble.

«Mais cette femme qui vit selon sa fantaisie, qui a des enfants avec qui bon lui semble, elle est compromise, déshonorée, honnie.»

Par qui? pas par les lois, par les mœurs.

«Mais il est dans la destinée de la femme de se marier, d'avoir un époux légal, des enfants légitimes.»

Où avez-vous vu cela? Dans les mœurs. Il n'en est pas question dans les lois.

Les lois réglementent le mariage, mais elles ne l'ordonnent pas, elles ne le conseillent même pas.

Je comprendrais les réclamations des femmes, si ces réclamations se produisaient contre les mœurs. Je comprendrais les femmes disant: «Nous avons un idéal: l'amour; nous avons une mission: la maternité. Nous demandons à réaliser notre idéal, à accomplir notre mission.

»C'est non seulement notre idéal, c'est non seulement notre mission, c'est encore, au nom de la nature qui prime toutes les institutions humaines et morales, toutes les lois et toutes les mœurs, c'est notre droit et c'est notre devoir. Nous demandons les moyens d'exercer notre droit et de faire notre devoir.»

A quoi la société répondrait:

«Le mariage a été justement institué pour la satisfaction de cet idéal, de cette mission, de ce droit et de ce devoir.

--Mais les hommes veulent seulement épouser celles qui leur apportent une dot, et un très grand nombre parmi nous, n'ayant pas cette dot, ne peuvent pas se marier. Pouvez-vous forcer les hommes à nous épouser?

--Non.

--Soit; nous comprenons l'homme ne voulant pas perdre définitivement et irréparablement sa liberté; il a une action à faire comme nous avons une mission à accomplir; il ne recule pas devant l'amour, il recule devant un contrat par lequel il se trouve trop engagé. Il y a un moyen de tout concilier, c'est l'union libre, nous demandons le droit de la contracter, au risque d'être abandonnées par l'homme demeuré libre.

--Vous avez ce droit, personne ne s'y oppose; mais la morale le réprouve.

--Qui a édicté cette morale?

--Des législateurs religieux et politiques.

--Des hommes alors?

--Oui.

--Ont-ils appelé des femmes dans leurs conseils avant de prendre ces arrêtés?

--Non.

--Cependant les femmes composent la moitié du genre humain, et elles étaient fort intéressées dans la question.

--Ils ont pris cette décision tout seuls.

--Et qu'ont-ils établi pour les filles que les hommes n'épousaient pas?

--Qu'elles se résigneraient au célibat et à la stérilité; elles peuvent aussi se faire religieuses et servir le Dieu au nom duquel cette morale a été proclamée.

--Et si elles ne se résignent pas?

--Elles seront ce qu'on appelle des femmes de mauvaise vie, elles seront méprisées et exclues de la société des honnêtes gens.

--Alors les hommes qui ne se marient pas et qui se donnent avec ces femmes les plaisirs de l'amour sans en assumer les charges, qu'ils leur laissent, sont encore plus méprisés qu'elles et plus ignominieusement chassés de la société des honnêtes gens?

--Non.

--Pourquoi?

--Parce que ce sont les hommes qui ont établi ces lois morales et qu'ils les ont établies naturellement à leur avantage.

--Alors, moi qui enfante dans la douleur et dans les cris, les entrailles ouvertes, en face de la mort, je suis, même si j'ai succombé par ignorance, sans savoir ce que je faisais, je suis plus coupable et plus méprisée que l'homme qui de la génération ne connaît que le plaisir?

--Oui.

--C'est souverainement injuste!

--Ça dure ainsi depuis très longtemps; maintenant, c'est consacré.

--Très bien; mais, dans cette société des honnêtes gens, dont nous serions exclues en cas d'unions libres publiquement contractées, nous voyons beaucoup d'unions libres malgré les mariages légaux contractés antérieurement. Nous voyons des hommes mariés qui ont d'autres femmes que les leurs, des femmes mariées qui ont d'autres hommes que leurs maris; tout le monde le sait, personne ne leur dit rien; comment cela se fait-il?

--Ces gens-là ont eu la bonne chance et la précaution de se mettre en règle avec la société par leur mariage.

--Mais la morale?

--Elle n'a rien à voir là dedans; c'est affaire de mœurs.

--Nous demandons des lois qui changent ces mœurs.

--Impossible. Les mœurs modifient quelquefois les lois; les lois ne modifient pas les mœurs.

--Soit; je cours la chance de la honte pour avoir l'enfant; car, mon enfant, je pourrai au moins le garder?

--Peut-être!

--Comment, peut-être? qui me le prendrait?

--Son père.

--Mais puisqu'il ne sera pas mon mari.

--Il pourra le reconnaître, et, si tu as approuvé la reconnaissance et que ce soit un garçon, c'est-à-dire ton soutien et ton défenseur dans

l'avenir, son père pourra te le prendre quand il aura sept ans, en prouvant qu'il a, lui, le père, plus de moyens d'existence que toi, ce qui arrive presque toujours; mais ne crains rien: le père tient bien rarement à élever son enfant, à moins que ce ne soit pour se venger de la mère.

--Se venger, et de quoi?

--Nous ne savons pas; cela rentre dans la conscience.

--Mais je puis nier, m'a-t-on dit, que cet homme soit le père de mon enfant.

--Parfaitement.

--Alors on me laissera mon fils.

--Oui.

--Et je pourrai lui donner mon nom?

--Si tu le veux.

--Et, si j'acquiers du bien en travaillant pour lui, je pourrai lui laisser mon bien pour qu'il ait au moins l'indépendance?

--Non. Si tu lui donnes ton nom, et que tu aies un père, une mère, des frères, des soeurs, tu ne pourras lui donner qu'une partie de ton bien.

--Même si mon père, ma mère, mes frères et mes soeurs m'ont chassée pour l'avoir mis au monde.

--Oui; mais tu n'as qu'à ne pas lui donner ton nom, qu'à ne pas l'appeler ton fils, qu'à le traiter comme un étranger, tu pourras lui donner tout ton bien.

--Qui a décidé cela?

--Les lois.

--Qui a fait les lois?

--Les hommes.

--Ceux qui avaient déjà fait la morale et les moeurs?

--Les mêmes.

--Merci.»

NANCY

Lucien Leuwen avait été chassé de l'École polytechnique pour s'être allé promener mal à propos, un jour qu'il était consigné, ainsi que tous ses camarades.

C'était à l'époque d'une des célèbres journées de juin, avril ou février 1832 ou 34. Quelques jeunes gens, assez fous, mais doués d'un grand courage, prétendaient détrôner le roi, et l'École polytechnique, pépinière de mauvaises têtes, avait été sévèrement consignée dans ses quartiers.

Le lendemain de sa promenade, Lucien fut renvoyé comme républicain.

Tout affligé d'abord, depuis deux ans il se consolait du malheur de ne plus avoir à travailler douze heures par jour. Il passait très bien son temps chez son père, homme de plaisir et riche banquier, lequel avait à Paris une maison fort agréable.

M. Leuwen père, l'un des associés de la célèbre maison Van Peters, Leuwen et Cie, ne redoutait au monde que deux choses: les ennuyeux et l'air humide. Il n'avait jamais d'humeur, et ne prenait jamais le ton sérieux avec son fils. Il lui avait proposé, à sa sortie de l'École, de travailler au comptoir, un seul jour de la semaine, le jeudi, jour du grand courrier de Hollande. Pour chaque jeudi de travail, le caissier comptait à Lucien deux cents francs, et, de temps à autre, payait aussi quelques petites dettes. Sur quoi, M. Leuwen disait: «Un fils est un créancier donné par la nature.» Quelquefois il plaisantait ce créancier.

«--Savez-vous, lui disait-il un jour, ce qu'on mettrait sur votre tombe, au Père-Lachaise, si nous avions le malheur de vous perdre:

_Siste viator!
Ici repose Lucien Leuwen
Républicain
Qui pendant deux années
Fit une guerre acharnée
Aux cigares
Et aux bottes neuves._

Au moment où nous le prenons, cet ennemi des cigares ne pensait guère plus à la République, qui tardait trop à venir.

«--Et d'ailleurs, se disait-il, si les Français ont du plaisir à être menés monarchiquement et tambour battant, pourquoi les déranger?

La majorité aime apparemment cet ensemble doux d'hypocrisie et de mensonges qu'on appelle le gouvernement représentatif.»

Comme ses parents ne cherchaient point à le trop diriger, Lucien passait sa vie dans le salon de sa mère.

Encore jeune et assez jolie, Mme Leuwen jouissait de la plus haute considération. La société lui accordait infiniment d'esprit, et pourtant un juge sévère aurait pu lui reprocher une délicatesse excessive et un mépris trop absolu pour le parler haut et l'impudence de nos jeunes hommes à succès.

Cet esprit fier et singulier ne daignait pas même exprimer son mépris, et, à la moindre apparence de vulgarité ou d'affectation, tombait dans un silence invincible.

Mme Leuwen était sujette à prendre en grippe des choses fort innocentes, uniquement parce qu'elle les avait rencontrées pour la première fois chez des êtres faisant trop de bruit.

Les dîners que donnait M. Leuwen étaient célèbres dans tout Paris; souvent ils étaient parfaits. Il y avait les jours où il recevait les gens à argent ou à ambition, mais ces messieurs ne faisaient point partie de la société de madame, et ainsi cette société n'était point gâtée par le métier de M. Leuwen; l'argent n'y était pas le mérite unique, et même, chose incroyable, il n'y passait pas pour le plus grand des avantages.

Dans les salons de Mme Leuwen, l'un des plus enviés de Paris, on trouvait que Lucien avait une tournure élégante, de la simplicité, et quelque chose de fort distingué dans les manières. Mais là se bornaient les louanges; il ne passait pas pour homme d'esprit. Sa passion pour le travail, l'éducation presque militaire et le franc parler de l'École polytechnique, lui avaient valu une absence totale d'affectation, ce qui lui donnait de l'originalité, mais le privait d'esprit et de brillant aux yeux du monde. Il regrettait l'épée de l'École, parce que Mme Grandet, une femme fort jolie et qui avait des succès à la nouvelle cour, lui avait dit qu'il la portait bien. Il était assez grand et montait parfaitement bien à cheval.

De charmants cheveux d'un blond foncé prévenaient en faveur de sa figure; il avait de grands traits assez irréguliers qui exprimaient la

franchise et la vivacité, et rien de plus.

Mme Grandet lui disait qu'il dansait comme un géomètre, et ce reproche ne le rendait point séillant.

Les amis de sa mère ne lui trouvaient pas la physionomie à la mode, la mine sombre et poétique, qu'il fallait avoir, surtout parmi les républicains. Enfin, chose impardonnable, dans ce siècle empesé et hypocrite, et pour un jeune homme riche, il avait plutôt l'air innocent et étourdi.

«--Comme tu gaspilles une admirable position! lui disait un jour Ernest Déverloy, son cousin, jeune savant qui brillait déjà dans la _Revue de X..._,--et avait eu trois voix pour l'Académie des _sciences morales_,--comme tu gaspilles une belle position!»

Ernest parlait ainsi dans le cabriolet de Lucien, en se faisant mener la soirée de M. N..., ce libéral si célèbre avant 1830 et qui maintenant réunit pour quarante mille francs de places, et appelle les républicains «l'opprobre de l'espèce humaine.»

«--Si tu avais un peu de sérieux, si tu ne riais pas de la moindre sottise, tu pourrais être dans le salon de ton père, et ailleurs, un des meilleurs élèves de l'École polytechnique exclu pour opinion.

Vois ton camarade d'École, M. Cotty, chassé comme toi, pauvre comme Job, admis par grâce, d'abord, dans le salon de ta mère, et cependant de quelle considération ne jouit-il pas parmi ces millionnaires et ces pairs de France!

Son succès est bien simple, tout le monde peut le lui prendre: il a la mine grave et ne dit mot. Donne-toi donc quelquefois l'air un peu sombre; tous les hommes de ton âge cherchent l'importance. Tu y étais en vingt-quatre heures, sans qu'il y eût de ta faute, pauvre garçon! et tu la répudies de gaieté de cœur.

À te voir, on dirait un enfant, et, qui pis est, un enfant content. On commence à te prendre au mot, je t'en avertis, et, malgré les millions de ton père, tu ne comptes dans rien, tu n'as pas de consistance, tu n'es qu'un écolier gentil. À vingt-trois ans, cela est presque ridicule.

Et pour t'achever, tu passes des heures entières à ta toilette, et on le sait.

«--Pour te plaire, il faudrait jouer, n'est-ce pas, un rôle... et celui d'un homme triste? Et qu'est-ce que la société me donnera pour ma peine? Il faudrait écouter, sans sourciller, les longues _tartines_ de M. le marquis D..., sur l'économie politique et le partage entre frères, prescrit par le code civil? Je craindrais qu'en moins de huit jours le

rôle triste ne devienne une réalité!

Pour moi, qu'ai-je à faire des suffrages du monde? Je ne lui demande rien. Je ne donnerais pas trois louis pour être de ton Académie; ne venons-nous pas de voir comment M. B... a été élu?

«--Mais le monde te demandera compte, tôt ou tard, de la place qu'il t'accorde sur parole, à cause des millions de ton père. Si tu lui donnes de l'humeur, il saura bien trouver quelque prétexte, un beau jour, pour le percer le cœur et te jeter au dernier rang. Alors tu sentiras la nécessité d'appartenir à un corps qui te soutienne au besoin, et tu deviendras amateur de courses de chevaux, Moi je trouve moins bête d'être académicien.»

Ernest descendit à la porte du renégat aux vingt places, et le sermon finit.

«--Il est drôle, mon cousin, pensa Lucien; c'est absolument comme Mme Grandet qui prétend qu'il est important pour moi d'aller à la cour. Cela est indispensable quand on est destiné à avoir cent cinquante mille livres de rente et qu'on ne porte pas un beau nom!

Parbleu! je serais bien fou de faire des choses ennuyeuses! Qui prend garde à moi dans Paris?»

Notre héros était un jeune homme extrêmement neuf, comme on voit, et singulier en ceci, qu'il ne cherchait point à paraître homme d'esprit, on à jouer avec grâce le rôle de jeune fou. En choses permises, il faisait à chaque moment ce qui lui causait le plus de plaisir à ce moment même. Souvent, il était occupé huit jours de suite à lire un beau mémoire d'Euler ou de Lagrange, et alors il oubliait tout, jusqu'à son cheval même.

Une seule chose peut-être annonçait chez Lucien un esprit distingué: il avait horreur du vulgaire, et pour lui ce mot s'étendait loin.

«--Les propos de ces gens-là, disait-il à sa mère, me dessèchent l'âme pour toute une journée.»

Peu de semaines après le sermon d'Ernest Déverloy, Lucien se promenait dans sa chambre; il suivait avec une attention scrupuleuse les compartiments d'un riche tapis de Turquie que Mme Leuwen avait fait poser dans sa chambre, un jour qu'il était enrhumé. À la même occasion, Lucien avait été revêtu d'une magnifique robe de chambre et d'un pantalon bien chaud de cachemire. Dans ce costume, il avait l'air heureux, les traits souriants.

À chaque tour, il détournait un peu les yeux, sans s'arrêter pourtant, et regardait une ottomane; sur cette ottomane était jeté un habit vert

avec passepoils amarante et des épaulettes de sous-lieutenant.

C'était là le bonheur.

* * *

Comme M. Leuwen, le banquier célèbre, donnait des dîners de la plus haute distinction, et cependant n'était ni moral, ni ennuyeux, ni ambitieux, mais seulement fantasque et singulier, il avait beaucoup d'amis.

Toutefois, pur une grave erreur, ces amis n'étaient pas choisis de façon à augmenter la considération dont il jouissait et son ampleur dans le monde.

C'étaient, avant tout, de ces hommes d'esprit et de plaisir qui peut-être le matin s'occupent sérieusement de leur fortune, mais le soir se moquent de tout au monde, vont à l'Opéra, et surtout ne chicanent pas le pouvoir sur son origine, car pour cela il faudrait se fâcher, blâmer, être triste. Ces amis avaient dit au ministre que Lucien n'était point un Hampden, un fanatique de liberté américaine, capable de refuser l'impôt s'il n'y avait pas de budget, mais tout simplement un jeune homme de vingt-trois ans pensant comme tout le monde. En conséquence, depuis trente-six heures, Lucien était sous-lieutenant au 27^e régiment de lanciers, lequel a des passepoils amarante.

«--Dois-je regretter le 9^e où il y avait aussi une place vacante? se disait Lucien en allumant gravement un petit cigare qu'il venait de construire avec du papier de réglisse venant de Barcelone.

Le 9^e a des passepoils jaune jonquille, cela est plus gai! Oui, mais c'est moins noble, moins sévère, moins militaire. Bah! militaire! jamais on ne se battra avec ces régiments, payés par une Chambre des communes.

L'essentiel pour un uniforme, c'est d'être joli au bal, et le jaune jonquille est plus gai.

Quelle différence! Autrefois, lorsque je pris mon premier uniforme en entrant à l'École, peu m'importait sa couleur. Je pensais à de belles batteries rapidement élevées sous le feu tonnant de l'artillerie prussienne. Qui sait? Peut-être mon 27^e de lanciers chargera-t-il un jour ces beaux hussards de la Mort, dont Napoléon dit du bien dans le bulletin d'Iéna.»

Loin de songer à la République et aux moyens philosophiques de faire brouter paisiblement, à côté les uns des autres, des hommes hargneux, ennuyés et presque méchants, tels que les ont faits les médiocres plus

ou moins habiles qui occupent les Tuileries depuis quarante ans, Leuwen rêvait à de brillantes charges à la tête de son peloton de lanciers.

«--Mais pour se battre avec plaisir, se dit-il tout pensif, il faudrait que la patrie fût réellement intéressée au combat, car s'il s'agit seulement de plaire à ce juste-milieu, à cette halte dans la boue qui a fait les généraux si insolents, ma foi! ce n'est pas la peine.»

Et tout le plaisir de se battre en héros fut flétri à ses yeux; pendant quelques minutes, il essaya de songer aux avantages du métier.

«--Avoir de l'avancement... du moins de l'argent... Allons, tout de suite pourquoi pas piller l'Allemand ou l'Espagnol, comme N... ou S... N...!»

Sa lèvre, en exprimant un dégoût profond, laissa tomber le petit cigare de papier de réglisse sur le beau tapis turc donné par sa mère; il le releva précipitamment. C'était déjà un autre homme; le dégoût pour la guerre avait disparu.

«--Bah! se dit-il, jamais la Russie ni les autres despotismes ne pardonneront aux Trois Journées. Alors, il sera bon de se battre!»

Une fois rassuré, ses regards reprirent avec un nouveau plaisir la direction de l'ottomane où le tailleur militaire le plus renommé venait d'exposer l'uniforme de sous-lieutenant.

Il se figurait la guerre d'après ses exercices de canon au bois de Vincennes.

«--Peut-être une blessure!»

Mais ici apparaît l'enfant préservé par l'amour de l'étude de la corruption du boulevard. Peut-être une blessure!... et il se voyait dans une chaumière de Souabe ou d'Italie. Une jeune fille charmante dont il n'entendait pas la langue, lui donnait des soins d'abord par humanité, et ensuite...

Quand Lucien était las des soins d'une naïve et fraîche paysanne, c'était une jeune femme de la cour, exilée par un mari bourru dans un château voisin.

D'abord elle envoyait un valet de chambre qui apportait de la charpie au jeune blessé, et, quelques jours après, elle paraissait elle-même, donnant le bras à un respectable curé.

«--Mais non, reprenait Lucien en fronçant le sourcil et songeant aux plaisanteries dont son père l'accablait depuis son grade, je ne ferai la guerre qu'aux cigares. Je deviendrai un pilier de quelque sale café,

dans la triste garnison d'une petite ville mal pavée. J'aurai, pour mes plaisirs du soir, des parties de billard et des bouteilles de bière, et quelquefois, le matin, la guerre aux trognons de choux contre de pauvres ouvriers mourant de faim.

«--Nos gouvernants sont trop mal en selle pour hasarder la guerre véritable; un caporal comme Hoche sortirait des rangs un beau matin, et dirait aux soldats:

«Mes amis, marchons sur Paris et faisons un premier consul qui ne se laisse pas bafouer par Nicolas.»

Mais je veux que le caporal réussisse, continua-t-il philosophiquement, en rallumant son cigare; une fois la nation en colère et amoureuse de la gloire, adieu la liberté! Le journaliste qui élèvera des doutes sur le bulletin de la dernière bataille, sera traité comme un traître; on criera à l'allié de l'ennemi; il sera massacré, comme l'ont les républicains d'Amérique.

Encore une fois, nous serons distraits de la liberté, par l'amour de la gloire. Cercle vicieux..., et ainsi à l'infini.»

On voit que notre héros n'était pas tout à fait exempt de cette maladie de trop raisonner qui coupe bras et jambes à la jeunesse de Paris et lui donne le caractère d'une vieille femme.

«--Quoi qu'il en soit, se dit-il tout à coup, ils prétendent tous qu'il faut être quelque chose. Eh bien! je serai lancier.

Quand je saurai le métier, j'aurai rempli mon but, et alors comme alors...»

Le soir, revêtu d'épaulettes pour la première fois de sa vie, les sentinelles des Tuileries lui présentèrent les armes: il fut ivre de joie.

Ernest Déverloy, véritable intrigant et qui connaissait tout le monde, le menait chez le lieutenant-colonel du 27^e de lanciers, M. Filloteau, qui se trouvait à Paris.

Lucien vit un homme à la taille épaisse et à l'œil cauteleux, qui portait de longs favoris blonds peignés et appliqués contre la joue; en un mot, une tournure de procureur de basse Normandie.

À chaque mot de la conversation, ce héros trouvait l'art de placer: ma fidélité au roi, ou la nécessité de réprimer les factieux.

Après dix minutes qui lui parurent un siècle, Lucien prit la fuite; il courait de telle sorte dans la rue que Déverloy avait peine à le

suivre.

«--Grand Dieu! Est-ce là un héros? s'écria-t-il enfin en s'arrêtant. C'est un officier de maréchaussée, c'est le satellite d'un tyran, payé pour tuer ses concitoyens, et qui s'en fait gloire.»

Le futur académicien prenait les choses de moins haut.

«--Que veut dire cette mine de dégoût, comme si on t'avait servi du pâté de Strasbourg trop avancé? Veux-tu ou ne veux-tu pas être quelque chose dans le monde?

«--Grand Dieu! quelle canaille!

«--Ce lieutenant-colonel vaut cent fois mieux que toi. C'est un paysan qui à force de sabrer pour qui le paye, a accroché les épaulettes à graines d'épinards.

«--Mais si grossier, si dégoûtant!

«--Il n'en a que plus de mérite; c'est en donnant des nausées à ses chefs, s'ils valaient mieux que lui, qu'il lésa forcés à demander cet avancement dont il jouit aujourd'hui.

Et toi, monsieur le républicain, qu'as-tu gagné en ta vie? Tu as pris la peine de naître, exactement comme le fils d'un prince. Ton père fournit à ta dépense, te donne de quoi vivre. Sans cela, où en serais-tu?

N'as-tu pas de vergogne, à ton âge, de n'être pas en état de gagner la valeur d'un cigare?

«--Mais un être si vil...

«--Vil ou non, il t'est mille fois supérieur. Ne le méprise qu'après l'avoir égalé. Il est fort, et il compte dans la vie. Toi, tu n'es qu'un enfant qui ne compte pour rien; tu as lu de belles phrases et les répètes avec agrément, comme un bon acteur pénétré de son rôle. Mais pour de l'action, néant! Avant de mépriser un Auvergnat grossier qui, en dépit d'une physionomie repoussante, n'est plus commissionnaire au coin de la rue, mais reçoit la visite de respect de M. Lucien Leuwen, beau jeune homme de Paris et fils d'un millionnaire, songe un peu à la différence de valeur entre toi et lui.

Peut-être M. Filloteau fait vivre son père, un vieux paysan, et toi, ton père te fait vivre.

«--Ah! tu seras bientôt, au premier jour, membre de l'Institut, s'écria Lucien avec l'accent de l'angoisse. Pour moi, je ne suis qu'un sot; tu as mille fois raison, je le vois; mais je suis bien à plaindre. J'ai

horreur de la porte par laquelle il faut passer; il y a, sous cette porte, trop de fumier. Adieu!»

Et Lucien prit la fuite. Il vit avec plaisir qu'Ernest ne le suivait point, il monta chez lui en courant et jeta l'habit avec fureur sur le tapis.

Quelques minutes après il descendit chez son père qu'il embrassa les larmes aux yeux.

«--Ah! je vois ce que c'est, dit M. Leuwen tout étonné. Tu as perdu au jeu cent louis, je vais t'en donner deux cents. Mais je n'aime pas cette façon de demander. J'aimerais mieux surtout ne pas voir de larmes dans les yeux d'un fier sous-lieutenant. Est-ce qu'avant tout un brave militaire ne doit pas songer à l'effet que sa mine produit sur les voisins?

«--Notre habile cousin Déverloy m'a fait de la morale. Il vient de me prouver que je n'ai d'autre mérite au monde que d'avoir pris la peine de naître fils d'un homme d'esprit. Je n'ai jamais gagné par mon savoir-faire le prix d'un cigare. Sans vous je serais à l'hôpital.

«--Ainsi tu ne veux pas deux cents louis? dit M. Leuwen.

«--Je tiens déjà de vos bontés bien plus qu'il ne me faut. Que serais-je sans vous?

«--Eh bien, le diable t'emporte. Est-ce que tu deviendrais saint-simonien, par hasard? Comme tu vas être ennuyeux!»

L'émotion de Lucien, qui ne pouvait se taire, finit par amuser son père.

«--J'exige, dit-il en l'interrompant tout à coup, comme neuf heures sonnaient, que tu ailles sur le champ, de ce pas, occuper ma loge à l'Opéra.

Tu y trouveras des demoiselles qui valent trois ou quatre cents fois mieux que toi, car d'abord elles ne se sont pas donné la peine de naître, et les jours où elles dansent elles gagnent quinze ou vingt francs.

J'exige que tu leur donnes à souper en mon nom, comme mon député, entends-tu?

Tu les conduiras au Rocher de Cancale, où tu dépenseras au moins deux cents francs, sinon, je te répudie, je te déclare un saint-simonien perfide, et je te défends de me voir pendant six mois.»

Quel supplice pour un fils aussi tendre! Lucien avait eu simplement un

accès de tendresse pour son père.

«--Est-ce que je passe pour un ennuyeux parmi vos amis? répondit-il avec assez de bon sens. Je vous jure de dépenser fort bien vos deux cents francs.

«--Dieu soit loué! Et rappelle-toi qu'il n'y a rien d'impoli comme de venir de but en blanc parler de choses sérieuses à un pauvre homme de soixante-cinq ans, qui n'a que faire d'émotions, et qui ne t'a donné aucun prétexte pour l'aimer ainsi avec fureur.

Tu ne seras jamais qu'un plat républicain. Je suis étonné de ne pas te voir les cheveux gras et une barbe sale.»

Lucien, piqué, fut aimable avec les dames qu'il trouva dans la loge de son père. Il leur servit du vin de Champagne avec grâce, parla beaucoup et, après les avoir reconduites chez elles, il s'étonnait, en revenant seul dans un fiacre, à une heure après minuit, de l'accès de sensibilité où il était tombé au milieu de la soirée.

«--Il faut me méfier de mes premiers mouvements, car je ne suis sur de rien sur mon compte. Ma tendresse a choqué mon père. Je ne.....[1] fils dévoué, j'ai besoin d'agir beaucoup.»

Le lendemain, dès sept heures du matin, il alla faire tout seul, et en uniforme, une visite au colonel Filloteau. Pendant deux heures il lui fit la cour, et chercha à s'habituer aux façons d'agir militaires.

Le colonel Filloteau, le plus brave des hommes, avait eu sa première épauvette en Égypte, mais son caractère, brisé par quinze ans de servitude, ne se révoltait plus en voyant un muscadin de Paris arriver d'emblée sous-lieutenant au régiment. Et comme à mesure que l'héroïsme s'en allait, la spéculation était entrée dans cette tête, il songeait au parti qu'il pourrait tirer de ce jeune homme. Le colonel ne voulut point accepter l'invitation à dîner de Mme Leuwen dont Lucien était porteur; les dames le gênaient; mais dès le lendemain il accepta fort bien une pipe superbe en écume et en argent ciselé. Filloteau la prit comme une dette, sans remercier.

«--Cela veut dire, pensa-t-il en refermant la porte de sa chambre sur Lucien, que Monsieur, une fois au régiment, demandera souvent des permissions pour aller fricasser de l'argent dans la ville voisine;» et, en soupesant dans sa main l'argent qui formait le fourneau de la pipe:

«--Vous les obtiendrez, ces permissions, Monsieur Leuwen, et vous les obtiendrez par mon canal.

Je ne céderai pas une telle clientèle.

Ça a peut-être cinq cents francs par mois à dépenser: le père sera quelque ancien commissaire des guerres ou quelque fournisseur.

Cet argent-là a été volé au pauvre soldat. Confisqué!» dit-il en prenant la clef du tiroir de sa commode et en cachant la pipe dans ses chemises.

[Footnote 1: Illisible dans le manuscrit.]

* * *

Housard en 1794, à dix-huit ans, Tonnère Filloteau avait fait toutes les campagnes de la Révolution.

Pendant les dix premières années, il s'était battu avec enthousiasme et en chantant la Marseillaise; aussi il était resté longtemps simple brigadier. Mais Bonaparte devint consul, et bientôt l'esprit retors du futur colonel s'aperçut qu'il était maladroit de tant chanter la Marseillaise.

Aussi fut-il le premier lieutenant du régiment qui obtint la croix.

Sous les Bourbons, il fit sa première communion, et fut fait officier de la Légion d'honneur.

Maintenant il était venu passer trois jours à Paris, se rappeler au souvenir de quelques amis, commissaires de la guerre, pendant que le 27^e de lanciers était en marche pour se rendre en Lorraine, des environs de Nantes où il avait sabré les chouans avec un peu trop de zèle, peut-être.

Pour bien commencer le métier et faire pénitence de sa vie jusqu'ici peu productive, Lucien lui demanda la permission de voyager en sa compagnie.

Il fit décharger sa voiture et porter toutes ses malles à la diligence.

Dès la première dinée, le colonel le réprimanda sèchement en lui voyant prendre un journal.

«--Au 27^e, il y a un ordre du jour qui défend à MM. les officiers de lire les journaux dans les lieux publics; il n'y a d'exception que pour le _Journal ministériel._

«--Au diable le journal, s'écria Lucien gaîment, et jouons aux dominos le punch de ce soir, si toutefois les chevaux ne sont pas encore à la diligence.»

Quelque jeune que fût Lucien, il eut pourtant l'esprit de perdre six parties de suite.

En remontant en voiture, le bon Filloteau était tout à fait gagné.

Il trouvait que ce muscadin avait du bon et se mit à lui expliquer la façon de se comporter au régiment, pour ne pas avoir l'air d'un blanc-bec.

Cette façon était à peu près le contraire de la politesse exquise à laquelle Lucien était accoutumé. Pendant que notre héros écoutait avec tristesse et grande attention, Filloteau s'endormit profondément, et Lucien put rêver à son aise. Au total, il était heureux d'agir et de voir du nouveau.

Le surlendemain, vers les six heures du matin, ces messieurs trouvèrent le régiment en marche à trois lieues en deçà de Nancy; ils firent arrêter, et la diligence les déposa sur la grande route, avec leurs effets. Lucien, qui était tout yeux, fut frappé de l'air d'importance morose et grossière qui s'établissait sur le gros visage du lieutenant-colonel au moment où son lancier ouvrit un portemanteau et lui présenta son habit garni de grosses épaulettes. M. Filloteau fit donner un cheval à Lucien, et ces messieurs rejoignirent le régiment qui, pendant leur toilette, avait filé. Sept à huit officiers s'étaient placés tout à fait à l'arrière-garde pour faire honneur au lieutenant-colonel; c'est à ceux-là d'abord que Lucien fut présenté. Il les trouva très froids. Rien n'était moins encourageant que ces physionomies.

«--Voilà donc les gens avec lesquels il faudra vivre, se dit-il, le cœur serré comme un enfant. Cela est un peu différent, quant à la forme, de ces figures douces et gaies qui remplissaient le salon de ma mère.»

Depuis une heure, il marchait, sans mot dire, à la gauche du capitaine commandant l'escadron auquel il devait appartenir. Sa mine était froide, du moins il l'espérait, mais son cœur était vivement ému. Il regardait les lanciers tout transporté de joie et d'étonnement.

«--Voilà les compagnons de Napoléon. Voilà le soldat français!»

Il considérait les moindres détails avec un intérêt ridicule et passionné.

Revenu un peu de ses premiers transports, il songea à sa position.

«--Me voici enfin pourvu d'un état, celui de tous qui passe pour le plus noble et le plus amusant. L'École polytechnique m'eût mis à cheval avec des artilleurs, m'y voici avec des lanciers; la seule différence, ajouta-t-il en souriant, c'est qu'au lieu de savoir le métier

supérieurement bien, je l'ignore tout à fait.»

Le capitaine, son voisin, qui vit ce sourire, plus tendre que moqueur, en fut piqué.

«Bah! continua Lucien, c'est ainsi que Desaix et Saint-Cyr ont commencé; ces héros n'ont pas été salis par le Duché[1].»

Les propos des lanciers entre eux vinrent distraire Lucien. Ces propos étaient communs au fond, et relatifs aux besoins les plus simples de gens fort pauvres: la qualité du pain de troupe, le prix du vin, etc.; mais la franchise du ton de voix, le caractère ferme et vrai des interlocuteurs, perçaient à chaque mot, et retrempaient son âme comme l'air des hautes montagnes.

Il y avait là quelque chose de simple et de bien différent de l'atmosphère de serre chaude, où il avait vécu jusqu'alors.

Au lieu d'une civilité fort agréable, mais fort prudente et méticuleuse au fond, le ton de chacun de ces propos disait avec gaîté: «Je me moque de tout le monde, et je compte sur moi.»

«--Voici les plus francs et les plus sincères des hommes, et peut-être les plus heureux? Et pourquoi un de leurs chefs ne serait-il point comme eux? Comme eux je suis sincère, je n'ai point d'arrière-pensée; je n'aurai d'autres idées que de contribuer à leur bien-être.

Au fond, je me moque de tout, excepté de ma propre estime. Quant à ces personnages importants, de ton dur et suffisant, qui s'intitulent mes camarades, je n'ai de commun avec eux que l'épaulette.»

Il regardait du coin de l'œil le capitaine qui était à sa droite.

«--Ils passent leur vie à jouer la comédie; ils redoutent tout peut-être, excepté la mort. Ce sont des gens comme mon cousin Déverloy.»

Lucien se remit à écouter les lanciers, et bientôt, avec délices, son âme fut dans les pays imaginaires: il jouissait vivement de sa liberté et de sa générosité; il ne voyait que de grandes choses à faire et de _beaux faits._ Les propos plus que simples de ces soldats faisaient sur lui reflet, d'une excellente musique. La vie se peignait en couleur de rose.

Tout à coup, au milieu de ces deux lignes de lanciers, marchant négligemment et au pas, arriva au grand trot, par le milieu de la route qui était restée libre, l'adjudant sous-officier.

Il adressait certains mots à demi-voix aux officiers, et Lucien vit les hommes se redresser sur leurs chevaux.

«--Ce mouvement leur donne tout à fait bonne mine,» se dit-il.

Sa figure jeune et naïve ne put résister à cette tentation vive; elle peignait le contentement et la bonté, et peut-être un peu de curiosité. Ce fut un tort. Il eut dû rester impassible, ou mieux encore, donner à ses traits une expression contraire à celle qu'on s'attendait à y lire.

Le capitaine se dit aussitôt: «Ce beau jeune homme va me faire une question, et je vais le remettre à sa place pour une réponse bien ficelée.»

Mais Lucien, pour tout au monde, n'eût pas fait une question à un de ses camarades, si peu camarades; il chercha à deviner par lui-même le mot qui tout à coup donnait l'air si alerte à tous les lanciers, et remplaçait le laisser aller d'une longue route par toutes les grâces militaires.

Le capitaine attendait une question; à la fin il ne put supporter le silence continu du jeune Parisien.

«--C'est l'inspecteur général que nous attendons: le général comte N..., pair de France,» dit-il enfin d'un air sec et hautain, et sans avoir l'air d'adresser précisément la parole à Lucien.

Celui-ci regarda le capitaine froidement et comme simplement excité par le bruit; la bouche de ce héros faisait une moue effroyable, son front était plissé avec une haute importance. Il ajouta après une minute de silence, en fronçant de plus en plus le sourcil:

«--C'est le fameux comte N... qui fit cette belle charge à Austerlitz. Sa voiture va passer. Le colonel, qui n'est pas gauche, a laissé le mot aux postillons de la dernière poste. L'un d'eux vient d'arriver au galop prévenir. Les lanciers ne doivent pas fermer les rangs; ça aurait l'air d'être prévenu. Mais voyez comme ils sont bien à cheval, et la bonne idée que le vieux N... va prendre de l'instruction du régiment. Voilà des hommes qui semblent nés à cheval, quoi!»

Lucien eut honte de la façon dont marchait la rosse qu'on lui avait donnée; il lui fit sentir l'éperon; elle fit un écart, et fut sur le point de tomber. Cinq minutes après on entendit le bruit d'une voiture. C'était le fameux comte N..., chargé cette année de l'inspection de la 25e division militaire, qui passait au milieu de la route entre les deux files de lanciers.

Au moment où sa voiture passait sur le pont-levis de Nancy, chef-lieu de cette division, sept coups de canon annoncèrent au public ce grand événement.

Les coups de canon remontèrent dans les cieux l'âme de Lucien.

Deux sentinelles furent placées à la porte de l'inspecteur, et le lieutenant général Thérance, commandant la division, lui fit demander s'il voulait le recevoir sur-le-champ ou le lendemain.

«--Sur-le-champ, parbleu; est-ce qu'il croit que je couillonne?» dit le vieux général.

Project Gutenberg's *Lucien Leeuwen ou l'Amarante et le Noir*, by Stendhal

Dictionary of National Biography, 1885-1900, Volume 52

Shuttlewood, John

by Alexander Gordon Shuttleworth

SHUTTLEWOOD, JOHN (1632–1689), nonconformist tutor, was born at Wymeswold, Leicestershire, on 3 Jan. 1631–2. He was educated at a grammar school, and, having been approved by the Wirksworth classis, was ordained on 26 April 1654 as minister of Ravenstone, Leicestershire, a rectory which he seems to have held with the perpetual curacy of Hugglescote, being ejected from both in 1662. He removed to the borders of Northamptonshire, and became a persistent preacher at conventicles in both counties, changing his residence several times to avoid arrest. In January 1669 he was committed to Leicester gaol by William Streete, a county magistrate, on the charge of not attending his parish church, but was set free on 24 Feb. He was again arrested in 1670 at Theddingworth, Leicestershire; in 1672 (though he held a license under the indulgence of that year); and in 1674, while residing at Lubbenham, Leicestershire. On these occasions he escaped with heavy fines. His main assailant was Quartermaster Charles Gibbons, who was drowned at Lutterworth in December 1675.

Notwithstanding his troubles, Shuttlewood contrived to conduct an academy for the education of nonconformist ministers, and has been claimed as the pioneer in this enterprise; but it is not proved or probable that he anticipated Richard Frankland [q. v.], whose academy was opened in March 1670. There is no adequate list of Shuttlewood's students, but their number was considerable. Among them were Matthew Clarke the younger [q. v.], Thomas Emlyn [q. v.], Joshua Oldfield, D.D. [q. v.], and John Sheffield [q. v.] He had the reputation of learning as well as of ability, yet Emlyn's account is that he had 'very few books, and them chiefly of one sort.' The chief seat of his academy and of his preaching was Sulby, an extra-parochial district near Welford, Northamptonshire. He died at Creaton, Northamptonshire, on 17 March 1688–9, and was buried in the parish churchyard, where his tombstone bore a Latin inscription. He married, on 26 April 1652, Elizabeth (d. 3 July 1705, aged 70), daughter of Humphrey Carter of Draycot, Derbyshire. His only son, John Shuttlewood (1667–1737), independent minister at Mill Yard, Goodman's Fields, London, left issue, of whom Hannah married, in 1744, Thomas Gibbons [q. v.]

[Calamy's Account, 1713, pp. 423 sq.; Calamy's Continuation, 1727, ii. 587; Memoirs of Emlyn, 1746, p. vi; Protestant Dissenter's Magazine, 1795, p. 490; Palmer's Nonconformist's Memorial, 1802, ii. 395 sq., 477 (account by Gibbons from Shuttlewood's papers); Toulmin's Historical View, 1814, pp. 239, 586; James's History of Litigation respecting Presbyterian Chapels, 1867, p. 691.]

1911 Encyclopædia Britannica, Volume 9

Epigraphy

EPIGRAPHY (Gr. *ἔπος*, on, and *γράφειν*, to write), a term used to denote (1) the study of inscriptions collectively, and (2) the science connected with the classification and explanation of inscriptions. It is sometimes employed, too, in a more contracted sense, to denote the palaeography, in inscriptions. Generally, it is that part of archaeology which has to do with inscriptions engraved on stone, metal or other permanent material (not, however, coins, which come under the heading Numismatics).

See Inscriptions; Palaeography.

THINGS MOTHER USED TO MAKE

By

LYDIA MARIA GURNEY

A COLLECTION OF OLD TIME RECIPES, SOME NEARLY ONE
HUNDRED YEARS OLD AND NEVER PUBLISHED BEFORE

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INTRODUCTION

The Things Mother Used To Make consist of old fashioned recipes, which have been for the most part handed down by word of mouth from one generation to another, extending over a period of nearly one hundred years. The author, a New England woman, has during her life tested out in her own kitchen the greater part of these recipes, which represent the best cookery of those times.

This material was originally published in Suburban Life, where it obtained such recognition as seemed to warrant its preservation in book form. The original material has accordingly been amplified, and it is

here presented as one of the volumes in the series of Countryside Manuals.

Frank A. Arnold

New York

September 15, 1913

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=BREADS=

=Bannocks=

1 Cupful of Thick Sour Milk 1/2 Cupful of Sugar 1 Egg 2 Cupfuls of Flour 1/2 Cupful of Indian Meal 1 Teaspoonful of Soda A pinch of Salt

Make the mixture stiff enough to drop from a spoon. Drop mixture, size of a walnut, into boiling fat. Serve warm, with maple syrup.

=Boston Brown Bread=

1 Cupful of Rye Meal 1 Cupful of Graham Meal 1 Cupful of Indian Meal 1 Cupful of Sweet Milk 1 Cupful of Sour Milk 1 Cupful of Molasses 1 Teaspoonful of Salt 1 Heaping Teaspoonful of Soda

Stir the meals and salt together. Beat the soda into the molasses until it foams; add sour milk, mix all together and pour into a tin pail which has been well greased, if you have no brown-bread steamer.

Set the pail into a kettle of boiling water and steam three or four hours, keeping it tightly covered.

=Brown Bread (Baked)=

1 Cupful of Indian Meal 1 Cupful of Rye Meal 1/2 Cupful of Flour 1 Cupful of Molasses (scant) 1 Cupful of Milk or Water 1 Teaspoonful of Soda

Put the meals and flour together. Stir soda into molasses until it foams. Add salt and milk or water.

Mix all together. Bake in a tin pail with cover on for two and a half hours.

=Coffee Cakes=

When your dough for yeast bread is risen light and fluffy, cut off small pieces and roll as big as your finger, four inches long. Fold and twist to two inches long and fry in deep fat. Serve hot with coffee.

=Corn Meal Gems=

2 Cupfuls of Flour 1 Cupful of Corn Meal (bolted is best) 2 Cupfuls of Milk 2 Teaspoonfuls of Cream of Tartar 1 Teaspoonful of Baking Soda 1 Egg 1/2 Cupful of Sugar 1/2 Teaspoonful of Salt

Stir the flour and meal together, adding cream of tartar, soda, salt and sugar. Beat the egg, add the milk to it, and stir into the other ingredients. Bake in a gem-pan twenty minutes.

=Cream of Tartar Biscuits=

1 Pint of Flour 2 Teaspoonfuls of Cream of Tartar 1 Teaspoonful of Soda 1/2 Teaspoonful of Salt 1 Tablespoonful of Lard

Stir cream of tartar, soda, salt and lard into the flour; mix with milk or water, handling as little as possible. Roll and cut into rounds. Baking-powder can be used in place of soda and cream of tartar.

=Crullers=

Use the recipe for doughnuts, adding one egg and a little more butter. Roll a small piece of the dough to the size of your finger, and eight inches long, double it, and twist the two rolls together. Fry in boiling fat.

=Delicious Dip Toast=

Cut slices of bread, one-half inch thick; toast each side to a delicate brown. Dip these into hot, salted milk, letting them remain until soft. Lay them on a platter and spread a little butter over each slice.

Take one quart of milk more or less according to size of family; heat in a double boiler, salt to taste. Wet two tablespoonfuls of flour with a little water; stir until smooth, and pour into the milk when boiling. Make this of the consistency of rich cream; add a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and pour over the toasted bread. Serve hot.

=Doughnuts=

1 Egg 1 Cupful of Milk 1 and 1/3 Cupfuls of Sugar 2 Teaspoonfuls of Cream of Tartar 1 Teaspoonful of Soda Piece of Butter the Size of a Walnut 1/4 Teaspoonful of Cinnamon or Nutmeg Salt, and Flour enough to roll soft

Beat the egg and sugar together and add the milk and butter. Stir the soda and cream of tartar into the flour, dry; mix all together, with the flour and salt. Cut into rings and fry in deep fat. Lay them on brown paper when you take them from the fat.

=Fried Bread=

After frying pork or bacon, put into the fat slices of stale bread. As it fries, pour over each slice a little milk or water and salt to taste, turn and fry on the opposite side. This is a very appetizing dish.

=German Toast=

1 Cupful of Milk 1 Egg Pinch of Salt 4 or 5 Slices of Bread

Beat together one egg, one cupful of milk, and a little salt. Dip slices of stale bread into this mixture, and fry on a griddle in butter or pork fat. Serve hot with butter and maple syrup.

=Soft Gingerbread=

1 Cupful of Molasses 1 Cupful of Sour Milk 1/2 Cupful of Butter or Lard 1 Teaspoonful of Ginger 1 Teaspoonful of Soda 1/2 Teaspoonful of Salt

Stir the soda into the molasses until it foams, add sour milk, ginger, salt and melted butter. Last of all, add flour enough for quite a stiff batter, and bake. This makes one sheet.

=Huckleberry Cake=

Pick over and wash and flour well one cupful of fresh huckleberries. Add these to the batter for soft gingerbread. Serve hot, with butter.

=Quick Graham Bread=

1 Pint of Graham Meal 1/2 Cupful of Molasses 1 Cupful of Sour Milk 1 Teaspoonful of Soda 1 Teaspoonful of Salt

Stir soda into the molasses, add sour milk and salt; add all to the meal, beating well. Sweet milk will do with a little less soda. Bake thirty minutes, or according to heat of the oven. A moderate oven is best.

=Graham Bread (raised over night)=

3 Cupfuls of Flour 3 Cupfuls of Graham Meal 3 Tablespoonfuls of Sugar 1 Tablespoonful of Lard 1 Teaspoonful of Salt 1 Yeast Cake

Mix flour and meal together and rub in lard, sugar and salt. Add yeast cake which has been dissolved in one-half cup of cold water. Mix with warm water at night. Set in a warm place to rise. In the morning stir and let rise to twice its bulk. Knead and put in baking pans. Raise again and bake forty-five minutes.

=Graham Muffins=

1 Pint of Graham Flour 1/2 Cupful of Molasses 1 Teaspoonful of Salt 1/2 Pint of White Flour 1 Teaspoonful of Soda

Put the salt into the flour and soda into the molasses. Stir all together and mix with milk or water. Drop into muffin tins and bake twenty minutes.

=Sour Milk Griddle Cakes=

2 Cupfuls of Sour Milk 2 Teaspoonfuls of Soda 1 Teaspoonful of Salt

Stir the soda and salt into the milk and add flour enough to make thin batter. Fry on a well-greased griddle. One spoonful for each cake. Serve hot with butter and maple syrup.

=Sweet Milk Griddle Cakes=

1 Egg 1 Pint of Sweet Milk 2 Level Teaspoonfuls of Cream of Tartar 1 Level Teaspoonful of Soda
Pinch of Salt Flour enough for thin batter

Mix soda and cream of tartar with flour. Beat the egg, add milk and stir into flour. Fry in small cakes on a griddle.

=Jenny Lind Tea Cake=

3 Cupfuls of Flour 1/2 Cupful of Sugar 1 Egg 1 Teaspoonful of Soda 1 Tablespoonful of Melted Butter
2 Teaspoonfuls of Cream of Tartar

Stir salt, soda and cream of tartar into the dry flour. Beat the egg, add sugar and butter, stir into the flour and mix with enough milk to make batter as thick as a cake. Bake in a moderate oven. To be eaten hot with butter.

=Real Johnny Cake=

2 Cupfuls of Flour 1 Cupful of Yellow Meal 4 Tablespoonfuls of Sugar 1 Teaspoonful of Salt 1
Teaspoonful of Cream of Tartar 1/2 Teaspoonful of Soda or 2 Teaspoonfuls of Baking-powder

Add enough milk or water to make a thin batter, and bake.

=New England Buns=

1 Cupful of Milk 1 and 1/3 Cupfuls of Sugar 2/3 Cupful of Butter or Lard 1/2 Cupful of Currants 1
Teaspoonful of Extract of Lemon 1/4 Teaspoonful of Soda 1/2 Teaspoonful of Salt 1 Yeast Cake Flour
enough for Soft Dough

Dissolve the yeast in a half-cupful of cold water. Scald the milk and, when nearly cold, add the yeast, half the sugar, and flour enough to make a thin batter; let it rise to twice its bulk. When light and foamy, add the rest of the ingredients; sprinkle a little flour over the currants, stir the soda into the flour, using flour enough to make stiff dough. Set again, then roll, cut with a cooky-cutter, about an inch thick, and let rise again. Bake in a moderate oven twenty-five minutes. Mix in the morning, if wanted for the evening meal. When done, brush over the top, while warm, with equal parts of milk and molasses.

=Nut Bread=

2 1/2 Cupfuls of Flour 3 Teaspoonfuls of Baking-powder 1/4 Teaspoonful of Salt 1/2 Cupful of Sugar 1
Egg 1 Cupful of Milk 3/4 Cupful of English Walnut Meats, chopped fine

Beat egg and sugar together, then add milk and salt. Sift the baking-powder into the dry flour, and put all the ingredients together. Add the nuts last, covering with a little flour, to prevent falling, and bake in a moderate oven one hour.

=Oatmeal Bread=

2 Cupfuls of Rolled Oats 3 1/2 Cupfuls of Boiling Water 1/2 Cupful of Molasses 1 Yeast Cake Pinch of
Salt

Let the rolled oats and boiling water stand until cool, then add the molasses, salt, and yeast cake which has been dissolved in cold water. Stir in flour enough to make a stiff dough. Let it rise over night. In the morning, stir it down and let it rise again. Mold into loaves and let rise again.

Bake forty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

This will make three small loaves.

=Parker House Rolls=

1 Quart of Flour 1 Tablespoonful of Lard 3 Tablespoonfuls of Sugar 1 Teaspoonful of Salt 1/2 Pint of Milk 1 Yeast Cake

Scald the milk. When nearly cold add the yeast cake which has been dissolved in one-half cup of cold water. Rub into the flour, the lard, sugar and salt. Stir all together with a knife and knead. Let rise to twice its bulk and knead. Let rise again and knead. Roll half an inch thick, cut into rounds, spread with butter and double over. Rise again, bake twenty minutes in a hot oven. Mix at ten o'clock in the morning if wanted for supper, a little earlier in cold weather.

=Popovers=

1 Egg 1 Cupful of Milk 1 Cupful of Flour

Beat the egg, and stir flour and milk in slowly, a little flour, then a little milk. Salt a little. This will make a very thin batter. Drop into well-buttered muffin pan, bake in a very hot oven and serve with hot sauce for a pudding, or eat with butter.

=Rye Muffins=

2 Cupfuls of Flour 1 Cupful of Rye Meal 3 Tablespoonfuls of Sugar 1 Teaspoonful of Salt 1/3 Cupful of Yeast or 1 Yeast Cake dissolved in Water

Mix with warm water at night. In the morning add one-quarter teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of boiling water; stir well. Bake in a gem-pan for twenty or thirty minutes.

=Breakfast Sally Lunn=

1 Egg 1 Quart of Flour Piece of Butter the size of an Egg 4 Tablespoonfuls of Sugar 2 Teacupfuls of Milk 2 Teaspoonfuls of Cream of Tartar 1 Teaspoonful of Soda A little Salt

Mix salt, sugar, cream of tartar and soda, with the flour. Beat the egg, stir into it the melted butter and milk. Stir all together and bake in a muffin pan, fifteen or twenty minutes.

=Sour Milk Biscuits=

1 Pint of Flour 1 Teaspoonful of Lard 1 Teaspoonful of Soda 1 Teaspoonful of Salt 1 Cupful of Sour Milk

Put lard and salt into the flour and soda with the sour milk. Mix together, roll thin and cut into rounds. Bake twenty minutes.

=Spider Cake=

2 Cupfuls of Bread Flour 1/3 Cupful of Lard 2 Teaspoonfuls of Cream of Tartar 1 Teaspoonful of Soda
1 Teaspoonful of Salt

Put the soda, salt and cream of tartar into the dry flour. Rub in the lard and mix with water into a soft dough. Roll to the size of the spider or griddle. When the spider is hot and well greased with lard, lay on the cake and cover. Bake ten minutes on one side, then ten on the other. This can be made quickly without waiting for the oven to heat. Serve hot with butter.

=White Bread=

3 Cupfuls of Flour 3 Teaspoonfuls of Sugar 1 Teaspoonful of Lard 1 Pinch of Salt 1/2 Yeast Cake

Rub sugar, salt and lard into the flour. Dissolve the yeast in half a cupful of cold water. Put all together and mix to a stiff dough with milk or water, at night. In the morning, push it down and let rise again. Then knead and place in a pan. Let it rise to twice its bulk and bake thirty minutes.

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=CAKES=

=Filled Cookies=

1 Cupful of Sugar 1/2 Cupful of Butter or Lard 1 Cupful of Milk 3 1/2 Cupfuls of Flour 2 Teaspoonfuls of Cream of Tartar 1 Teaspoonful of Soda 1 Tablespoonful of Vanilla

Roll thin and cut with a cooky-cutter.

=Filling for Cookies=

1 Cupful of Chopped Raisins 1/2 Cupful of Sugar 1/2 Cupful of Water 1 Teaspoonful of Flour

Cook this until thick, being careful not to burn it. Place cookies in a well-buttered pan, spread on a teaspoonful of the filling and cover with another cooky. Bake in a moderate oven.

=Sugar Cookies=

1 Cupful of Sugar 1/2 Cupful of Butter 2 Tablespoonfuls of Milk 1 Egg 2 Teaspoonfuls of Cream of Tartar 1 Teaspoonful of Soda 1 Teaspoonful of Lemon Extract Flour enough to roll

Beat the butter, sugar and egg together, add the milk, stir the cream of tartar and soda into the flour dry. Stir all together and roll.

=Cream Cake=

2 Eggs 1 Cupful of Cream (sour preferred) 1 Cupful of Sugar 2 Cupfuls of Flour 1 Teaspoonful of Soda

1/2 Teaspoonful of Salt Flavor with Lemon

Stir the soda into the cream; beat the eggs; add sugar, salt, flour and cream; last of all, the flavoring.

=Delicious Cake without Eggs=

1 Cupful of Thick, Sour Milk 1 Cupful of Sugar 1/2 Cupful of Butter 2 Cupfuls of Flour 1 Cupful of Chopped Raisins Pinch of Salt 1 Teaspoonful of Soda 1 Teaspoonful of Cinnamon 1/2 Teaspoonful each of Cloves and Nutmeg

Stir the soda into the sour milk, add melted butter and sugar, salt and spices. Put the flour over the raisins and stir all together. This will make one loaf or twelve little cakes in gem-pans.

=Feather Cake=

2 Cupfuls of Sugar 3 Eggs Butter the size of an Egg 1 Teaspoonful of Cream of Tartar 1/2 Teaspoonful of Soda 3 Cupfuls of Flour Flavor with Almond Beat fifteen minutes

Cream together the butter and sugar. Add the well-beaten eggs, then the milk. Beat together. Put soda and cream of tartar into the flour, dry. Stir all together with the flavoring. This will make two small loaves.

=Old-time Gingersnaps=

1 Cupful of Molasses 1/2 Cupful of Butter or Lard 1 Teaspoonful of Soda 1 Teaspoonful of Ginger

Boil the molasses five minutes. Remove from the fire, and add soda, butter and ginger. When cooled a little, stir in the flour until thick enough to roll, then roll thin as a postage-stamp. Cut with a cooky-cutter, and bake in a hot oven, being careful not to burn. Shut in a tin pail. These will keep for a long time.

=Gold Cake=

1 Cupful of Sugar 1/2 Cupful of Butter Yolks of 4 Eggs Whites of 1 Egg 1/2 Cupful of Milk 1/2 Teaspoonful of Cream of Tartar 1/4 Teaspoonful of Soda 1-3/4 Cupfuls of Flour Flavoring

Cream butter and sugar together. Add the well-beaten eggs, milk, flavoring and flour into which the cream of tartar and soda have been stirred. Bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven.

=Hermits=

1 Cupful of Sugar 1/2 Cupful of Molasses 2/3 Cupful of Butter 2 Eggs 1 Cupful of Raisins, Chopped Fine 2 Tablespoonfuls of Milk 1 Teaspoonful of Soda 1 Teaspoonful of Cinnamon 1 Teaspoonful of Nutmeg 1/2 Teaspoonful of Cloves Flour enough to roll

Cream the butter and sugar together, beat the eggs, add to the butter and sugar, then stir in the molasses, milk and spices. Add the raisins which have been covered with flour, and, last of all, the flour into which the dry soda has been sifted. Roll thin and cut with cooky-cutter.

=Jumbles=

2 Cupfuls of Sugar 1 Cupful of Butter 1/2 Cupful of Milk 2 Eggs 1 Teaspoonful of Soda 2 Teaspoonfuls of Cream of Tartar 1 Teaspoonful of Lemon Flour enough to roll

Cream together the butter and sugar. Stir into the well-beaten egg. Add milk. Stir cream of tartar and soda into the flour, dry. Beat all together and flavor. Cut into rings and bake in a well-greased pan.

=Nut Cake=

1 Cupful of Sugar 1/2 Cupful of Butter 1/2 Cupful of Milk 2 Eggs 2 Cupfuls of Flour 1 Teaspoonful of Cream of Tartar 1/2 Teaspoonful of Soda 1 Cupful of Hickory Nut Meats, or English Walnuts

Cream the butter and sugar together, then add the well-beaten eggs and milk and put the soda and cream of tartar into the flour. Stir all together, adding nut meats, covered with flour, last.

=Oatmeal Cookies=

2 Eggs 1 Cupful of Sugar 1 1/2 Cupfuls of Oatmeal or Rolled Oats 2/3 Cupful of Cocoanut 1/4 Teaspoonful of Salt 1/2 Teaspoonful of Vanilla 2 Tablespoonfuls of Butter

Cream the butter and sugar together and add the well-beaten eggs. Add the remainder of the ingredients and drop on a well-greased baking-pan. Bake in a moderate oven, from fifteen to twenty minutes.

=One, Two, Three, Four Cake=

1 Cupful of Butter 2 Cupfuls of Sugar 3 Cupfuls of Flour 4 Eggs 2/3 Cupful of Milk 2 Teaspoonfuls of Cream of Tartar 1 Teaspoonful of Soda

Cream the butter and sugar together and add the well-beaten eggs; beat all and add milk; beat again. Sift the cream of tartar and the soda into the flour; stir all together. Bake in a slow oven. This will make two loaves.

=Ribbon Cake=

3 Eggs 2 Cupfuls of Sugar 2/3 Cupful of Butter 1 Cupful of Milk 3 Cupfuls of Flour 1 Teaspoonful of Cream of Tartar 1 Tablespoonful of Molasses A little Salt and flavor, Lemon or Almond 1 Large Cupful of Raisins 1/4 Pound of Citron 1 Teaspoonful of Cinnamon and Cloves A little Nutmeg 1/2 Teaspoonful of Soda

Cream the butter and sugar together, and add the well-beaten eggs and the milk. Mix the salt, soda and cream of tartar, with the flour. Stir all together. Put half of this mixture into two oblong pans. To the remainder add one tablespoonful of molasses, one large cupful of raisins, stoned and chopped, a quarter of a pound of citron sliced thin, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and cloves, a little nutmeg, and one tablespoonful of flour. Bake in two pans of the same size as used for the first half. Put the sheets together while warm, alternately, with jelly between.

=Roll Jelly Cake=

4 Eggs 1 Cupful of Sugar 1 Cupful of Flour 1 Teaspoonful of Cream of Tartar 1/2 Teaspoonful of Soda
Pinch of Salt 1 Teaspoonful of Extract of Lemon

Beat together eggs and sugar, add salt and extract. Stir into the dry flour the soda and cream of tartar.
Mix all together. Bake in a moderate oven, in a large pan, and turn out, when done, on a clean towel,
which has been sprinkled with powdered sugar. Spread with jelly and roll while warm.

=Silver Cake=

1 Cupful of Sugar 1/3 Cupful of Butter 2 Cupfuls of Flour Whites of 3 Eggs 1/2 Cupful of Milk 1 Scant
Teaspoonful of Cream of Tartar 1/2 Teaspoonful of Soda Almond Flavoring

Cream together the butter and sugar, add milk and flavoring. Stir cream of tartar and soda into dry
flour. Last of all add whites of eggs, beaten to a stiff froth. To make a very good cake, the butter and
sugar should be creamed with the hand. Citron also makes it very nice.

=Sponge Cake, No.1=

3 Eggs 1 1/2 Cupfuls of Sugar 1/2 Cupful of Water Pinch of Salt 1 1/2 Cupfuls of Flour 1 Teaspoonful
of Cream of Tartar 1/2 Teaspoonful of Soda

Beat eggs and sugar together, add water and salt, then put soda and cream of tartar into the dry flour.
Beat all together. Bake slowly.

=Sponge Cake, No. 2, Grandmother's Rule=

4 Eggs Pinch of Salt 1 Cupful of Sugar 1 Cupful of Flour 1 Teaspoonful of Baking-powder

Beat the eggs ten minutes, add sugar, and beat again. Then add the flour, into which has been stirred the
baking-powder. Stir all together and flavor. Bake in a moderate oven.

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=SOME OLD-FASHIONED CANDIES=

=Chocolate Taffy=

1 1/2 Cupfuls of Molasses 1 1/2 Cupfuls of Sugar 1/2 Cupful of Milk 2 Squares of Chocolate 1 Small
Teaspoonful of Flour Butter the size of a Walnut

Stir the sugar, flour and grated chocolate into the molasses and milk.

When hot add the butter. Boil until it strings. Pour into buttered tin.

When nearly cold mark into squares.

=Molasses Candy=

2 Cupfuls of Molasses 2 Teaspoonfuls of Vinegar Butter the size of a Walnut 1/4 Teaspoonful of Soda

Put the molasses, vinegar and butter into a saucepan. Boil until it strings when dropped from a spoon,
or until it is brittle when dropped into cold water. Stir the soda in briskly and pour into a buttered tin.
When nearly cold, pull until nearly white. Cut into small pieces or sticks and lay on buttered platter.

=Butter Scotch=

1/2 Cupful of Molasses 1/2 Cupful of Sugar 1/2 Cupful of Butter

Boil until it strings. Pour into buttered tin and when cold break into pieces. This is very nice when cooled on snow.

=Pop Corn Balls (very old recipe)=

1 Cupful of Molasses Piece of Butter, half the size of an Egg

Boil together until it strings and then stir in a pinch of soda. Put this over a quart dish full of popped corn. When cool enough to handle squeeze into balls the size of an orange.

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=DESSERTS=

=Apple Tarts=

Roll rich pie crust thin as for pies. Cut into rounds, pinch up the edge half an inch high and place in muffin rings. Put into each one a tablespoonful of apple sauce and bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes. Beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth and add two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Drop a spoonful on the top of each and brown quickly in a hot oven.

=Baked Apples, No. 1=

Take good, sour apples; greenings are best. Scoop out the cores, wash and place in a baking-pan. Fill the hole with sugar, and a tablespoonful for each apple besides. Pour over these a generous supply of cold water. Bake in a hot oven, until light and fluffy. These make a delicious dessert, if served with cream.

=Baked Apples, No. 2=

Wash, core and quarter sour apples. Put them into an earthen crock. Cover with cold water adding a cup and a half of sugar to six apples, or sweeten to taste. Bake three or four hours, until they are a dark amber color.

=Baked Sweet Apples=

Wash clean, fair, sweet apples. Put these into a baking-pan, with a little cold water and a half-cup of molasses, if four to six apples are used. Bake slowly until you can stick a fork through them. Years ago, people ate these, with crackers and milk. Baked apples and milk was a favorite dish.

=Baked Apple Dumplings=

Take rich pie crust, roll thin as for pie and cut into rounds as large as a tea plate. Pare and slice fine, one small apple for each dumpling. Lay the apple on the crust, sprinkle on a tiny bit of sugar and nutmeg, turn edges of crust over the apple and press together. Bake in a hot oven for twenty minutes. Serve hot

with cold sauce.

=Fried Apples=

Pare and slice apples and fry in hot fat. When removed from the fire, sprinkle over them a little sugar. Bananas are nice cooked in the same way.

=Bramberries=

Crust 1 1/2 Cupfuls of Flour 1/2 Cupful of Lard (scant) 1 Teaspoonful of Salt Just enough Water to wet smooth

Filling 1 Cupful of Raisins 1 Cracker 1 Lemon 2/3 Cupful of Sugar 1 Egg A Little Salt

Beat the egg, add sugar, salt, lemon juice and grated rind. Roll cracker fine, chop raisins and mix all together. Roll the crust thin, cut into rounds. Put a spoonful of filling between two rounds and pinch the edges together. Prick top crust with fork. Bake in iron pan for twenty minutes.

=Cream Puffs=

1 Cupful of Hot Water 1/2 Cupful of Butter 1 Cupful of Flour 1 Pinch of Salt and Baking Soda 3 Eggs

Put the water and butter, into a dish on the stove.

When boiling, stir in the dry flour, into which you have put the salt and soda. Stir until smooth and thick. When nearly cool, add three eggs, one at a time. Drop on a buttered pan and bake twenty minutes in a hot oven. This will make twelve cakes. When they are cold, make a slit in the side with a sharp knife, and fill with whipped cream or the following mixture:

One pint of milk, one egg, two-thirds of a cupful of sugar, one large spoonful of flour. Beat the egg, sugar, flour, and a little salt together till smooth and stir into the boiling milk. Flavor with lemon.

=Floating Island=

1 Quart of Milk 4 Eggs 1 Cupful of Sugar 1 Teaspoonful of Cornstarch 1 Teaspoonful of Vanilla Pinch of Salt

Put the milk on the stove and heat to nearly the boiling point. Whip whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and drop them by spoonfuls into the hot milk for a few minutes to cook. With a skimmer remove these islands to a platte. Beat the yolks of the egg with sugar, salt and cornstarch. Stir into the milk until it boils. Flavor and cool. Turn into a glass dish and lay the "islands" on top of the custard. Serve cold.

=Huckleberry Dumplings=

2 Cupfuls of Flour 2 Teaspoonfuls of Cream of Tartar 1 Teaspoonful of Soda 1/2 Teaspoonful of Salt 1 Teaspoonful of Lard

Mix ingredients together with water until thick enough to roll. Cut into rounds an inch thick as for biscuits. Boil one quart of huckleberries in one-half pint of water and one-half cupful of sugar. Drop in

the dumplings. Boil for twenty minutes. Serve with cold sauce or cream and sugar.

=Coffee Jelly=

1 Small Box of Gelatine 1 Pint of Strong Coffee 1 Cupful of Sugar 1 Scant Quart of Boiling Water
Flavor with Vanilla

Soak the gelatine in cold water for fifteen minutes. Stir into the coffee and add sugar, salt and water, then vanilla. Pour into a mould and set away to cool. Serve with sweetened whipped cream.

=Lemon Jelly=

1/2 Box of Gelatine 1/2 Cupful of Cold Water 1-1/2 Cupfuls of Boiling Water 1 Cupful of Sugar 3
Lemons

Soak gelatine in the cold water for half an hour. Add boiling water, sugar and juice of lemons. Stir well and strain into mould or small cups.

=Strawberry Shortcake, No. 1=

1 Pint of Flour 1/3 Cupful of Lard A little Salt Milk enough to make a stiff dough 1 Box of
Strawberries 2 Teaspoonfuls of Cream of Tartar 1 Teaspoonful of Soda

Put the salt, soda, lard and cream of tartar, into the dry flour, mix with milk (water will do), divide into halves and roll large enough for a Washington pie tin. Spread butter over one, lay the other on top, bake twenty minutes. Hull and wash and mash the berries and sweeten to taste. Separate the two cakes, butter, and place the berries between. Serve hot.

=Strawberry Shortcake, No. 2=

1 Tablespoonful of Butter 2/3 Cupful of Sugar 1 Egg 1/2 Cupful of Milk 1 Teaspoonful of Cream of
Tartar 1/2 Teaspoonful of Soda 1 Box of Strawberries 1 Cupful of Cream

Cream together the butter and sugar and add the well-beaten egg and milk. Stir the cream of tartar and soda into the dry flour and beat all together. Bake in two Washington pie tins. Hull, wash, mash and sweeten to taste, the berries. Put half of these between the two loaves, the other half on top, with whipped cream on top of all.

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EGGS

=To Boil Eggs=

Put your eggs into a bowl which can be sent to the table. Pour boiling water over them and let stand eight or ten minutes. It is essential that the water be boiling. This way of boiling eggs, though so simple, is going out of fashion, unfortunately, as it makes a wonderful difference in the appearance of the egg when broken open, and above all, in its digestibility. Eggs should never be boiled in any other way for invalids.

=Eggs on Toast=

Toast as many slices of bread as desired. Butter well and pour over these just enough salted water to soften. Have ready a dish of boiling water. Stir it round and round with a spoon or fork, break the egg and drop into this swirling water. Remove from the water in from four to six minutes, as preferred, and place one on each slice of bread. Serve hot, with a dash of pepper, if liked.

=Plain Omelette=

2 Eggs 2 Teaspoonfuls of Water Pinch of Salt

Beat whites and yolks separately. Put together, salt, and add water. Pour onto a hot buttered frying pan and fry one side until it is puffed up, then turn half over and serve at once.

=Ham Omelette=

Make a plain omelette and add two-thirds of a cupful of chopped boiled ham. Pour into the hot frying pan and cook both sides.

=New England Poached Eggs=

4 Eggs 8 Tablespoonfuls of Milk Butter the size of a Walnut 1/2 Teaspoonful of Salt

Break the eggs into a sauce pan with milk, salt and butter. Cook until they thicken, stirring constantly. Remove from fire before it wheys. Serve hot with a dash of pepper.

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=FISH=

=Clam Fritters=

1 Egg 1 Cupful of Milk 1 Cupful of Bread-flour and a Little Salt

Beat the egg and half the milk, adding the flour gradually, to make the batter smooth. Salt, and add the last half-cupful of milk. Put one clam into one teaspoonful of batter and drop into boiling lard. Serve hot.

=Fish Balls=

1 Cupful of Hot Mashed Potatoes 1/2 Cupful of Shredded Cod-fish 2 Teaspoonfuls of Melted Butter 2 Tablespoonfuls of Milk

Put the fish into a piece of cheese-cloth, let cold water run over it, and squeeze dry. Mix ingredients all together. Take a little flour in the hand and roll half a tablespoonful of the mixture between the palms, to the size of a small peach. Fry in deep fat.

=To Boil a Lobster=

Have a large kettle on the fire with plenty of boiling water, deep enough to cover the lobster well. Put

into this one cupful of salt, if you cannot get the sea-water. When the water is galloping, put in the lobster, head foremost, and keep it under water. Boil from twenty to thirty-five minutes according to size.

=To Dress Lobsters Cold=

Crack the shell of the claws carefully, remove the meat and place on a platter. Turn the lobster on its back, lay a heavy knife on the middle of the tail, all the way up to the body. Give it a gentle blow with a hammer, then with both hands turn back the shell and draw out the tail intact. Twist off the claws from the under side of the body and remove the body from the shell. Open and remove the stomach and sandbags. Open the tail in length, halfway through, on the under side, remove the black vein from the body to the end. Dress with parsley and serve.

=Baked Mackerel=

1 Mackerel 3 Small Slices of Salt Pork Salt to Taste

Split open the mackerel, remove head and insides, wash clean, and lay in a baking-pan on a well buttered paper or cheese-cloth, the skin side down. Spread over this slices of salt pork and a little salt. Bake in moderate oven for twenty minutes, or half an hour. This is much nicer than fried mackerel.

=Oysters on Toast=

Toast as many slices of bread as you require. Wipe enough oysters to cover them and season with pepper and salt. Put a little hot water over the bread and place in a very hot oven, until the edges of the oysters curl. Serve hot, with a white sauce.

=Baked Shad=

Make a nice dressing of five or six crackers, according to size of family (bread crumbs will do). Roll fine, or soak until soft in milk (water will do). Season to taste with poultry dressing, salt and add a small piece of butter. Wash the shad and stuff. Have a large sheet of white paper, well buttered, or a piece of cheese-cloth. Put into a baking-pan and set in the oven. Bake one hour. Spanish mackerel is fine baked in the same way.

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=MEAT DISHES=

=A La Mode Beef=

3 Pounds of Beef 6 Onions 4 or 5 White Turnips Potatoes Salt

Take three pounds of a cheap cut of beef. Wash, put into an iron pan, sprinkle over it salt to taste. Pare six onions, more or less, according to size of family, and prepare four or five small white turnips sliced thin. Lay these around the meat, and pour over all a quart of cold water. Put into the oven and bake three hours. Pare potatoes enough for the family, putting them in an hour and a half before serving. This is a most delicious way to cook beef. As the water cooks away, add more. Thicken the gravy, with flour wet with water, as you would with any roast meat.

=Beefsteak Pie=

2 Pounds of Beef (any cheap cut will do) 1 Onion 1 Tablespoonful of Salt

Cut the meat into small pieces; cover with cold water, salt and put into the oven; cut the onion into small pieces and add. Bake three hours in an earthen dish. Half an hour before serving, put over the top a crust, made of two cupfuls of flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and one tablespoonful of lard. Wet with water or milk, as for biscuits.

=Beef Stew with Dumplings=

3 Pounds of Shin-bone with Meat 6 Potatoes 2 Large Onions 1 Tablespoonful of Salt

Wash the meat, put into a kettle, cover with cold water and boil four hours. Add the salt, and more water, as it boils away. Pare the onions, wash and slice thin; put them in with the boiling meat, allowing two hours for cooking. Pare potatoes, wash, slice thin; put them in with the meat and onions, allowing three-quarters of an hour for cooking.

=Dumplings=

2 Heaping Cupfuls of Flour 2 Teaspoonfuls of Cream of Tartar 1 Teaspoonful of Baking Soda 1 Teaspoonful of Lard 1 Teaspoonful of Salt 1 Glass of Water

Roll out an inch thick and cut into round pieces. Put these on a wire plate, on top of the meat; cover and let boil twenty minutes. Lift them out, and thicken the stew with three dessertspoonfuls of flour, wet with a scant cup of water.

=New England Boiled Dinner=

This consists of corned beef, white and sweet potatoes, cabbage, beets, turnips, squash, parsnips and carrots. The quantity depends upon the size of the family. Eight pounds of meat is sufficient for a family of eight. Boil the meat four hours, the beets three hours, the cabbage one and a half hours, squash and turnips three-quarters of an hour. Boil these in one kettle, all together. Beets, carrots and parsnips should be boiled with the skin on. Pare the potatoes, pare and slice the squash and turnip. Pick the outer leaves from cabbage and cut in quarters. When done, pare parsnips and carrots. Drop the beets into cold water and slip the skin off with the hand.

=Brunswick Stew=

1 Chicken or 3 Pounds of Lamb 1 Onion 4 Potatoes 4 Ears of Corn Salt and Pepper 6 Tomatoes

Cook the chicken or lamb until tender in two quarts of water. Take from the water and chop fine. Put back in the liquor, add the corn, cut from the cob, tomatoes, onion, and potatoes all chopped, salt and pepper to taste. Cook two hours. In winter this can be made by using canned corn and tomatoes.

=How to Corn Beef=

A piece of fresh beef weighing seven or eight pounds is sufficient for a family of eight. Wash, clean and put it in an earthen dish, twenty-four hours before cooking. Cover with cold water, and add a cup and a

half of ice-cream salt. When ready to cook it, remove from the brine and wash, placing it in cold water. Cook four hours.

=Corn Beef Hash=

Corned Beef

Milk

Potatoes

Salt and Pepper

Lump of Butter

Chop the meat fine, add the same bulk of potatoes or a little more. Put into a saucepan or spider a lump of butter the size of an egg, and a few spoonfuls of milk or water. When bubbling, put in the meat and potatoes, and a little salt and pepper, if you like. Stir for a while, then let it stand ten or fifteen minutes, until a crust is formed at the bottom. Loosen from the pan with a cake-turner. Turn a warm platter over it. Turn pan and hash together quickly and serve. If you have a scant quantity, place it on slices of toasted bread, which have been buttered and wet with hot water.

=Breaded Pork Chops=

6 Chops 1 Cupful of Bread Crumbs 1 Egg Pinch of Salt 1/2 Cupful of Milk

Beat the egg and milk together, adding the salt. Dip the chops into this mixture, then into the crumbs. Fry in hot fat. Veal cutlets can be served in the same way.

=Potted Beef=

3 Pounds of a Cheap Cut of Beef 1/2 Can of Tomatoes Salt to taste 3 Onions

Put the meat into a kettle, cover with cold water and boil slowly for three or four hours. Add salt and onions, cut fine. Put the tomato through a colander. Boil all together, and, as the water boils away, add more. Serve the meat hot. The liquor makes a delicious soup, thickened with two tablespoonfuls of flour.

=A Fine Way to Cook Veal=

2 Pounds of Veal, or according to size of family

1 Egg

Bread Crumbs

Milk, Salt and Pepper

Cut the veal into small pieces, a good size for serving, and season with salt and pepper. Dip into the egg, which has been beaten light, then into the bread crumbs. Have a little pork fat (lard will do) in a frying-pan, and cook until brown. Set on the back of the stove and cook slowly for ten minutes. Cover with milk, and bake in the oven very slowly for one hour in a covered pan. The toughest veal, cooked in this way, will be as tender as chicken.

=Veal Patties=

1 1/2 Cupfuls of Boiled Rice 1 Cupful of Veal 1 Teaspoonful of Salt 1/2 Teaspoonful of Poultry Dressing 1 Egg 1 Tablespoonful of Milk

Grind or chop the veal, salt and stir into the rice with the dressing; beat the eggs, add milk, and stir all together. Drop a tablespoonful spread out thin on the griddle, and fry as you would griddle-cakes. Chicken, pork, or lamb may be used instead of veal.

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=MISCELLANEOUS=

=Boston Baked Beans=

Pick over and wash three cupfuls of small white beans; cover with cold water and soak over night. In the morning, put them on the stove, just to scald, not boil, in the same water. Pour off the water and put into an earthen bean-pot. Add seven teaspoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one half-pound of salt pork, fat and lean mixed. Cover with water, and bake from eight A.M. until six P.M. As the water boils away add more.

=A Breakfast Dish=

Take stale brown bread, no matter how dry, and boil until it is soft like pudding. Serve hot, with cream.

=Cracker Tea for Invalids=

Take four Boston crackers, split open, toast to a delicate brown on each side. Put these into a bowl, or earthen dish of some kind, pour over them a quart of boiling water. Let it stand on the back of the stove half an hour. When cold, give two or three teaspoonfuls to the patient. It is nourishing, and the stomach will retain it when absolutely nothing else can be taken.

=Crust Coffee=

Take the crusts, or any pieces of stale brown bread, and bake in the oven until hard and brown. Put them into an agate or earthen tea-pot, pour over them boiling water and boil ten or fifteen minutes. Strain and serve hot like any coffee, with cream and sugar.

=Grape Juice=

10 Pounds of Grapes 3 Pounds of Sugar 1 Cupful of Water

Pick from the stems, and wash clean, ten pounds of grapes. Put them on the stove in a kettle, with a little water, and cook until tender. Strain through a flannel bag. Do not squeeze it. Return juice to the kettle, add sugar, and boil for five minutes. Seal in glass jars when boiling hot. Slant the jars, when filling, to prevent cracking. When serving, add nearly the same amount of water.

=Mince Meat=

4 Cupfuls of Chopped Meat 12 Cupfuls of Chopped Apples 2 Cupfuls of Chopped Suet 1 Cupful of Vinegar 3 Cupfuls Seeded Raisins 1 Cupful of Currants 5 Cupfuls of Brown Sugar 1 1/2 Cupfuls of Molasses 6 Teaspoonfuls of Cinnamon 3 Teaspoonfuls of Cloves 1 Teaspoonful of Nutmeg 1/4 Pound of Citron Rind and Juice of One Lemon Butter the size of an Egg and Salt

Moisten with cold coffee or strong tea. Cook slowly two hours.

=Home-made Potato Yeast=

4 Good-Sized Potatoes 1 Quart of Boiling Water 2/3 Cupful of Sugar 1/3 Cupful of Salt 1 1/2 Cupfuls of Old Yeast

Boil, peel and mash the potatoes; add the boiling water, sugar and salt. If old yeast cannot be obtained, use one and one-half cakes of compressed yeast. Put this into a pitcher or dish which will hold three pints; place in a warm spot to rise; keep covered. Use two-thirds of a cupful to one quart of flour. This recipe has been in use over fifty years.

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=PICKLES=

=Pickled Cauliflower=

1 Cauliflower 2 Tablespoonfuls of Salt Cloves 1 Quart of Vinegar 1 Teaspoonful of Whole Cloves 1 Teaspoonful of White Mustard Seed

Pull the cauliflower into pieces, put into cold water with the salt, heat gradually and boil five minutes, then drain until dry. Put this into a glass jar. Boil the clove and mustard seed in the vinegar, and pour over the cauliflower, hot. Have it covered with vinegar. Seal while hot.

=Green Chopped Pickle, No. 1=

1 Peck of Green Tomatoes 6 Large Onions 4 Green Peppers 2 Red Peppers 2 Pounds of Brown Sugar 4 Bunches of Celery 3 Pints of Vinegar 2 Tablespoonfuls of Allspice 2 Tablespoonfuls of Whole Cloves 2 Sticks of Cinnamon

Put the tomatoes, onions and peppers through the meat-grinder, or chop fine, and sprinkle over them one cupful of salt. Let stand over night. In the morning drain off the water, put in the other ingredients and let come to the boiling point, then add one ten-cent bottle of horse-radish. Seal in jars having a glass top.

=Green Chopped Pickle, No. 2=

1 Peck of Green Tomatoes 2 Large Cauliflowers 1 Head of White Cabbage 3 Pounds of Sugar Vinegar 6 Red Peppers (Seeded) 5 Large Onions 1 Cupful of Salt 1/2 Ounce of White Mustard Seed 1/2 Ounce of Whole Cloves 1/2 Ounce of Celery Seed 1 Dessertspoonful of Ground Mace

Put through the meat-grinder, or chop, tomatoes, cauliflower, cabbage, onions, and peppers. Sprinkle over these one cupful of salt and let stand over night. In the morning drain off water, cover with vinegar, and add the other ingredients. Cook until tender.

=Chili Sauce, No. 1=

6 Ripe Tomatoes 1 Onion 4 Green Peppers 1 Tablespoonful of Sugar 1 Tablespoonful of Salt 1 1/2 Cupfuls of Vinegar

Chop, or put through the meat-grinder, tomatoes, peppers and onions, add sugar, salt and vinegar. Boil one hour and seal in jars.

=Chili Sauce, No. 2=

1 Quart of Ripe Tomatoes 1 Cupful of Cider Vinegar 1 Onion 1 Red Pepper 2 Teaspoonfuls of Salt 2 Teaspoonfuls of White Sugar

Chop, or put through the grinder, the onion and pepper, then add the other ingredients and cook one hour, uncovered.

=Chili Sauce, No. 3=

8 or 9 Large Ripe Tomatoes 1 Large Onion 2 Red Peppers 1 Teaspoonful of Cloves 1 Teaspoonful of Allspice 1 Nutmeg 1 Tablespoonful of Salt 2 Tablespoonfuls of Sugar 1 Teaspoonful of Ginger 1 Teaspoonful of Cinnamon 2 Small Cupfuls of Vinegar

Chop the onion and peppers fine, mix all together, and cook half an hour. Bottle while hot.

=Chow Chow, No. 1=

1/2 Peck Green Tomatoes 1 Large Head of Cabbage 6 Large Onions 1/2 Pint Grated Horseradish 1/4 Pound of White Mustard Seed 1/4 Cupful of Ground Black Pepper 1/2 Ounce of Celery Seed 2 Pounds of Brown Sugar 3 Quarts of Vinegar 1 Cupful of Salt

Chop or grind tomatoes, cabbage and onions, very fine and salt over night. Next day, drain off the brine, add vinegar and other ingredients, then mix well and put into glass jars. Do not cook.

=Chow Chow, No. 2=

1 Peck of Green Tomatoes 1 Cupful of Salt 6 Onions 6 Peppers 1 Cupful of Sugar Vinegar enough to cover 1 Tablespoonful of Cinnamon 1 Tablespoonful of Cloves 1 Tablespoonful of Allspice 1 Even Spoonful of Ginger

Cut the tomatoes, onions and peppers into small pieces. Put the salt over them and let stand over night. Drain off the liquor the next day and throw it away. Mix all together, cover with vinegar and simmer until tender. Seal in glass jars.

=Cold Catsup=

1 Peck of Ripe Tomatoes 2 Tablespoonfuls of Salt 1 Teacupful of White Mustard Seed 2 Teacupfuls of Chopped or Ground Onions 1 Teacupful of Sugar 2 Tablespoonfuls of Pepper 4 Red Peppers 8 Celery Stalks, or 2 Ounces of Celery Seed 2 Teaspoonfuls of Ground Cloves 3 Pints of Vinegar

Drain the tomatoes well before mixing. Mix together, let stand a few hours and it is ready for use.

=Corn Relish=

18 Ears of Corn 1 Onion 1 Cabbage 1/4 Pound of Mustard 1 Pint of Vinegar 4 Cupfuls of Sugar 1/2 Cupful of Salt 2 Peppers

Cut the corn from the cob, chop onion, peppers and cabbage, add sugar, salt and vinegar, and cook slowly three-quarters of an hour. Ten minutes before taking from the fire, add a very scant fourth of a pound of dissolved mustard. Seal in glass jars.

=Home-Made Cucumber Pickles=

Take enough small cucumbers to fill four one-quart jars; wash and sprinkle over them one cupful of table salt; let them remain over night; in the morning, wash and pack in the jars. Add one teaspoonful of whole cloves, one teaspoonful of whole allspice, one teaspoonful of white mustard seed, and two pieces of alum, as large as a pea, to each jar. Fill the jars with boiling vinegar, and seal.

=Quickly Made Cucumber Pickle=

Take small cucumbers, wipe clean and lay them in a small jar or stone crock. Allow one quart of coarse salt to a pail of water. Boil the salt and water until the salt is dissolved, skim and pour boiling hot on the cucumbers. Cover them tight, and let them stand twenty-four hours, then turn out and drain. Boil as much vinegar as will cover the cucumbers, skimming thoroughly. Put the cucumbers into clean glass jars and pour the vinegar on boiling hot. Put in a piece of alum the size of a bean, and seal. They will be ready for use in forty-eight hours. Add peppers and spice if desired.

=Mixed Pickles=

2 Quarts of Green Tomatoes 2 Quarts of Cucumbers 2 Quarts of Small Onions 2 Heads of Cauliflower 2 Green Peppers 1 Gallon of Vinegar 1/2 Pound of Ground Mustard 3 Cupfuls of Sugar 1 Ounce of Tumeric Powder 1 Cupful of Flour 1 Cupful of Salt

Cut the tomatoes, cucumbers, onions, cauliflower and peppers into small pieces. Pour over them boiling brine, made of three quarts of water and one cupful of salt. Let this stand twenty-four hours, then pour off the brine. Stir the flour, mustard, sugar and tumeric powder together, and wet with a little of the vinegar, then stir it into the boiling vinegar, as you would make gravy. Put the other ingredients in, and simmer together until all are tender. Seal in glass jars.

=Piccalilli, No. 1=

1 Peck of Green Tomatoes 1 1/2 Cupfuls of Sugar 1/2 Cupful of Salt 3 Pints of Vinegar 2 Large Spoonfuls of Ground Cloves 1/2 Pint of Green Peppers

Chop all together and simmer three hours.

=Piccalilli, No. 2=

1 Peck of Green Tomatoes 1 Ounce of Whole Cloves, Allspice, and Mustard Seed 4 Onions 2 Green Peppers Vinegar to cover 1 Cupful of Salt

Slice the tomatoes, sprinkle over the salt, and let stand over night. In the morning, pour off the water and drain. Slice peppers and onions, tie the spices in a piece of cheese-cloth, put all together, and pour

over the vinegar. Let simmer three or four hours, and seal in glass jars. Very good, and not sweetened.

=Piccalilli, No. 3=

1 Peck of Green Tomatoes 4 Green Peppers Allspice, Cloves and Mustard Seed 1 Cupful of Salt 6 Onions Vinegar

Wipe clean, cut into small pieces, sprinkle over them a cupful of salt, and let stand over night. In the morning, drain off the liquor, add six onions, four green peppers, sliced thin, one ounce each, of whole allspice, cloves, and white mustard seed. Tie the spices in a muslin bag, cover with vinegar, and cook three or four hours slowly, until very tender, in an agate kettle. This is much nicer if sealed in glass jars.

=Tomato Catsup, No. 1=

1 Peck of Ripe Tomatoes 6 Cupfuls of Vinegar 8 Onions 2 Cupfuls of Sugar 6 Red Peppers 1/2 Cupful of Salt

Chop or grind onions and peppers. Put with tomatoes, stew and press through colander, then add the rest of the ingredients and boil until it is thick. Seal while hot in glass jars.

=Tomato Catsup, No. 2=

1 Pint of Vinegar 2 Quarts of Ripe Tomatoes 1 Tablespoonful of Salt 1 Tablespoonful of Mustard 1 Tablespoonful of Black Pepper Allspice 2 Pods Red Pepper

Peel the tomatoes, add salt, black pepper, mustard, red pepper, and allspice. Mix and stew slowly, in the vinegar for two hours. Strain through a sieve, and cook until you have one quart. Cork in bottles.

=Pickled Watermelon Rind=

Pare off the green rind and all the pink, using just the white of the melon. Cut into large squares. Cover with water, and put in a pinch of alum. Let stand twenty-four hours. Pour off the water and drain. Take enough vinegar to cover, add one teaspoonful of whole allspice, cloves and white mustard seed, and pour over the rind boiling hot. Heat the vinegar three mornings in succession, and pour over the rind while hot. It will be ready for use in a week.

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=PIES=

=Rich Pie Crust=

3 Cupfuls of Flour 1 Cupful of Lard 1 Dessertspoonful of Salt

Put salt and lard into the flour, working in the lard with the hand until thoroughly mixed. Add enough water to barely wet,—ice-cold water is best. This is sufficient for two pies.

=Pork Apple Pie=

4 Apples 4 Tablespoonfuls of Sugar 1 Teaspoonful of Ground Cinnamon 12 Pieces of Fat Salt Pork,

size of a Pea

Line a pie-plate with rich crust; pare, core and slice apples thin, to fill the plate; sprinkle over these the sugar, cinnamon and pork; cover with crust and bake in moderate oven. To be eaten warm.

=Chocolate Custard Pie=

1 Pint of Milk 4 Tablespoonfuls of Sugar 3 Eggs Pinch of Salt 2 Tablespoonfuls of Cocoa or 1 Square of Chocolate 1 Teaspoonful of Vanilla

Beat yolks of eggs and add sugar and salt. Wet the cocoa with half a cup of warm milk and stir into the yolks. Flavor. Line a deep pie-plate with rich pie-crust, pinching a little edge around the plate. Pour in the mixture and bake until it rises. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, spread over the pie and brown in a hot oven.

=Cocoanut Pie=

1 Pint of Milk 3 Eggs Pinch of Salt 1/2 Cupful of Grated Cocoanut Piece of Butter the size of a Marble

Beat the yolks of the eggs, add sugar and salt and beat again. Put in the butter which has been melted, milk and cocoanut. Line a deep pie-plate with pie-crust and pour in the mixture. Bake until it rises—this is not nice if baked too long. Beat the whites of the eggs stiff and put on top of pie when it is cool. Set in the oven to brown.

=Cranberry Pie=

1 Quart of Cranberries 2 1/2 Cupfuls of Water 2 Cupfuls of Sugar

Line a deep pie-plate with crust. Put the cranberries on the stove, with the water, and cook until tender, then rub them through a colander. Put in two scant cupfuls of sugar, and boil for fifteen minutes. When cool, pour this into the plate, lay narrow strips of pie-crust from the center to the outer edge, and bake in a hot oven.

=Cream Pie=

1 Cupful of Sweet Cream White of One Egg 2/3 Cupful of Sugar 1 Teaspoonful of Vanilla

Bake with two crusts. Beat white of egg till stiff; add sugar, beat again; stir in the cream and flavor.

=Old-Time Custard Pie=

1 Pint of Milk 3 Eggs 4 Tablespoonfuls of Sugar 1/2 Teaspoonful of Salt

Line a deep plate with pie-crust, rolling it large enough to pinch up a little edge around the plate. Beat the eggs thoroughly, add sugar and salt, and beat again; then add the milk and stir well. Pour into the plate. Bake until it rises, being sure to remove from the oven before it wheys. Grate over the top a little nutmeg. The quality of the pie depends largely on the baking.

=Frosted Lemon Pie=

1 Lemon 1 Cupful of Sugar 1 1/2 Cupfuls of Milk 3 Eggs 2 Tablespoonfuls of Flour

Beat the yolks of the eggs, add the flour, the juice and rind of the lemon. Beat all together, add a little of the milk, and sugar; beat, then add the rest of the milk. Line a plate with crust, the same as for custard; pour in this mixture and bake, being careful not to let it whey when it is done. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, spread over the top, and set in the oven to brown.

=Mock Mince Pie=

1 1/2 Crackers 1 Cupful of Raisins 1/2 Cupful of Molasses 1/2 Cupful of Sugar 1/3 Cupful of Vinegar 1 Cupful of Steeped Tea 1 Egg Spices of all kinds (1/2 Teaspoonful of each)

=Pumpkin Pie, No. 1=

3 Cupfuls of Pumpkin (the bright yellow kind preferred) 3 Eggs 1 1/2 Cupfuls of Sugar 1 Heaping Tablespoonful of Flour 1 Teaspoonful of Cinnamon 1/2 Teaspoonful of Nutmeg 1 Quart of Milk, a little Salt

Boil the pumpkin till very tender and press through a colander. Mix all ingredients together. Line two deep pie-plates with a nice crust, and pour in the mixture, and bake until they rise.

=Pumpkin Pie, No. 2=

2 Cupfuls of Stewed and Sifted Pumpkin 2 Crackers Rolled Fine Boston Crackers or 3 Unneedas 1 Cupful of Sugar Pinch of Salt 1/2 Teaspoonful of Cinnamon 1 Pint of Milk

Pour the mixture into a deep pie-plate lined with crust, and bake in a slow oven one hour.

=Rhubarb Pie=

1 Pint of Rhubarb 1 Tablespoonful of Flour 1 Cupful of Sugar 1/4 Teaspoonful of Soda

Remove the skin, and cut into small pieces enough rhubarb to fill a pint bowl. Add the soda, and pour over it boiling water to cover. Let stand fifteen minutes and pour off the water. Line a deep plate with a rich crust. Put in the rhubarb, sugar and flour, cover with crust. Bake twenty minutes or half an hour.

=Rolley Polys=

Roll pie crust very thin and cut into strips four inches long and three inches wide. Over these spread jelly and lap the crust over, pressing edges together. Brush over the top with milk and sprinkle over a little sugar. Bake fifteen minutes.

=Squash Pie=

2 Cupfuls of Squash 5 Tablespoonfuls of Sugar 1 Tablespoonful of Flour 2 Cupfuls of Milk 1 Teaspoonful of Ground Cinnamon 1/4 Teaspoonful of Salt 1 Egg

Pare the squash, boil till tender, and sift through a colander. Beat the egg, add sugar, flour, cinnamon and salt. Stir these into the squash and add the milk, stirring in slowly. Bake in a deep plate, like a custard pie.

=Cream Washington Pies=

1 Egg 1/2 Cupful of Sugar 1 Cupful of Flour 1/2 Cupful of Milk (scant) 2 Tablespoonfuls of Melted Butter 1 Rounding Teaspoonful of Cream of Tartar 1/2 Teaspoonful of Soda

Cream butter and sugar together, add the well-beaten egg; then the milk into which has been stirred the soda and cream of tartar; last of all, the flour. Bake in three round shallow dishes.

=Cream for Filling=

1 Cupful of Milk 1 Egg A Little Salt 1 Heaping Tablespoonful of Flour 2 Tablespoonfuls of Sugar 1/2 Teaspoonful of Vanilla

Put the milk on the stove to heat. Put the sugar, flour and salt into the well-beaten egg and stir into the milk when boiling. When cool, add vanilla and spread between the layers of cake.

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=PRESERVES=

=Crab Apple Jelly=

Cover the apples with water and boil until tender. Strain through a flannel bag. Boil the juice twenty minutes. Add the same amount of sugar, pint for pint, and cook five minutes. Pour into tumblers, and when cold, cover with paraffine.

=California Jam=

Divide and seed as many oranges as desired.

Slice thin, the pulp and skin together. Add to each pound of oranges one lemon, sliced thin, and one quart of cold water. Let all stand twenty-four hours; then cook until tender, with the same amount of sugar.

=Canned Cherries=

1 Quart of Cherries 1 Cupful of Sugar 1 Cupful of Water

Pick over and wash the cherries. If they are to be used for sauce, can them whole; if to be used for pies and puddings, remove stones and use less water, as there will be juice enough to cook them in. Cook until tender and seal when boiling hot.

=Cherry Conserve=

4 Pounds of Cherries 4 Pounds of Sugar 3 Oranges 1 Lemon

Wash and stone the cherries. Wash and remove seeds from oranges and lemon. Put them through the meat-grinder or chop fine. Cook all together twenty minutes, or until thick. Put into tumblers and cover with paraffine.

=Preserved Citron=

4 Pounds of Citron 3 Pounds of Sugar 3 Gills of Water 3 Lemons

Pare the citron and cut into pieces one inch square. Cover with cold water, adding a pinch of salt. Next day throw off this water and cover with fresh water, this time adding a pinch of alum. Slice the lemons, removing every seed, and boil until tender. Boil the sugar and water together, skim, then put into the syrup citron and lemon. Boil until it looks rich and transparent. Skim out the fruit into jars or tumblers, boil down the syrup for ten or fifteen minutes, and pour over the fruit. If jars are used, fill to the brim and seal while hot. This can be made in the summer from watermelon-rind. Cut off all the pink of the melon, pare, and prepare as you would citron. It is really very nice.

=Currant Jelly=

Pick currants from the stems and wash clean. Put them into a kettle with a very little water and cook for ten minutes. Strain through a flannel bag. Use one pint of juice to one pint of sugar. Boil the juice fifteen minutes, add sugar and boil five minutes. Pour into tumblers or jelly moulds, and when cold cover with paraffine.

=Spiced Currants=

5 Pounds of Currants 4 Pounds of Sugar 1 Pint of Vinegar 4 Teaspoonfuls of Cinnamon 4 Teaspoonfuls of Cloves

Boil slowly two and a half hours. Tie the spices in a cloth before boiling.

=Cranberry Jelly=

1 Quart of Cranberries 3 1/2 Cupfuls of Sugar

Put one quart of cranberries on the stove, with cold water enough to cover. Boil until tender. Strain through a colander. To this four cupfuls of juice add three and a half cupfuls of sugar. Boil, twenty minutes and turn into a mould which has been wet with cold water.

=Grape Conserve=

5 Pints of Grapes 8 Cupfuls of Sugar 1/2 Pound of Raisins 2 Oranges 1 Cupful of Nut Meats

Pick the grapes from the stems, wash, and separate the pulps from the skins. Stew the pulps and press through a colander. Put the raisins and oranges through the meat grinder, after removing seeds. Cook all together except the nuts. Add these about ten minutes before removing from fire. Put into glasses and cover with paraffine. This makes eleven glasses.

=Grape Marmalade=

When making grape-juice, use the grape which is left after straining, for marmalade. Press through a colander, measure and use the same amount of sugar. Cook until it thickens and put into tumblers. When cold, cover with paraffine.

=Grape Preserve=

Pick from the stems and wash the amount of grapes desired. Squeeze the pulps from the skins. Put into a kettle with very little water and boil until the seeds loosen. Press through a colander. Put this with skins, weigh, and use three-fourths of a pound of sugar, for every pound of fruit. Cook all together until the skins are tender, usually about an hour. Seal in glass jars.

=Orange Marmalade=

1 Grapefruit 1 Whole Orange Juice of Two Oranges 1 Whole Lemon Juice of Two Lemons

Chop fruit fine or put through the grinder. Measure and put three times the amount of water. Let this stand till the next day. Boil ten minutes. Stand again till the next day. Measure and add equal amount of sugar. Boil until it jells. This will make eleven or twelve tumblerfuls. Pour into glasses while warm. When cold, pour over a thin coating of paraffine.

=Peach Marmalade=

When preserving peaches or quinces, wipe them very clean before paring, and save the skins for marmalade. Cook in water enough to cover well and, when tender, press through a colander. Measure, and add the same amount of sugar. Boil half an hour, or until it thickens. Put into tumblers and cover with paraffine. This is nice for school sandwiches, or for filling for Washington pie or queen's pudding.

=To Can Peaches=

1 Quart of Peaches 1 Cupful of Sugar 2 Cupfuls of Water

Be sure to have the jars perfectly clean and warm. Glass covers are always preferable. Make a syrup of the sugar and water. Boil this hard for five minutes. Set back on the stove and let it settle, then skim very thoroughly. Pare, cut in half, and remove the stones from the peaches. When the syrup comes to a boil, put in enough peaches to fill your jar, whatever the size. Boil until tender enough to pierce with a wisp. Take the fruit out carefully with a spoon and place in the jar. Fill the jar with the boiling syrup, being careful always to cant the jar as you pour it in. If you do this, the jar will never crack, as it is likely to do if held perfectly straight or upright. Always run around the inside of the jar with a silver knife, and you will have no trouble in keeping fruit. Seal while hot. The peaches may be canned whole, if preferred.

=Pickled Peaches=

4 Pounds of Sugar 1 Pint of Vinegar 1 Tablespoonful of Cloves 1 Tablespoonful of Allspice Stick of Cinnamon

Boil the ingredients together for ten minutes before putting in the peaches. Cook as many peaches in this as possible, and have juice enough to fill up the jars. Tie the spices in a piece of cheese-cloth. Pears may be cooked in the same way.

=Ginger Pears=

10 Pounds of Pears 7 Pounds of Sugar 4 Lemons 6 Oranges 1 Box of Crystallized Ginger

Wipe pears clean and cut fine with sugar. Simmer an hour. Then add the lemons and oranges, seeded and cut fine, and the crystallized ginger. Let all boil together two or three hours.

=Preserved Pears=

1 Quart of Pears 1 Cupful of Sugar 2 Cupfuls of Water

Use pears which are just right to eat. Pare and drop into cold water, to prevent discoloring. Make a syrup of one cupful of sugar and two cupfuls of cold water, and boil the pears in this until you can stick a straw through them. Fill the jars with the fruit, all you can put in, then hold the jar slanting and fill with syrup to the very brim. Use whole pears, if preferred. If cut in halves, remove the core.

=Way to Pickle Pears=

1 Pint of Vinegar 3 Pounds of Sugar 6 Pounds of Pears 1/2 Tablespoonful of Cinnamon 1/2 Tablespoonful of whole Allspice 1 Tablespoonful of whole Cloves

Boil pears until tender. Boil vinegar, sugar, and spices together fifteen minutes, then put in the boiled pears, and cook all together half an hour. These will be nicer if sealed in glass jars.

=To Preserve Pineapple=

Peel the pineapple, remove the eyes and cut into small cubes. Weigh, and take three-fourths of a pound of sugar to one pound of fruit. Allow one cupful of water for each jar, and cook all together slowly until tender. Fill the jars. This is very nice for ice-cream or sherbet.

=Quince Jelly=

Pare, core, and quarter the fruit, and boil in water enough to cover. When soft, take out the fruit and strain the syrup through a flannel bag, then return the syrup to the kettle and boil until perfectly clear, skimming constantly. Measure syrup, adding an equal quantity of sugar, and boil twenty minutes, removing the scum which rises to the surface. Pour into tumblers or moulds and set aside to cool; then pour over the top a covering of paraffine.

=Quince Marmalade=

Put the quinces, which were boiled in water for the jelly, in with the cores and skins. Cover with water and boil ten or fifteen minutes. Press all through a colander. Measure, and add the same amount of sugar. Set on the stove and boil fifteen minutes, being careful not to scorch. Put into tumblers and cover with paraffine.

=Quince Sauce=

Peel, core, and cut into quarters the quinces. Boil in clear water until tender. Weigh the quinces before

cooking, and put into the water in which they have been boiled three-fourths of a pound of sugar for every pound of quince. Boil five minutes and skim. Then put in the quinces and cook until of a dark amber color-for about an hour. As quinces are expensive, old-fashioned people used to put in one-fourth as much sweet apple or pear.

=Raspberry Jam, No. 1=

Mash the berries, add equal parts of sugar, and let stand half an hour. Put on the stove in a kettle containing a half cupful of water, to prevent sticking. Boil until it thickens. Put into tumblers and cover with paraffine. Blackberries and strawberries used in the same way are very nice.

=Raspberry Jam, No. 2=

Mash the berries, and use two-thirds as much currant juice as you have berries. Measure, and add the same amount of sugar. Cook all together until it jells. Put into tumblers and cover with paraffine.

=To Keep Rhubarb Through the Winter=

Fill preserve jars with cold water. Cut the rhubarb into small pieces, as you would for a pie, and drop them into the jars. As they fill, the water will overflow. When full, screw the tops on the jars and set away. The water excludes the air, and the fruit, treated in this way, will keep for months. When required for use drain off the water and cook in the usual way.

=Rhubarb Marmalade=

5 Pounds of Rhubarb 5 Pounds of Sugar 5 Lemons, Juice and Rind 1 Pound of Chopped Walnuts 2 Teaspoonfuls of Extract of Jamaica Ginger

Cook all the ingredients, excepting the nuts and ginger, together three or four hours. Ten minutes before removing from the fire, add the ginger and nuts. Seal in glass jars, or put into tumblers. If tumblers are used, cover over the tops with a coating of paraffine.

=Rhubarb Jam=

6 Stalks of Rhubarb 3 Oranges 1 Lemon 4 Cupfuls of Sugar

Cook the rhubarb and rind and juice of the lemon and oranges together for twenty-five minutes. Put into tumblers and cover with paraffine.

=Spiced Fruit=

6 Pounds of Fruit 4 Pounds of Sugar 1 Pint of Vinegar

For all kinds of spiced fruit use the above measurements, adding one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, allspice, and cloves, and cook until tender. Seal in glass jars.

=Bread Pudding=

1 Pint of Stale Bread 1 Quart of Milk 1 Cupful of Sugar 1 Egg 1/2 Cupful of Raisins 1 Teaspoonful of

Cinnamon 1/2 Teaspoonful of Salt

Pour hot water over the stale bread and let soak until soft. Then add other ingredients and bake for three hours in a moderate oven. If eaten cold, serve with hot sauce. If eaten hot, serve with cold sauce.

=Steamed Chocolate Pudding=

Butter size of a Walnut 1/2 Cupful of Sugar 1/2 Cupful of Milk 1 Cupful of Flour 1 Teaspoonful of Baking-powder 1 Square of Chocolate, or Two Dessertspoonfuls of Cocoa 1 Egg Salt to Taste

Cream together the butter and sugar, then add egg and milk; then the cocoa, flour, salt, and flavoring. Steam for an hour and a half, and serve hot with sauce.

=Graham Pudding=

1 1/2 Cupfuls of Graham Flour 1/2 Cupful of Molasses 1/2 Cupful of Milk 1/4 Cupful of Butter 1 Egg 1 Teaspoon of Soda 1/2 Cupful of Raisins and Currants, mixed Salt and Spice to taste

Stir the soda into the molasses, then add the beaten egg and milk, salt and spice, and melted butter. Add the flour and, last of all, currants and raisins, which have been sprinkled with flour. Steam two hours in a tin pail set in a kettle of water and serve hot with sauce.

=Hasty Pudding=

Into a dish of boiling water (a double boiler is best) stir Indian meal, very slowly. Let it cook for an hour. The water should be salted a little. Turn this into a bowl. The next day, or when perfectly cold, cut into slices and fry in pork fat or hot lard. This is served with molasses.

=Baked Indian Pudding=

2 Quarts of Milk 1 Cupful of Yellow Cornmeal 1 Cupful of Molasses 1 Teaspoonful of Salt

Put one quart of the milk into an earthen puddingpot, and the other quart of the milk into an agate dish, on the stove, to scald. Stir the meal into the hot milk slowly, one handful at a time, until it thickens. Remove from the stove and add molasses, pouring the mixture into the cold milk. Bake six hours in a slow oven; serve warm with cream. If properly cooked; it will be red and full of whey.

=Orange Pudding=

4 Oranges 3 Cupfuls of Milk 1 Cupful of Sugar 3 Eggs 2 Tablespoonfuls of Cornstarch Pinch of Salt

Remove peel and seeds from the fruit and cut fine. Sprinkle over the oranges half the sugar. Let stand for a few hours. Beat the yolks of the eggs, add the rest of the sugar, cornstarch and salt, and stir into the boiling milk. Pour this, when cooled, over the oranges and sugar. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and add two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Spread this over the top and brown in the oven. To be eaten cold.

=Plum Pudding=

Take ten or twelve Boston crackers, split them open and soak over night in milk. Use a large pudding dish that will hold three or four quarts. Put in a layer of crackers, a handful of raisins, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, cinnamon and nutmeg, and a little butter on the crackers; repeat this three times. Have a layer of crackers on the top. Make a custard of three or four eggs, five is better, one cupful of sugar, a little salt, and milk enough to fill the dish within two inches of the top. Bake in a slow oven four or five hours. Let stand until cold, and it will slip out whole. Serve with hot sauce.

=Queen's Pudding=

1 Pint of Bread 1 Quart of Milk 3 Eggs 1 Cupful of Sugar 1 Teaspoonful of Butter 1 Lemon

Soak one pint of bread in a quart of milk till soft. Beat together the yolks of the eggs, sugar, butter, and the juice and rind of half a lemon. Stir all together and bake until it rises, about an hour and a half. When nearly cold, spread the top with jelly, and then the white of the eggs, beaten stiff. Brown in the oven. To be eaten cold.

=Poor Man's Rice Pudding=

1 Quart of Milk 1 Small Cupful of Sugar 1/2 Cupful of Washed Rice (scant) 1 Piece of Butter, size of a Hickory Nut 1/2 Teaspoonful of Salt 1 Teaspoonful of Vanilla

Bake slowly for three hours; the success lies in the baking. If baked right it will be creamy on top.

=Suet Pudding=

1 Cupful of Molasses 1 Cupful of Milk 1 Cupful of Chopped Suet 1 Cupful of Raisins 3 Cupfuls of Flour 1 Teaspoonful of Nutmeg 1 Teaspoonful of Soda 1 Teaspoonful of Salt 1 Teaspoonful of Clove 1 Teaspoonful of Cinnamon

Beat the soda into the molasses, add milk, salt and spices. Cover the raisins and suet with some of the flour, stir all together. Steam three hours in a tin pail, set in a kettle of boiling water. Serve hot with cold sauce, made of one cupful of sugar and one-third cupful of butter, creamed together. Grate a little nutmeg over the top.

=Tapioca Cream=

1 Quart of Milk 5 Tablespoonfuls of Tapioca 3 Eggs 1 Teaspoonful of Corn-starch 2/3 Cupful of Sugar Pinch of Salt

Soak the tapioca in a little warm water for an hour. Put the milk on the stove in a sauce pan. Add the sugar and salt to the beaten yolks of the eggs. When the milk is scalded put in the soaked tapioca and when boiling, stir in the eggs. Cook a few minutes and remove from fire. Stir in the beaten whites and flavor. To be eaten cold.

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=SAUCES=

=Chocolate Sauce=

1 Tablespoonful of Butter 2 Tablespoonfuls of Cocoa 1 Cupful of Sugar 4 Tablespoonfuls of Boiling Water

Put the butter into an agate dish on the stove; when melted, stir in the cocoa and sugar dry; add boiling water and stir until smooth. Add vanilla to taste.

=Cold Sauce=

Cream together one-half cupful of butter and one and one-half cupfuls of sugar. Grate a little nutmeg over the top.

=Cranberry Sauce=

Pick over and wash one quart of cranberries; cover with cold water and cook until tender. Remove from the fire, rub through a colander and sweeten to taste.

=Cream Mustard=

1/2 Cupful of Vinegar 1/2 Cupful of Sweet Cream 1 Egg 1 Teaspoonful of Salt 1 Tablespoonful of Mustard

Put the vinegar on the stove and let it come to a boil. Have the cream, salt, mustard, and egg well beaten together, and pour the boiling vinegar over them, then set the whole over boiling water and stir constantly until it thickens. When cold, it is ready for use, and is very nice.

=Egg Sauce, for Chocolate Pudding=

2 Cupfuls of Sugar 1 Egg 1 Cupful of Boiling Milk Flavoring

Beat the egg and sugar together, and pour over it the boiling milk, and flavor.

=Pudding Sauce=

1 Cupful of Sugar 1/2 Cupful of Butter 1 Pint of Water 3 Heaping Teaspoonfuls of Cornstarch Flavoring

Cream together the butter and sugar. Wet the cornstarch with a little water; stir it into the pint of boiling water and, when thickened, pour it over the butter and sugar. Add the flavoring.

=Salad Dressing=

1/2 Cupful of Vinegar 1/2 Cupful of Water 1/2 Cupful of Milk Piece of Butter size of a Walnut 1 Egg 2 Tablespoonfuls of Sugar 1 Tablespoonful of Flour 1 Tablespoonful of Mustard 1 Teaspoonful of Salt

Put the vinegar, water and butter on the stove, in an agate dish, to boil. Mix together sugar, flour, mustard and salt, stir into the beaten egg with the milk, and add to the boiling water and vinegar. Let boil until it thickens. This is quickly and easily made, very nice and always a success.

=Sauce, for Graham Pudding=

1 Cupful of Sugar 1/2 Cupful of Butter 1 Egg 1 Lemon 1/2 Pint Boiling Water

Cream together the butter and sugar, add the well-beaten yolk of egg, pour over this the boiling water, juice of lemon and well-beaten white of egg.

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=SOUPS=

=Bean Porridge=

Pick over and wash two-thirds of a cupful of white beans. Put on the back of the stove in cold water. Let these boil slowly, while the dinner is cooking. When the boiled dinner has been taken up, put these beans into the liquor in which the dinner was cooked. Boil one hour. Wet three tablespoonfuls of flour with water, and stir in while boiling, to thicken. Serve hot, adding a little milk, if you like.

=Connecticut Clam Chowder=

3 or 4 Slices of Salt Pork 3 Potatoes 2/3 Onion 1 Cupful of Tomatoes 3 Crackers 1 Teaspoonful of Parsley 25 Soft-shelled Clams 1 Quart of Water Salt and Pepper 1 Cupful of Milk

Cut three or four slices of salt pork and fry in the bottom of a kettle. Add the potatoes cut into dice, onion shaved, a cupful of stewed tomatoes, rolled ship crackers, minced parsley, soft-shelled clams, and boiling water. Add salt and pepper to taste and cook till the potatoes are tender. A little hot milk may be added just before taking up.

=Massachusetts Clam Chowder=

3 Quarts of Clams 6 Medium-sized Potatoes 1 Small Onion 8 Boston Crackers 4 Slices of Salt Pork

Wash the clams clean, put them on the stove to cook, with one pint of cold water. Boil until the shells burst open. Remove from the stove, pour the clam liquor into an earthen dish and set away to settle. When the clams have cooled a little, pick them from the shells, remove the night-caps, cut off the head, to the shoulders, washing each clam. Cut three or four slices of fat salt pork and fry in the bottom of a kettle with half an onion. Skim these from the fat, pour in the clam liquor, add a little hot water. When this boils, add the raw potatoes, which have been pared and sliced thin, and cook until tender. Split the crackers open and soak till soft in milk or water. Add these and the clams to the potatoes. Cook ten minutes, then add a quart of milk and salt, if needed. Do not let it boil after adding the milk. Serve hot. This is very delicious.

=New England Fish Chowder=

4 Slices of Fat Salt Pork 6 or 8 Potatoes 1 Small Onion 2 or 3 Pounds of Fresh Haddock or Codfish 8 Boston Crackers

Fry the salt pork, with the onion, in the bottom of a kettle, skim from the fat, and pour in about a quart of water. Slice the potatoes thin, after they have been washed and pared. Make alternate layers of fish and potatoes, seasoning each layer with pepper and salt. Cook until both are tender. Then put in the split crackers, which have been soaked in milk or water, as for clam chowder. Cook for ten minutes.

Pour in a quart of milk, add a small piece of butter and serve hot.

=Lamb Broth=

2 Pounds of Fore-Quarter of Lamb 2/3 Cupful of Rice 1 Tablespoonful of Salt 1 Teaspoonful of Sage Leaves

Put the lamb into a kettle, cover with cold water, add the salt and cook three hours. As the water boils away, add more. Wash the rice, allowing three-fourths of an hour to cook; put in the sage, about fifteen minutes before serving, and thicken with two tablespoonfuls of flour, wet in two-thirds of a cupful of water. The sage may be left out if preferred.

=A Good Oyster Stew=

25 Oysters 1 Teaspoonful of Flour 1 Quart of Milk Butter Salt

Take twenty-five oysters, with their liquor and put these into an agate dish on the stove with salt to taste, in a pint of cold water. Boil five minutes. Stir into this one heaping teaspoonful of flour, which has been wet with two tablespoonfuls of cold water. Add one quart of milk. Let it come to a boil, but be sure not to have it boil. Remove from the fire, and add a piece of butter the size of an egg. This is sufficient for eight people.

=Potato Soup=

4 Potatoes 3 Pints of Milk Piece of Butter size of an Egg Small piece of Onion

Take four large potatoes, boil until done and mash smooth, adding butter and salt to taste. Heat the milk in a double boiler, cook the onion in it a few minutes and then remove. Pour the milk slowly on the potato, strain, heat and serve immediately. Thicken with one tablespoonful of flour.

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=VEGETABLES=

=Green Corn Fritters=

2 Cupfuls of Corn, grated from the cob 2 Eggs A Little Salt 1/2 Cupful of Milk 1/2 Cupful of Flour 1 Level Teaspoonful of Cream of Tartar 1/2 Level Teaspoonful of Soda

Beat the eggs, then add the milk and salt. Stir the corn into the dry flour, wetting with the milk and eggs, then fry in hot lard.

=Delicious Stuffed Baked Potatoes=

Bake six potatoes, or enough for family. When done, set away to cool slightly. Cut off a small piece, scoop out the inside, mash, add butter, salt, and milk, also tiny bits of parsley, if liked. Fill the shells with this mixture, put back in the oven and bake until brown.

=Creamed Potatoes=

4 or 5 Baked Potatoes 1 Pint of Milk 1/2 Teaspoonful of Salt Butter, the size of a Walnut

Pare the potatoes and cut into small pieces. Put them on the stove, in an agate dish, salt and cover with milk. Let them cook fifteen or twenty minutes, then thicken with one tablespoonful of flour, stirred with half a cupful of water; put in the butter and serve hot.

=Scalloped Potatoes=

Butter a baking-dish, pare and slice potatoes in small pieces. Put into the dish with salt, pepper and a little butter. Fill the dish with milk, sprinkle over the top cracker or bread crumbs, and cheese, if you like it. Bake in the oven for an hour and a half or two hours.

=Baked Tomatoes=

6 Tomatoes

2 Cupfuls of Bread Crumbs

Small piece of Onion

A Few Stalks of Celery Hearts

Salt and Pepper to Taste

Cut off a small piece of each tomato and scoop out the inside. Mix this with two cupfuls, or the same amount of bread crumbs, the chopped onion, salt and pepper. Then fill the tomatoes with this mixture, putting small pieces of butter over the top. Place these in a pan in which is a very little water, to prevent sticking, and bake in a hot oven from twenty minutes to half an hour.

=Fried Tomatoes=

Pare and slice (not very thin), dip into flour and fry on a griddle in hot fat.

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APPENDIX

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=HOUSEHOLD HINTS OLD AND NEW FOR HOUSEKEEPERS YOUNG AND OLD=

=To Save Confusion in the Home=

"Plan your work, then work your plan."

Monday—Wash, if you have it done in the house. If sent out, use that day for picking up and putting things in order, after the disorder of Sunday.

Tuesday—Iron.

Wednesday—Finish ironing and bake; wash kitchen floor.

Thursday, Friday—Sweep and dust, thoroughly.

Saturday—Bake, and prepare in every way possible, for the following day.

=Have in or Near Your Sink=

A handle dish cloth.

A wire dish cloth.

A cake of scouring soap.

A small brush for cleaning vegetables.

These articles are indispensable. Also have two cloths, which must be kept perfectly clean.

One for washing dishes.

One for washing sink.

=Homemade Shortening=

Do not throw away small pieces of fat from pork, lamb or steak. Put them on the stove, in a skillet or agate dish and cook them till there is nothing left, but scraps. Then pare a potato, wash clean, cut into thin slices and cook in the fat for a half hour to clarify it. Strain through a cloth. This will be good to fry doughnuts in and for all purposes, where shortening is needed, except for pie crust.

Pieces of fat, not fit for shortening can be saved in some old utensil and made into kitchen soap.

=To Make Tea and Coffee=

Always use freshly boiled water. Do not boil more than three or four minutes. This is very important, in making a good cup of tea or coffee. Never use water which has stood in the teakettle over night.

=A Use for Left-over Coffee=

Do not throw away the coffee you have left from breakfast. If you do not care for iced coffee for dinner, make a little coffee jelly, by the recipe on page 27.

=Never Throw away Old Underclothes=

Keep them for housecleaning, for washing windows and for washing lamp chimneys. Old pieces of calico, or flannel make good holders to use about the stove. Wash, boil and dry cleaning cloths when soiled, that they may be ready for use again.

=That Leaky Hot-Water Bag=

Do not throw away an old hot-water bag because it leaks. Fasten over the leak, a strong piece of adhesive plaster. Fill the bag with sand or salt and cover with flannel. It will hold heat for a long time, and can be used instead of the water bottle.

=To Keep your Hands White=

Keep a piece of lemon in your bathroom or kitchen. It will remove stains from the hands.

=To Brown Flour=

Spread flour upon a tin pie plate, put it in a hot oven, and stir constantly, after it begins to brown, until it is all colored. Keep always on hand. It is good for coloring and thickening gravies.

=Lemons and Fish=

Lemon juice makes a very grateful addition to all kinds of fish. Thin slices of lemon, with sprigs of parsley, around a platter of fish, makes a pretty garnish.

=To Try out Lard=

If you want good sweet lard, buy from your butcher, leaf lard. Skin carefully, cut into small pieces and put it into a kettle or sauce pan. Pour in a half-cupful of water, to prevent burning, and cook slowly, until there is nothing left but scraps. Remove the scraps with a skimmer, salt it a little, and strain through a clean cloth, into tin pails. Be sure not to scorch it.

=How to Keep Eggs=

In the summer, when eggs are cheap, buy a sufficient number of freshly laid ones to last through the winter.

Take one part of liquid glass, and nine parts of cold water which has been boiled, and mix thoroughly.

Put the eggs into a stone crock, and pour over them this mixture, having it come an inch above the eggs. The eggs will keep six months, if they are perfectly fresh when packed and will have no taste, as when put into lime water.

=Save your Old Stockings=

Old stockings are fine for cleaning the range. Slip your hand into the foot and rub hard, or place an old whisk broom inside. It will make the sides and front of the range clean and shiny. In fact, you will seldom need to use blacking on these parts.

=When Washing Lamp Chimneys=

If you live in the country and use kerosene lamps, do not dread washing the chimneys. Make a good hot suds, then wash them in this, with a clean cloth kept for that purpose. Pour over them very hot or boiling water and dry with an old soft cloth. Twist a piece of brown paper or newspaper, into cornucopia shape and place over the chimneys to protect from dust and flies.

=To Remove Disagreeable Odors from the House=

Sprinkle fresh ground coffee, on a shovel of hot coals, or burn sugar on the shovel. This is an old-fashioned disinfectant, still good.

=To Lengthen the Life of a Broom=

Your broom will last much longer and be made tough and pliable, by dipping for a minute or two, in a pail of boiling suds, once a week. A carpet will wear longer if swept with a broom treated in this way. Leave your broom bottom side up, or hang it.

=To Prevent Mold on Top of Glasses of Jelly=

Melt paraffine and pour over the jelly after it is cold. No brandy, paper, or other covering is necessary.

=To Clean Nickel Stove Trimmings=

Rub with kerosene and whiting, and polish with a dry cloth.

=To Clean Zinc or Copper=

Wash with soap suds and powdered bristol brick. When perfectly dry, take a flannel cloth and dry powdered bristol or any good cleaning powder and polish. You will be pleased with the result. I have tried this for forty years.

=How to Prevent Button Holes from Fraying=

When making button holes in serge or any material which frays, place a piece of lawn of two thicknesses, underneath and work through this.

Another way is to make four stitchings in the goods the length of the button hole. Cut between these, leaving two stitchings each side of the hole.

=When Making a Silk Waist=

Stitch a crescent shaped piece of the same material as your waist under the arm. It will wear longer and when the outside wears out it looks neater than a patch. If the waist is lined, put this between the lining and the outside.

=To Make Old Velvet Look New=

Turn hot flatirons bottom side up. Rest these on two pieces of wood, or hold in your lap. Put over them a piece of wet cloth, then lay the velvet on this. Brush with a whisk broom. The steam from the wet cloth will raise the nap and take out the creases.

=Onion Skins as a Dye=

If you wish for a bright yellow, save your onion skins. They will color white cloth a very bright yellow. This is a good color for braided rugs, such as people used to make.

=To Remove Egg Stain from Silver=

Salt when applied dry, with a soft piece of flannel will remove the stain from silver, caused by eggs.

=Put a Little Cornstarch in Salt Shakers=

This will prevent the salt from becoming too moist to shake out.

=How to Color Lace Ecu=

If you wish for ecru lace and you have only a piece of white, dip it into cold tea or coffee, until you have the desired color.

=To Keep Lettuce Crisp=

Put it into a paper bag and place right on the ice. It will keep a week in this way.

=To Keep Celery=

Do not put it into water. Wrap it in a cloth, wet in cold water and place directly on the ice.

=To Keep a Piece of Salt Pork Sweet=

Put it in a strong brine made of one quart of cold water, and two-thirds of a cup of salt.

=Save Potato-Water=

Pare potatoes before boiling, and then save the water, to mix your yeast bread with.

=A Use for the Vinegar Off Pickles=

When your pickles have been used from your glass jars, do not throw away the vinegar. Use it in your salad dressing. It is much better than plain vinegar because of the flavor.

=Do not Allow a Child to Eat Fresh Snow=

This often looks clean and pure but fill a tumbler with it, cover to keep out the dust and then show it to the child, that he may see for himself, the dirt it contains.

=When Making Hermits or Cookies=

Instead of rolling and cutting as usual, drop the dough into a large iron pan. The heat of the oven melts them into one sheet. Cut them into squares or long narrow strips. It takes much less time, than the old way of rolling and cutting.

=To Clean a Vinegar Cruet on the Inside=

Put into it shot, pebbles, or beans. Fill it with a strong soap suds, and one teaspoonful of bread soda or ammonia. Let stand an hour, shake well and often. Rinse with clean water.

=To Make Tough Meat, or a Fowl Tender=

Put one tablespoonful of vinegar, into the kettle while boiling.

=To Remove Black Grease=

Rub patiently with ether. It will not leave a ring, like gasoline, and will remove every trace of the stain.

=To Keep an Iron Sink from Rusting=

Wash with hot suds. When dry rub it well, with a cloth wet with kerosene. Do this three or four times a week and your sink will look well, all the time.

=How to Add Salt to Hot Milk=

Salt will curdle new milk, so when making gravies, or puddings, put your salt into the flour, or with eggs and sugar, to add when the milk boils. Use a double boiler for milk gravies and gruels.

=To Soften Boots and Shoes=

Rub them with kerosene. Shoes will last longer, if rubbed over with drippings from roast lamb. Old-fashioned people always used mutton tallow on children's shoes.

=A Way to Cook Chops=

Pork or lamb chops are very nice, if baked in a hot oven. Turn them as they brown. It saves the smoke in the room.

=When Cooking Canned Corn=

Place it in a double boiler to prevent scorching.

=Salted Almonds=

Shell the nuts and put into boiling water. When they have stood for fifteen or twenty minutes, the skin will slip off easily. When dry, mix a half-teaspoonful of olive oil or butter, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, with a cupful of nut meats. Spread on a tin pan, and place in a hot oven. Bake fifteen or twenty minutes. Watch closely and stir several times, as they burn quickly. Treat peanuts in the same way.

=Before Washing Colored Clothes=

It is wise to set the color first, by soaking in a strong solution of cold salt water (one cupful of salt to half a pail of water). Soak two hours.

=To Remove Iron Rust from White Goods=

The old-fashioned way, still good, is to wet the place in lemon juice, sprinkle on it common table salt, and lay it in the sun. In these later days, there is on the market an iron rust soap, which removes the spot quickly, also an ink eradicator, sold by all druggists.

=How to Make Starch=

Two tablespoonfuls of starch should be made into a smooth paste with four tablespoonfuls of cold water. Pour over this three pints of boiling water, stirring rapidly all the time. Starch the garments, while they are still wet. In the olden days, people made starch of flour in the same way, for linen and gingham dresses, as it was less expensive and thought to be just as good for colored clothes.

=When you Go Away from Home for a Few Days=

Plan your meals before leaving. This simplifies matters for the one left in charge, and is often found to be of importance financially.

=The Proper Way to Sweep a Room=

Dust the furniture and put it in another room. Dust bric-a-brac and put on the bed if you are sweeping a sleeping room, if another room put them on the table, or in an adjoining room. Brush the draperies, take down and lay on the bed or table. Cover these and bric-a-brac with a sheet. Wet a newspaper, tear into small pieces and spread on the rug or carpet. Now you are ready for sweeping. If the floor is carpeted, sweep all dirt to the center of the room. Sweep the corners with a small whisk broom. Move every piece of furniture lest there be dirt left underneath. Open the windows before sweeping. When the dust is settled take a pail of warm water, put in a tablespoonful of ammonia, then with a clean cloth wrung from this wipe the window glass, mirror and pictures; polish with dry cloth. Wipe all finger marks from doors and mop boards.

Now take a pail of clean water, with ammonia, and with a small scrubbing brush go over the rug or carpet, to remove dust and brighten the colors. Replace furniture, bric-a-brac and draperies and your room will be sweet and clean. With care, once in two or three weeks, will be often enough to do this.

=When Baking Cup Custards=

Set them into a pan of hot water. When you remove from the oven, place them in a pan of cold water, to prevent longer cooking.

=When Using Currants and Raisins=

Mix a little dry flour with currants and raisins before adding them to cakes or puddings. It will keep them from falling to the bottom.

=Try Baking Beets, Instead of Boiling Them=

They are much sweeter. Three or four hours is necessary, according to size.

=When Making Grape Juice or Jelly=

Before adding the sugar, strain through a flannel bag. It will be much clearer.

=When Sewing Braid on a Dress=

Slip a piece of pasteboard three or four inches long, into the hem. You can sew more quickly, and your stitches will not show on the right side.

=To Skin Beets=

When you remove beets from the kettle, plunge them into a dish of cold water. The skins will slip off easily with the hand. Never cut or pare beets before cooking.

=A Fine Way to Keep Cut Roses=

Immerse them at night in a pail of cold water, blossoms down.

=To Keep Carnations=

Put a little salt in the water, which should be changed each morning, and cut the stems a little each time.

=When Pies are Ready to Bake=

Put little dabs of lard, on the top crust, then hold it under the faucet, letting cold water run over it.

=A Way to Make Pies Brown and Shiny=

Just before putting a pie in the oven, brush over the top with milk, using a soft brush or a clean piece of cheese cloth.

=When Threading a Needle=

Place a piece of white paper under the eye. You will be surprised at the ease, with which you can thread it.

=Make your Own Baking Powder=

Get your grocer to weigh for you one pound of cream of tartar, and one-half pound of bread soda. Sift these together nine times in a flour sifter. Put in a tin can, and it is ready for use.

=To Prevent Children from Losing Mittens=

Sew strongly to each mitten, four or five inches of narrow black ribbon (use a colored one if you prefer). Sew the other end of ribbon to the coat sleeve. The child can remove mittens at any time without losing them and always know where they are.

=Teach a Child to Hang up his Own Coat and Hat=

Have some hooks, low down in the closet or kitchen where a child can reach them easily, to be used only by himself.

=To Keep your Own Umbrella=

Take a piece of narrow white tape, three or four inches long. With a glass pen, or a new clean steel one, and indelible ink, write your name upon it. Sew this to the inside of the umbrella.

=To Wash a White Silk Waist, or a Baby's Bonnet=

Use cold water and white soap. Hot water will turn white silk yellow.

=When Ironing Embroidery=

Place it right side down on a piece of soft flannel, ironing on the wrong side. If flannel is not at hand, try an old turkish towel.

=To Wash Small Pieces of Lace=

Put in a horse radish bottle and pour over them, strong soap suds, good and hot, and shake well. Let stand awhile and shake again. Rinse in clear, warm water, by shaking. Dry on a clean cloth in the sunshine.

=Never Throw away Sour Milk=

It is excellent for graham bread, gingerbread, brown bread, griddle cakes, and doughnuts, also biscuit.

You can make a delicious cottage cheese of a very small quantity.

Set the milk on the back of the stove, in an agate dish. Let stand until the whey separates from the curd. Strain through a cloth, squeezing the curd dry. Put in a little salt, a small piece of butter, and a little sage if desired. Press into balls and serve.

=Mark New Rubbers=

Take a pointed stick—a wooden skewer from the butcher's is best—dip it into ink and write the name, on the inside.

=Economical Hints=

Save small pieces of soap in the bathroom, by placing in a cup or small box, until you have a cupful. Add a little water and boil a few minutes; when nearly cool, press with the hands, and you have a new cake of soap.

Do not throw away the white papers around cracker boxes. They are good to clean irons and will save buying ironing wax. If irons are dirty put a good layer of salt on newspaper and rub the irons back and forth.

Save even the coupons on your soap wrappers. You can get a silver thimble for your mending bag with them, if nothing more.

Save your strong string, to wrap around packages going by parcel post. Also fold nicely for further use your clean wrapping papers. Make a bag of pretty cretonne, hang in the kitchen or cellar way, to keep the string and wrapping paper in. You will find it very convenient.

Do not throw away small pieces of bread. Save them for plum pudding, queen's pudding, or dressing for fish or fowl. If broken into small pieces and browned in a hot oven, it is very nice to eat with soups.

Or, dry well, roll fine and keep in a glass jar, to be used for breaded pork chops, croquettes, or oysters.

=To Mend Broken China=

Stir into a strong solution of gum arabic, plaster of Paris. Put this on each side of the china, holding together for a few minutes. Make it as thick as cream.

=To Clean Old Jewelry=

Wash in warm water containing a little ammonia. If very dirty rub with a brush. This is very good also for cleaning hair brushes and combs.

=Dish Washing Made a Pleasure=

First of all, remove all refuse from the dishes. Place them near the sink, large plates at the bottom, then the smaller ones, then saucers. Have a large pan full of very hot water. Make a good soap suds by using a soap shaker. Wash the tumblers and all glassware first, and wipe at once. Use a handle dish cloth (which can be bought for five cents), for these, as the water will be too hot for the hands.

Wash the silver next. Have a large pan, in which to place the clean dishes, cups and bowls first. When all are washed pour over them boiling or very hot water, and wipe quickly. Pans and kettles come last. Always have a cake of sand soap or a can of cleaning powder, for scouring the pie plates and bottoms of kettles. It is very little work to keep baking tins and kitchen utensils in good condition, if washed perfectly clean each time they are used.

Wash the dish towels, at least once every day, and never use them for anything else. With clean hot water, clean towels, and plenty of soap dishwashing is made easy.

If you live in New England, your sink will be in front of a window. Be sure and plant just outside of this window nasturtiums, a bed of pansies, morning glories and for fall flowers, salvia. These bright blossoms will add to your pleasure while washing dishes.

=A Space Saver=

If you are crowded for space in closet, kitchen or pantry buy a spiral spring, such as is used for sash curtains. Fasten the end pieces to the back of the door, and stretch the spring from end to end. You now have a fine place to hang towels, stockings or neckties, or if used in a pantry, to keep covers.

=Another Space Saver=

If you have no closet in your room, get a board, nine inches wide, and three or four feet long. Put it in the most convenient place in your room on two brackets. Stain it the color of your woodwork. Screw into the under side of the board, wardrobe hooks. Now get a pretty piece of cretonne or denim, hem top and bottom, and tack with brass headed tacks to the shelf, having it long enough to come to the floor, and around the ends of the board. Use the top for a book shelf or hats.

=If the Freshness of Eggs is Doubtful=

Break each one separately into a cup, before mixing together. Yolks and whites beaten separately, make

a cake much lighter than when beaten together.

=When Bread Cooks Too Quickly=

When your bread is browning on the outside, before it is cooked inside, put a clean piece of brown paper over it. This will prevent scorching.

=To Remove the Odor of Onions=

Fill with cold water kettles and sauce pans in which they have been cooked adding a tablespoonful of bread soda and the same of ammonia. Let stand on the stove until it boils. Then wash in hot suds and rinse well. A pudding or bean pot, treated in this way, will wash easily. Wood ashes in the water will have the same effect.

=Never Leave a Glass of Water or Medicine, Uncovered in a Room=

This is very important. Water will absorb all the gases, with which a room is filled from the respiration of those sleeping in the room.

=Weights and Measures=

4 Teaspoonfuls equal 1 tablespoonful of liquid.

4 Tablespoonfuls equal half a gill.

2 Coffee-cupfuls equal 1 pint.

2 Pints equal 1 quart.

4 Coffee-cupfuls of sifted flour equal 1 pound.

1 Quart of unsifted flour equals 1 pound.

1 Pint of granulated sugar equals 1 pound.

1 Coffee-cupful of cold butter pressed down equals 1 pound.

An ordinary tumbler holds the same as a coffee cup.

It is well to have a tin or glass cup, marked in thirds or quarters for measuring.

=When to Salt Vegetables=

Every kind of food and all kinds of vegetables need a little salt when cooking. Do not wait until the vegetables are done. Salt the water they are boiled in after they begin to boil.

=What to Serve With Meats=

Roast Beef and Turkey

Squash, turnips, onions and cranberry sauce.

Roast Pork

Spinach, onions and apple sauce.

Roast Lamb

Mint sauce.

Roast Mutton

Currant jelly and vegetables.

With all kinds of meat and fowl pickles are always good. Make your own pickles, after recipes found in this book.

=The Length of Time to Cook Meats=

Lamb

Roast a leg of lamb three hours. Wash clean, sprinkle over it a little flour and salt and put into a pan, with cold water. While it is cooking, take a spoon and pour over it the water from the pan, three or four times.

Veal

Roast veal three hours, treating it the same way as lamb. When you have removed it from the pan, make a smooth paste, by wetting two or three tablespoonfuls of flour with cold water, and stir into the water left in the pan. Pour in more water, if the size of your family requires it.

Beef

Roast beef requires fifteen minutes for each pound. Do not salt beef, until you take it from the oven.

Ham

Boil a ham of ordinary size three hours. Let cool in the water in which it is boiled. It is very nice to remove the skin, while warm, stick cloves in the outside, sprinkle over it a little vinegar and sugar and bake for one hour.

Sausages

Sausages are very nice, baked in a hot oven twenty minutes. Prick with a fork to prevent bursting. Do this too, if fried.

Corned Beef

Should boil four hours.

Chicken

A chicken will cook in one hour and a half. A fowl requires an hour longer. Don't forget to put in one tablespoonful of vinegar to make tender.

Turkey

A ten pound turkey needs to cook three hours, in a slow oven.

=The Length of Time to Cook Vegetables=

Onions

Boil one hour. Longer if they are large.

Cabbage

Requires one hour and a half.

Parsnips

Boil two or three hours according to size.

Carrots

Wash, scrape, and boil one hour.

=When Paring Tomatoes=

Put them into very hot water and the skin will come off easily.

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The following pages contain advertisements of a few of the Macmillan books on kindred subjects.

End of Project Gutenberg's Things Mother Used To Make, by Lydia Maria Gurney

OUR LILY GARDEN.

PRACTICAL AIDS TO THE CULTURE OF LILIES.

By CHARLES PETERS.

What garden is complete without the good old tiger-lily? Other lilies are finer and more graceful, no doubt, but the old-fashioned tiger-lily will always hold its own in the struggle for popularity.

Although we call it an old-fashioned flower, it has not been grown in England for so very long, being unknown before this century. It made a bit of a stir, too, when it first blossomed in England. And no wonder that it did, when we see what a grand sight a bed of these lilies really is.

Lilium Tigrinum is a native of China, but it has long been cultivated in Japan, and it is from the latter country that we obtain most of our foreign bulbs.

A curious fact, which we have frequently noticed in connection with this lily, is that the size of the annual portion of the plant seems to bear no relation to the size of the bulb. In most lilies large bulbs produce fine plants, though we have seen that this is by no means always the case. But with *L. Tigrinum* the shoot apparently bears no relation whatever to the size of the bulb. If planted in very good soil, all the bulbs of *L. Tigrinum* seem to do equally well; whereas in an unsuitable soil all seem to fare equally poorly.

The bulbs are heavy and white, with the scales very dense and closely packed.

In growth this lily resembles *L. Auratum* in some respects, and the members of the *Isolirion* group in others. The leaves are very green and glossy, and are present in larger numbers than is commonly the case with lilies.

L. Tigrinum is one of the two lilies which constantly bear bulblets in the axils of their leaves. We have seen that under certain circumstances several of the other lilies produce these aerial bulblets, but the tiger-lily invariably does so. The bulblets are deep glossy purple in colour, and are often produced in great numbers. If planted as soon as they are ripe, they will grow freely and produce flowering spikes in their second or third year.

Everyone knows the blossom of the tiger-lily. The pyramidal shape of the inflorescence, with its nodding bell-like blossoms, irresistibly suggests a Chinese pagoda, and when looking at the plant one can almost feel that it hails from China.

The segments of the blossoms of the tiger-lily are much re-curved, their tips touching their points of origin. The colour of this lily, reddish orange, is very different from that of any that we have already described, but as we shall see later, it is a very common colour among the lilies. In the type of the tiger-lily the colour is a very fine orange, and the spots, which are very numerous, are deep purple.

The tiger-lily often bears seed in this country if the bulblets are removed. As, however, seed is the least satisfactory mode of propagating lilies, it is far better to utilise the bulblets for this purpose.

Individually, the tiger-lily is a fine plant, but its full effect is only to be obtained by growing it in great clumps. A bed of tiger-lilies is a grand sight, and it blossoms in September and October, a time when showy plants are not very numerous.

There are several varieties of the tiger-lily. That which is most commonly grown is called *splendens*, because it is very floriferous, and the flowers are of large size, fine colour, and are thickly spotted.

Another variety, called *Fortunei*, is also very fine. It grows to the height of six feet, and the stem and buds are covered with white silky down. The flowers are very numerous, often exceeding thirty in number. They are large, less reflexed than in the type, and only sparingly spotted with large spots.

The tiger is the second lily we have met with of which there is a double-flowered variety. There are only four double lilies, and none of them possesses the elegance of the single form. The old double tiger-lily is very full and is interesting, though far inferior in beauty to the type.

There is little to be said about the cultivation of the tiger-lily. It is perfectly hardy and will grow anywhere. It prefers a rich soil, and in poor or damp spots it often degenerates.

There is a lily which resembles the tiger-lily so closely that very few people could distinguish between them unless they were placed side by side. And yet most writers on the subject have separated this lily from the tiger-lily and placed it among the *Martagon* group, a group of lilies differing extremely from the one which we are now considering.

The lily which we refer to is called *Lilium Maximowiczii* or *Pseudo-Tigrinum*. It resembles the tiger-lily very closely, but is not so sturdy in growth, and the flowers are smaller and poorer than those of the tiger-lily. There are several named varieties known.

Another lily of the same class is *Lilium Leichtlini*, the exact counterpart of the last species, only differing from it in the colour of its flowers, which are lemon yellow instead of orange. It is thickly spotted with small mahogany spots and streaks. It is a very desirable lily because of its uncommon colour, and it is not by any means difficult to grow.

Both *L. Maximowiczii* and *L. Leichtlini* require a moist peaty soil. Plenty of peat, plenty of sand, plenty of water and very little direct sunshine, are the keystones of the successful cultivation of these lilies.

At an auction last year we gave seven and sixpence for two very small bulbs of *Lilium Henryi*, a lily which has only lately been introduced, but one which is fast rising into prominence from its curious colour, its bold growth and its hardiness.

Lilium Henryi is usually called the "orange *Speciosum*," but in it we can see far more resemblance to the tiger-lily than we can to *L. Speciosum*. It seems to connect the *L. Tigrinum* and *L. Speciosum*. Its growth, its leaves, its flower buds and its habits suggest a close resemblance to the tiger-lily. But the raised tubercles and spines of the blossom recall *L. Speciosum*. The shape of the blossom is nearer to that of *L. Tigrinum* than it is to *L. Speciosum*, and the colour is totally different from either.

Dr. Henry's lily blossoms late in September, or in the beginning of October. Fine examples grow six to eight feet high and produce sixteen to forty blossoms. The flowers are bright orange without spots.

Our two specimens failed to reach the height of eighteen inches, but both produced blossoms—one a solitary one, the other a pair. This is all that can be expected from bulbs at three and ninepence a-piece. We expect to do much better this year.

The hardiness of this lily is unquestionable, and it needs no special cultivation.

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This lily is a native of China and is at present extremely scarce. Unless you are prepared to give ten shillings for a single bulb it is not worth while to grow it. If the bulbs ever get to be as cheap as a shilling or eighteenpence each, it will be well worth growing, but at ten shillings a bulb! It is monstrous to pay such a sum for a lily which at its best is only of inferior beauty.

The lilies which we have considered so far are all remarkable for the elegance of their forms and the striking colours of their flowers. If the reader has dreamed that all lilies are equally beautiful, or, at all events, that all are of great beauty and elegance, we are sorry to have to awaken him to the sad reality that there are many lilies which are not beautiful in colour and which are extremely inelegant in form.

The next group of lilies, *Isolirion*, contains many species, in all of which the flowers are erect and the segments little if at all reflexed. They are of low growth, and the blossoms are mostly orange in colour.

This group of lilies contains many old garden favourites which, though they possess but little individual beauty, are yet pleasing in the flower bed from the brightness and size of their blossoms, and for the early period at which they flower.

There is a great sameness about the members of the group *Isolirion*, and as there are many garden varieties of most of the species, some of which are possibly hybrids, it is a most difficult task to separate the various species from one another.

We associate the lily with elegance. What, then, should we imagine *Lilium Elegans*, the elegant lily to be like? And what is the reality? A low-growing clumsy stalk bearing two or three top-heavy enormous blossoms sticking bolt upright, chiefly of crude colours! As inelegant a plant as it is possible to conceive, having about as much right to the title of *elegans* as has the hippopotamus! Where did this lily get its name from? It has another title, *Lilium Thunbergianum*, or Thunberg's lily. Which of these names shall we use? Which is the less objectionable? The name which records the chief characteristic which the plant lacks, or that concocted of a Latinised version of the name of a human being? Formerly this lily was called *Lilium Lancifolium*, or the lance-leaved lily, a name which, though it might be equally well applied to nearly every known species of lily, is yet better than either of its modern names. But we cannot use this name, for florists will persist in applying the name *Lancifolium* to *L. Speciosum*.

L. Elegans grows about a foot high, and each stem bears from one to four blossoms. The blossoms are very large, very inelegant, and short-lived. But they make up to a certain extent in colour what they lack in form.

There are innumerable varieties of *L. Elegans*, differing chiefly in the colour of the flowers. Some of the colours are very fine, others are harsh and crude.

We append a table of the colours of the best known varieties. An asterisk is placed before the most desirable forms.

L. Elegans produces both a double and a semi-double variety. We should have thought that a “semi-double” flower was the same as a single one. But it is not so. A semi-double equals a one-and-a-half blossom! That is, a double corolla of which the inner part is abortive.

Lilium Croceum. The old orange lily resembles *Lilium Elegans*, but it grows taller, and produces a far larger number of blossoms. This is the finest of the upright orange lilies. The blossoms are large and reddish-orange in colour, spotted with black. The plant grows to about three feet high, and is very showy.

In Ireland this lily is the national emblem of the Orangemen; and when travelling in that country you can tell, so we have been assured, the political opinion of the owner of a house by observing what lilies he grows in his garden. The Orangemen are said to grow none but the orange lily, while the rest of the population cultivate only the Madonna lily (*L. Candidum*).

A variety of *L. Croceum* named *Chauixi* is of a bright yellow colour, and is finer than the type.

This lily is found wild in various parts of Central Europe. It has been in cultivation for centuries; but lately it has almost lost its place as a garden lily, having been discarded in favour of some of the varieties of *L. Davuricum*, which are much cheaper, but nothing like so fine.

The term *L. Umbellatum* is applied to certain varieties and possibly hybrids of *L. Croceum* and *L. Davuricum*.

A very similar species is *Lilium Davuricum*, a native of Siberia. The wild plant rarely bears more than two blossoms on each stem; but in cultivation flower-spikes of twenty or more blossoms are not uncommon.

L. Davuricum is frequently grown in gardens. There is a large number of named varieties of this lily, but all the forms are very similar, and in no way deserve separate names. The plant grows to about four feet high, and produces from four to thirty flowers of a dirty orange colour.

Lilium Bulbiferum very much resembles the lilies we have just mentioned, but it may be at once distinguished from any other *Isolirion* by the bulblets which are formed in the axils of the leaves. These bulblets are large and purple in colour. Not very uncommonly bulblets form in the axils of the leaves of *L. Davuricum* or *L. Elegans*; but when they do, they are small and green.

The blossoms of *L. Bulbiferum* are like those of *L. Davuricum* on a smaller scale. The same upright position, the same poorness of form, and the same dirty orange colour, which is so persistent among the members of the group *Isolirion*, are present in both. But the blossoms of *L. Bulbiferum* are distinctly smaller than are those of *L. Davuricum*.

If the lilies we have just described are not particularly remarkable for beauty, they are, nevertheless, very desirable subjects for the flower garden. They are showy, extremely hardy, flower in early June, when showy flowers are rare, and readily increase when once established. *L. Elegans* looks best planted in rows and borders, its low growth suiting it admirably for such treatment.

These lilies will grow anywhere, in any soil. A little peat and sand should be mixed with the soil in which these lilies are planted.

Although they will grow well enough in pots, these lilies are quite worthless for pot culture.

One of the best of the Isolirion group of lilies is *Lilium Batemanniae*. This plant resembles *L. Elegans* in some particulars, but its blossoms are quite distinct. They are of a rich unspotted apricot colour. The perianth is more reflexed than is commonly the case in this group. It flowers in the late summer. It should be grown in a good peaty soil.

Lilium Wallacei, a very similar species, has the flowers of a rich apricot, densely spotted with black. The bulbs of this species are very small. It requires similar treatment to the last.

Lilium Philadelphicum is an American species, and has a rhizomotose bulb. The stem produces a single blossom, dirty orange colour spotted with black and yellow. It requires a wet, very peaty soil.

Another American species is *Lilium Catesbaei*, a very curious and interesting plant. The bulb is unlike that of any other lily except *L. Avenaceum*. It somewhat resembles a fir-cone. This plant grows to the height of about a foot. It produces a single blossom, about five inches across. The segments are curiously curved and curled. Its colour is reddish orange and yellow. It should be grown in a peaty soil, but it is a somewhat tender species, and is not really suitable for outdoor culture in this country.

We have hurried through this group of lilies because the species are not remarkable either for form or for colour. They are certainly inferior to any other of the genus *lilium*.

Variety.	Colour of Flower.	Other Peculiarities.
Type	Dirty orange, spotted..	..
*Van Houttei	Deep red, spotted black.	The best of the red varieties.
*Horsmanni	Deep red, spotted black.	Very rare and difficult to obtain.
*Aurantiacum	Verum Pale terra-cotta, very slightly spotted.	Best of terra-cotta varieties.
Robustum	Dirty orange, spotted. Very early. Stem covered with down.	
*Atro-Sanguineum	Very deep red, slightly spotted.	Fine variety.
*Prince of Orange	Terra-cotta, slightly spotted.	Inferior to <i>Aurantiacum Verum</i> .
Wilsoni	Lemon-yellow, spotted.
*Alice Wilson	Clear lemon-yellow.	Very curious. The best of the yellow varieties.
Bicolor	Orange.	A poor form.
Brevifolium	Dirty orange, spotted.	A poor form.
*Incomparabilis	Deep red, spotted.	Inferior to the other deep red varieties, but bearing larger blossoms.

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THE HOUSE WITH THE VERANDAH.

By ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO, Author of "Other People's Stairs," "Her Object in Life," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

A FALL IN THE KITCHEN.

L

UCY felt wonderfully cheered and strengthened as Christmas approached. She was working hard and successfully. She had completed her sketches and had received payment for them, and she meant to give herself a little holiday from Christmas Eve until after the New Year, so that she might go fresh and bright to take her class at the Institute, which would re-open on January 3rd.

“Giving herself holiday” only signified that Lucy hoped to enjoy a week of her old life as Hugh’s mother and as general housewife. Like many who have special gifts, Lucy really enjoyed house-work and needlework. She intended in this interval to so overhaul book-cases, china cupboard and linen closet, that she might afterwards apply herself to her “professional” work with the contented assurance that her household would run on for awhile without other care than the worthy Mrs. Morison seemed able and willing to give.

Lucy felt that she had indeed found a treasure! She had not yet despatched any letter to Charlie, as the Slains Castle would not touch at its first port for fully three months, and it was not yet quite time for the mail which would take a letter there to await his arrival. But though the letter was not despatched, it was begun. It had been begun the day after she got Charlie’s farewell telegram, and a few lines had been added every night.

Now the letter would soon have to be despatched, and as Lucy sat down to her desk on Christmas Eve, she felt that she could safely tell the whole story of Pollie’s departure, and of the blessing which filled her vacant place. Mrs. Morison had been in the kitchen nearly two months, and every day she gave greater satisfaction. She had thrown herself with great zest into the idea of the Christmas party, and Lucy began to think that under this cook’s skilled fingers her festive dishes would probably achieve perfections at which she and poor Pollie had never aimed. As she sat writing to Charlie concerning the domestic good fortune which had befallen her, she felt her heart grow very soft towards this middle-aged woman who had once had a home of her own, but who was now so contentedly and worthily serving others. What life of her own had she? She had paid no visit since she had entered Lucy’s service; she had had no visitor. Yes, Lucy remembered she had had one—a middle-aged woman, who had called on her when she had been in her situation for a month. She had volunteered to say that this person was the wife of her cousin, the plumber at Willesden. Lucy had asked whether she had offered her a cup of tea. No, Mrs. Morison said; her cousin would not expect that; and Lucy had rejoined that she hoped she would show this little hospitality on future occasions. Lucy remembered now that Mrs. Morison had not seemed brightened by this visit, nay, that for a day or two afterwards she had even seemed a little depressed. It occurred to Lucy that perhaps this cousin had come possibly seeking a little loan, or perhaps pressing for the repayment of some trifling debt. Lucy knew that one or two of Pollie’s relatives had not been inclined to spare her hard earnings, and that Charlie and she had intervened to protect the girl from the weak soft-heartedness which can be so easily wrought upon by the loafing or the greedy.

What Christmas in any real sense would there be for this woman in the kitchen, whose presence there yet made a social Christmas possible for the rest of the household? If she had any old friends they must be in the North, beyond the reach of anything but the struggling, slow letters of the uneducated. Lucy wondered whether there was anybody to whom Mrs. Morison would like to send some “gift from London in kind remembrance.” She had taken quite a pathetic interest in certain trifling gifts which Lucy had despatched that afternoon.

“Eh, it’s bonnie!” she had said, adding with a little sigh, “It’s a gran’ thing to gie pleasure to folk.”

Lucy had got a nice cambric handkerchief with an “M” in the corner, tied up with a piece of red ribbon,

which was to be Mrs. Morison's own Christmas-box. It was all that it was reasonable to give to a servant who had been only two months in the house, to say nothing of the fact that Lucy was anxious to spend little this year, and had sent no Christmas gift save what was taken out of her own stores or of her own manufacture.

But Lucy wondered whether she could not do something more.

A bright idea seized her. Mrs. Morison's next month's wage would not fall due till just after the New Year. Why shouldn't Lucy advance it to her now? That would not impoverish Lucy, who had the money in her purse, and yet it might be a real neighbourly kindness.

She laid down her pen, sprang up and hurried to the kitchen, which was pervaded by festive smells of spice and stuffing herbs.

"Mrs. Morison," she said, "as your month's wages are due just after the New Year, I should like to advance them to you now. Most of us spend a little extra at this season, and as you haven't been earning money for some time, you may not have much cash ready at hand. For one does not care to disturb one's little investments to buy Christmas cards or comforters."

She laid on the table a sovereign and a little silver.

"Oh, ma'am," cried Mrs. Morison, "you're far ow're kind! You shouldn't ha' thought o' sic a thing. 'Deed, there is a thing or two one would like to do, though there's no many carin' for me now. An' you gave me my last month's money down on the vera day, an' it came in handy when my cousin's wife called. I was glad to have a bit to help her with, poor body, for they'd been kind to me, and they've got a cripple child, and some of their customers are slow in paying bills. There's a mighty differ between people, as I've often heard my poor husband say."

Lucy went back to her letter as light-hearted and elate as we always feel after doing a trifling kindness. She confided it all to her letter to Charlie—told him why she had interrupted her writing, and how very pleased Mrs. Morison had been, and how nicely she always spoke about "the master." She added that she should finish her letter on the evening of Christmas Day after the visitors had gone, when she could tell him how everything had passed off. "So it will seem almost as if we had had Christmas together after all." She had just written this when Mrs. Morison came into the parlour, saying,

"Please, ma'am, you won't mind if I go out for a little? I sha'n't be gone more than half-an-hour. It won't ill-convenience you?"

"Certainly not," Lucy answered cordially. "She is off to buy something," she thought to herself, and added aloud, "I'm afraid you are rather late for most of the shops."

"Some of them keep open late on Christmas Eve," said Mrs. Morison; "not the shops you'll know, m'm, but quiet little places where working people go."

Mrs. Morison came back in about a quarter of an hour. She had a parcel under her shawl, and in her hand was a little bright-coloured ball.

"If you please, m'm," she said, "I'll make bold to drop that into the stocking that I see you've hung outside Master Hugh's door. And I'm sure I'm sending my good Christmas wishes to the master, if the

winds will carry them. And please, ma'am, if you'll do me a favour, you won't trouble yourself a bit about kitchen things to-morrow, but just trust to me. All is ready now as far as it can be till it's fairly put on the fire."

Lucy gratefully promised full confidence. She had fixed her dinner-hour carefully—two hours earlier than she had ever had Christmas dinner. It was to come off at four o'clock, because it would not be nice for dear old Miss Latimer to have to return home late,{543} now there was no Charlie to escort her. It would not have been kind to fix it sooner than four, since Wilfrid Somerset so much disliked being abroad before dusk.

Next morning, after the Christmas cards had been admired and arranged gaily on the mantelshelf—after the Christmas stocking had been emptied of all its contents and Hugh had made a right guess as to the giver of the pretty ball—Lucy and Hugh went to morning service. Of course, the familiar hymns, even the fresh smell of the "holly, bay and mistletoe" of which the church was full, all had a pathos for her, as indeed they do for everybody except such as little Hugh, to whose short experience it seems that all Christmas Days will be as this one or even more abundant. Yet Lucy reflected that, looking forward, she could never have foreseen herself so full of cheer and patience and hope.

Kneeling in her pew, thinking of all the happy festivals of her married life, her mind went back to those earlier days when she and Florence had looked over one book while they warbled—

"Hark, the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

Then—as always happens with all healthy, right-minded people, when their nerves are emerging, quiet, after a storm, and their hearts are full of thankfulness for blessings already realised, and for hopes brightening before them—Lucy began to wonder whether she had not been a little severe and unjust to Florence—whether she might not have blamed her for jars due rather to Lucy's own morbidly irritable condition. She was glad she was to spend Christmas Day in her own house—glad that Miss Latimer and Mr. Somerset and the country boy were to be her guests—but possibly it did seem hard to Florence that she had been set aside. That last speech of hers about being now free to invite other guests might perhaps have been wrung from her by a jar inflicted by Lucy herself. Lucy felt that she would be the happier at her own little festival, if she could feel quite sure that all was right between Florence and herself, and that she had made due amends for aught she had done amiss.

She and Hugh were to have a slight lunch when they returned from church. She resolved that they would hurry over this, and then go to the Brands' house, just to wish them "A Merry Christmas!" They could be back in the little house with the verandah before Miss Latimer and Mr. Somerset could arrive.

They had to knock twice before Mrs. Morison let them in.

"She's so busy with her cooking, ma," Hugh explained sagaciously. And indeed when she did come, her face was very red, and she was so pre-occupied that, as Hugh lingered a moment to knock snow from his boot, she actually hurried back to her kitchen and left them to close the door themselves.

"Don't roast yourself as well as the chickens, Mrs. Morison!" Lucy called after her playfully.

Their nice little cold meal was awaiting them on a side table in the dining-room, the dining-table itself

being already occupied by the best napery, crystal and cutlery, set out by Lucy before she went to church.

Hugh was all eagerness to see his little cousins and their Christmas cards and gifts—they were sure to have so many, and such beauties!

After all, the call, though satisfactory in one sense, proved less so in another. It convinced Lucy that her sister had not been hurt or offended; it also convinced her that the whole matter had been of such slight interest to Florence that she had forgotten all about it!

Jem Brand did not seem even to know that Lucy had been invited to be his guest! Said he—

“You ought to have been invited, and anyhow, wouldn’t you stay on now? There are a good many people coming, but there would be room for you, never fear.”

Even when he heard she was to have guests of her own, he actually suggested that he should send round a cab and bring them all over!

It seemed to Lucy that Florence spoke rather sharply to Jem, saying significantly, that he had better not go into the dining-room again till dinner was served. She supposed Florence was tired and cumbered. Florence had sent out a hundred and fifty Christmas cards—“Private cards, of course!”—one conventional salutation alike to oldest friend and newest acquaintance, to the wise and to the simple, the merry and the sad. And Florence had received already two hundred cards, and nearly one hundred were from people whom she had overlooked, and whom she would have to “remember” at New Year. Also, the cutler had not sent home her new fruit knives with the agate handles, and she would have to use her old ones. It was enough to provoke a saint!

The two little Brand girls were whining and fuming.

“Muriel is out of sorts,” said the lady nurse, “because she has been allowed to breakfast with her mamma and has eaten too much cake, and Sybil is out of temper because her papa has given Muriel a mechanical walking doll, and she does not think her own gift of toy drawing-room furniture so good.” She would have stamped on it had not the lady nurse taken it away.

“I must soothe them up somehow to make a pretty appearance downstairs after dinner,” she said. “And a nice to-do I shall have up here when they come back again.”

Well, at any rate, the comfort was that Florence kissed Lucy almost effusively.

“It was so sweet of you to come!” she said. She might be sharp with Jem and vexed about her children, but it was evidently all right between her and Lucy. “How well-behaved your Hugh is!” she said, and clung on to her sister, pouring out the story of all the frictions working in her own kitchen.

Lucy hinted gently that she must be at home in time for her visitors; but she remembered the mission which had brought her, and shrank from seeming unsympathetic. At last it was so late that she had to say definitely that she must go at once, or she would not be back in her own house at four o’clock.

“Dear me”—Florence looked at her watch—“you really must go! It’s well you don’t have much dressing for dinner to do, or you’d be late already. It has been such a comfort to have a reasonable

creature to speak to. And you'll take a cab, my dear, or I'll never forgive myself for having kept you. You are to take a cab, mind!"

Lucy smiled and hurried away. A cab? No! A woman who knows what it is to earn shillings cannot willingly afford to spend them because another woman's whim delays her. Lucy, too, looked at her watch. There would be just time for her to reach home ere her guests arrived.

When they got into the quieter streets she shortened the journey by running little races with Hugh. Nevertheless, just as they came in sight of the house with the verandah, they saw Mr. Somerset's cab drive up.

They all went in together. Of course, Mrs. Morison opened the door. She had on a fresh white apron as if she were ready to serve up dinner. Mr. Somerset had a big parcel to get out of his cab, and that made a little delay, during which Mrs. Morison hurried off again downstairs.

Lucy was comforted to find that Miss Latimer had not arrived yet, nor the lad Tom Black. Mr. Somerset was such an old and familiar friend that she could easily leave him to the chattering ministrations of little Hugh, while she hurried to her own room to take off her walking garb and add a few touches of lacy brightness to her apparel.

While she was thus employed, she heard Hugh give a shout of joy and go leaping downstairs. From the drawing-room window, he had seen Miss Latimer approach. Lucy heard him and the old governess exchanging rapturous greetings. She went out and met Miss Latimer, and led her to her own room, where the old lady had some little titivations to make, and a few private inquiries to get answered, so that they lingered there until another knock announced Tom Black, and they went downstairs to receive him.

They found the youth standing awkwardly alone on the landing outside the drawing-room door. He had only just reached that spot, led thereto by the sound of Hugh's shrill pipe and Mr. Somerset's deeper tones. He was vastly relieved to see Lucy, and to be made welcome by her. Lucy herself made the inward reflection that Mrs. Morison was either less trained in receiving guests than in other departments of service, or that she felt her devotion to the Christmas dinner must justify any lapse in minor attentions.

They went into the drawing-room. Tom Black was introduced all round, {544} and a little conversation was got up about the weather, about Hugh's gifts, and about Mr. Challoner, and how he was possibly keeping his Christmas day.

By this time it was fully half-past four. Lucy did not feel at all nervous on that score. If her husband had been at home to remain with her guests, she would certainly have stepped out of the room and taken a housewifely survey. But she did not care to leave her visitors quite to themselves, since she had the just idea that hospitality loses its sweetest grace if it seems burdensome to the hosts. It was natural, too, that dinner should be a little deferred. Mrs. Morison had probably thoughtfully retarded matters when her mistress's return had been so late.

Lucy had not even begun to feel anxious—when there came a sudden heavy fall and a smash!

(To be continued.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

MEDICAL.

Unfortunate One.—Tainted breath may be due to a great host of conditions, and as it is a common affection, and is often exceedingly distressing, we will devote a little time to its consideration. The breath may be tainted from the mouth—bad teeth, deposits of tartar round the teeth, spongy gums, sores in the mouth, such as the little white ulcers so commonly due to dyspepsia, sores on the tongue or lips, etc. Enlarged tonsils are an exceedingly common cause of foul breath. Some forms of chronic catarrh of the nose and throat are also connected with bad breath. Then again, the breath may acquire a bad smell from disease of the lungs. The stomach also may cause the breath to smell bad; as a symptom of indigestion, bad breath is not uncommon. Lastly, poisons circulating in the blood will taint the breath. A mild form of this taint of the breath due to substances circulating in the blood is the unpleasant smell of persons who have eaten onions or garlic. The treatment for this symptom varies with the cause. Bad teeth should be stopped or removed. Tartar should be removed by scaling the teeth. Spongy gums, etc., should be treated with appropriate measures. Tonsils which render the breath fetid should be removed, for they are dangerous centres from which serious diseases may start. For the bad breath arising from troubles in the mouth or throat, a mouthwash of boracic acid and lavender water, or dilute carbolic acid, or of permanganate of potash is very useful. Orris root, eucalyptus lozenges, etc., are also very valuable. When the smell is derived from the nose, local measures are alone of any service. For other forms of tainted breath, musk, benzoin, and orris root are of value. It is often said that these aromatics should not be used for the purpose, because they only mask the smell and do nothing to remove the cause of the evil. Quite so! But when the cause cannot be removed, we must treat the symptom. For the bad breath due to stomach trouble, attention to the digestion and an aperient will be required. The other conditions and troubles causing bad breath cannot here be dealt with.

Curiosity.—1. Apollinaris, Rosbach, and Johannis waters are for table purposes, and possess no special medicinal action. Hunyadi, Janos, and Apenta waters are both saline aperients. Both these latter springs are in Hungary. Apenta is the more serviceable of the two.—2. Aix-la-Chapelle supplies two mineral waters; that commonly called Aix-la-Chapelle water is from a sulphurous spring. The other water is Kaiser Brunnun, an ordinary gaseous table water.

Glasgow.—We will give you our opinion; but, mind you, as in all cases of this kind, we will not take the sole responsibility, and you must get the opinion of another medical man upon the matter before deciding for good. The family history of the man you intend to marry is bad. His mother and his brother died of consumption. Your questions are these:—Has the man got consumption? will he get consumption? If he marries, will his wife get consumption, or will his children get consumption? As regards the first question—you say he expectorates a good deal, he has a “catching in the throat,” he is very tall and very pale. He may have the disease. We cannot go further than this without examining his chest. The answer to the second question must be equally indefinite. For the third question—his wife will not get consumption from him unless he himself develops the disease. His children, however, may develop the disease without their father being personally attacked. Of course, all may go well, and neither the man, nor his wife, nor his children may ever develop consumption; but with the history that you give us, we fear that such a happy result is very doubtful. If the man has got the disease at present, marriage is out of the question.

Puzzled Reader.—You should eat well, keep warm, and take plenty of exercise. How to do these is the question. A mixed diet should always be taken. If your digestion is good, oatmeal and other coarse farinaceous food will help to keep you warm. If your digestion is faulty, bread and milk is better. Fat does help to keep you warm, and fat foods in moderation are by no means indigestible. Indeed, fat

bacon is one of the most digestible of meats. Dress in warm but loose clothes. Your boots especially should be loose, but perfectly watertight and well lined. Wear warm loose woollen underclothing. Avoid any constrictions anywhere, such as tight garters, corsets, or collars. Take as much exercise as you can manage.

MISCELLANEOUS.

S. C. A.—There is a shilling manual on common British ferns to be obtained quite easily.

Lily.—To make a rice cake, take six eggs, and their weight (in the shell) in sugar, and the same in butter; half their weight in rice flour, and half of wheat flour; whisk the eggs, throw in the rice after the flour, and add the butter in the usual way. Flavour according to preference, and bake for an hour and ten minutes. The ingredients should be severally added during the whisking. To prepare “pressed beef,” procure a piece of the brisket, remove the bones, and put it in salt (in the usual way), adding a little extra sal prunella to the brine and some spice, leaving it in pickle for rather more than a week. Roll and tie up in a cloth, and simmer gently in plenty of water for about seven hours (if the thin end, four hours); then remove the string, tie cloth at each end, put the beef between two plates, and press under a hundredweight, and leave till quite cold; then remove the cloth, trim and glaze, and garnish with parsley.

Daffodil.—You would have no difficulty in obtaining a good riding-habit in your own city, where there must be plenty of good tailors. It would be impossible for us to give an estimate for one, and we can only say that they may be of any price from £4 4s. to £10 10s. You had better get a Directory, look out for tailors and ladies’ tailors, and go and inquire personally.

M. M.—The “V.R.” on the upper corners made all the difference, and marked the first issue of the penny stamps in 1840. The stamp you send us was issued in 1864, and is of no value at all except as a specimen of the date, if you were collecting stamps of every known issue.

Pale Face.—Red would of course suit you, as well as all shades of it. Yellow sometimes suits pale faces very well, and so does grey relieved with pink. Violet and blue will make you look paler.

E. F. Boulton.—We have pleasure in announcing your change of address, and congratulate you on your success in the oral system of teaching deaf mutes, and the remedy of defective speech. Address, Miss Boulton, Members’ Mansions, Victoria Street, S.W.

Mahdi.—We thank you sincerely for so kind a letter respecting our magazine. Your writing is excellent. Peel a banana from the end downwards to the stem, and then use a knife and fork; or if at home, in private, you can dispense with them.

P. F. M.—We do not know whom you mean by “supers,” for one of whom you want a home. If some person that has been employed on the stage—one class being known as “supers”—there is a charitable society called the Church and Stage Guild, of which the Hon. Secretary is the Rev. Stewart Headlam, Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C., which looks after these people, and perhaps he might give you some information on the subject.

Light Wanted.—There is not the slightest reason why the event should not take place; indeed there is every reason why it should, provided that both desire it.

Clare Verney.—You might obtain the information you require by reference to Agnes Strickland’s

Queens of England, or other history of hers.

Miss Mason requests that our readers should be reminded of her Holiday Home for teachers, clerks, and young persons in business, at Sevenoaks—"Bessel's House," Bessel's Green, Kent. Reduced fares are asked from Charing Cross, London Bridge, Cannon Street, and Victoria. Return tickets for a month, 2s. 8d.—twenty miles from town by S. E. R. Charge for board, etc., from 12s. to 15s. a week. A stamped envelope should be enclosed, and the age and occupation of the applicant stated.

Perplexed.—The law on the question of changing or adding Christian names is as follows: "A child's baptismal name, if changed, or not previously given, may be inserted in the Register within twelve months after the registration of birth." You appear to be a member of the Church of England, and as such, how came you to remain unbaptised and excluded from Holy Communion until you were seventeen? "One year's delay is allowed by the law for altering or adding to your name," as entered on the Register of Birth, so as to accord with your "baptismal name." As it is, your assumed second name is not yours by legal right.

Cumberland Lassie.—The high glaze employed by washerwomen for linen is produced by mixing some wax or fat with the starch. This is a difficult undertaking, even when hot. But starch-glazes may be purchased ready for use, which may be employed safely, and are sold at any good oil-shop. Some people, who wash articles at home, simply stir the starch while hot with a wax candle. The following is a good recipe for a glaze: Take 100 parts of wheat starch, 0.75 of stearinic acid, melt the latter with about ten times its weight of the former. Let it cool, powder, and mix thoroughly with the rest of the starch. This will be suitable for shirt-fronts and collars; but for table-linen add a little unprepared starch.

Little Housewife.—To clean japanned trays you should never use hot water; tepid water used with a soft cloth will remove any grease spot, and a little flour sprinkled on a smear will restore the polish. The varnish on candlesticks is often cracked by placing them before the fire to melt the grease, or by the use of hot water.

A. A. and D. C.—We often see clergymen, who are graduates of different universities, wearing the hoods of their several universities when doing duty in the same church and at the same time. Wherever they pursue their vocation, they have a right to wear their academic distinctions, and none other.

Anxious Inquirer.—Your fiancé should leave his own card. It is not for you to do so for him. Leave your mother's, should she permit it, and your own, or her card with your name on it would be more correct.

Samoa.—Table-napkin rings are only used in private at home, or at a boarding house, economy in the matter of washing being an object. But in the houses of the wealthy, a fresh napkin is provided daily, and thus a distinguishing ring is needless. With reference to the discoloured coral, try a weak solution of borax, tepid. Should this fail, take it to a jeweller.

C. L.—There are only two ways of sending any parcel to India—by post, or by private hand. The acorns should be put into a little box. Your handwriting promises well, but is as yet unformed.

A Constant Reader has only to order a book on the subject from any librarian, and he will procure it for her.

Genevieve (Alderney).—You have only to write to the Manager of our Publishing Department for the cover, with index of the year you require, and ask him to inclose the bill, including postage, and any bookbinder will bind your volume for you.

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Full text of "*Robert E. Lee, a story and a play*"

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ROBERT E. LEE

A Story

AND

A Play

LITTLE FOLKS' PLAYS
OF AMERICAN HEROES

GEORGE WASHINGTON
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
ABRAHAM LINCOLN
ULYSSES S. GRANT
ROBERT E. LEE
JOHN JOSEPH PERSHING
MAKERS OF AMERICA

Little Folks' Plays of American Heroes

ROBERT E. LEE

A STORY AND A PLAY

RUTH HILL

ABTletVeRITAnI

BOSTON

RICHARD G. BADGER

THE GORHAM PRESS

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THE STORY

THE STORY OF ROBERT E. LEE

Growing Up

ONCE upon a time in beautiful Virginia there lived a little boy named Robert Edward Lee. It was in the days before the Civil War when, if we may believe all we hear, all the women were charming, and all the men were gentlemen.

The boy's father was one of the most gallant of the gentlemen, for he was Light Horse Harry of Revolutionary War fame. He it was who said of Washington, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Mr. Lee did not realize, then, how many people would apply this same remark to his own son.

No doubt little Robert got in and out of as many scrapes as any other active little boy, but all the time he was hard at work learning to control

his temper. I started to say he was learning to be a gentleman, but that was something he did not have to learn. A gentleman he was by nature, as the Lees of Virginia had been for generations. He did not have a very happy boyhood. His

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father died when Robert was only eleven. His mother was an invalid and Robert was the one who did all the thoughtful little things that mean so much when one is sick. He would race home from school to take her out to ride. He would arrange all the pillows carefully and then tell her everything amusing he could think of, because he said unless she was cheerful the ride would do her no good.

In her last illness he nursed her day and night. If Robert left the room, she kept her eyes on the door until he returned, but she never had long to wait.

A Young Soldier

When the time came for Robert to choose a profession, he decided to be a soldier. He prepared himself for West Point. His teacher said that everything Robert started to do, he finished beautifully, even if it were only a plan drawn on his slate.

When the time came, he received his appointment to West Point through Andrew Jackson, who was greatly taken by the appearance of this straightforward young man.

At West Point he graduated second In his class,

THE STORY n

and better than that, he never received a demerit all the time he was there.

Right after graduation, he was made second lieutenant of Engineers and for some time he was busy looking after our coast defenses.

Two years afterwards he married. Who do you suppose the bride was? The granddaughter of Washington's stepson. Robert and Mary Park Custis had played together as children. She was an heiress, while Lieutenant Lee was poor, but that did not lessen her pride in her husband.

Some years later, after he had been made Captain, the Mississippi River threatened to flood St. Louis. General Scott was asked for help and he sent Captain Lee. "He is young," Scott wrote, "but if the work can be done, he can do it."

The city government grew impatient because they thought the young engineer was not working fast enough. They withdrew the money they had voted to spend on the work, but this did not stop Captain Lee. All he said was "They can do as they like with their own, but I was sent here to do certain work, and I will do it." And he did it.

Feeling In the city ran high, riots broke out, and It was said that cannons were placed ready to fire on the working force. But Lee kept calmly on to the end, and his work still stands today. Just as

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when he was a boy, anything he began, he finished beautifully.

The Mexican War

Later, when the Mexican War broke out, of course Captain Lee was sent to the border. You know what sort of country that is, how easy it is for Mexicans to hide in the mountains, and how hard it is for Americans to find them.

So successful was Lee as a scout, however, that first he was made major, then lieutenant-colonel, and finally colonel, all in one year. General Scott

declared years afterward that Lee was the very best soldier he had ever seen.

Early in the war, he started out with a single Mexican guide whom he forced to serve at the point of a pistol. The Americans had received a report that the Mexicans had crossed the mountains and were near, ready to attack. Lee started out to find how near the Mexicans really were.

Soon Lee and his frightened guide came upon tracks of mules and wagons in the road. This would have satisfied many scouts, but Lee determined to press on until he reached the pickets of the enemy.

To his surprise he found no pickets, but he saw

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large camp-fires on a hillside not far away. By this time, his guide was ready to die of fright and begged Lee to return. But he was not quite satisfied and rode forward. Soon he saw what carried out the report he had heard of the mountain side covered with the tents of the Mexicans, for there it gleamed white in the moonlight. Still riding on, he heard the loud talking and usual noises of a camp. But by this time he discovered that what others had taken for tents were, — well what do you suppose ? Why, nothing but sheep I

Riding into the herders' camp, he learned that the Mexicans had not yet crossed the mountains, so he galloped back to his own camp with this important news, — much to the relief of his guide.

At another time he set out in darkness in the midst of a terrible tropic storm, across lava beds where Mexicans lurked. By carrying an important message, he forced the Mexicans to retreat.

Seven officers were sent on the same errand, but all except Lee returned without delivering the message. General Scott called it the bravest act of the whole war.

A story which shows how Lee kept right on doing anything that he knew was right, is told of him when he was in Mexico. He had been ordered to take some marines and make a battery to be

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manned by them afterwards. The sailors did not like to dig dirt and swore. Even their captain said his men were fighters, not moles. Lee simply showed his orders and made them keep on. When the firing began, the marines found their trenches very useful. The captain apologized to Lee saying, "I suppose after all, your work helped the boys a good deal. But the fact is, I never did like this land fighting — it ain't clean."

After the fall of Mexico when the American officers were celebrating with a banquet in the palace, a health was proposed to the gallant young captain of engineers who had found a way for the army into the city. Then they noticed that Lee was not there, so one of them went in search of him.

At last Lee was found in a faraway room, hard at work studying a map. When his friend asked him why he was not at the banquet, he pointed to his work. Then his friend told him that was just drudgery and that some one else could do it just as well.

"No," said Lee, "No, I am only doing my duty."

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A Returned Hero

After the war with Mexico, Lee was one of the

most popular war heroes. The Cubans tried to get him to lead them in a revolution against Spain. They offered him far more money than he could receive here, but he thought it dishonorable to accept service in a foreign army when he held a United States commission.

Three years later he was made superintendent of West Point. When he learned of his new position, he wrote just what we might expect of him. He said he was sorry to learn that the Secretary of War had decided on him, because he was afraid that he did not have skill and experience enough.

As a matter of fact, he made a highly successful superintendent. One day when Lee was out riding with his son, they caught sight of three cadets who were far out of bounds, and were going farther just as fast as they could. After a moment Lee said, "Did you know those young men? But no, if you did, don't say so. I wish boys would do what is right; it would be so much easier for all parties."

After three years' service at West Point, Lee was made lieutenant-colonel in a new cavalry regi-

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ment, intended to keep peace in the South Western territory which had been taken over from Mexico. His time was spent in fighting Indians.

He happened to be in Washington at the time of the famous John Brown raid and he was sent to end it. Lee captured John Brown and then turned him over to the civil authorities. If it had not been for Lee, John Brown and his party would have been lynched. In talking with a friend afterwards, Lee said, "I am glad we did not have to kill him, for I believe he is an honest, conscientious old man."

The Civil War

Day by day the feeling between the Northern

and Southern states grew more bitter. Lee thought both sides were somewhat in the wrong but he kept right to his military duties. He said a soldier should not dabble in politics.

At last the break came for Lee when Virginia decided to leave the union. Can*t you just imagine how the heart of Lee was torn? Here he was an officer in the United States army, and yet his beloved Virginia was no longer to be a part of the nation.

It is said that he was offered the position of

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Commander-in-Chief of the United States forces if he would remain loyal to the union, but he could not turn his back upon Virginia. It was not as if he had felt bitterly against the North. It was not as if he felt strongly on the slave question. As a matter of fact he had freed his own slaves before. He wanted peace but since Virginia had decided to withdraw from the union and so needed him, he was not the man to fail her.

We still remember how he refused to take command in Cuba because he was a United States officer. Now he was obliged to resign his commission, but he said he hoped never to draw his sword again except in defence of his native state.

As soon as it was known that Lee had retired from the United States army, the Governor offered him the position of Commander-in-Chief of the forces of Virginia.

The president of the Virginia convention gave him his commission saying, "Sir, we have by this unanimous vote expressed our convictions that you are at this day, among the living citizens of Virginia, first in war, and we pray God that it may soon be said of you that you are first in peace, and when that time comes you will have gained the still prouder distinction of being first in the hearts of your countrymen."

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So, at the age of fifty-four, after thirty-two years of service in the United States army, Lee accepted the command which he felt to be his duty.

For four years, the life of General Lee was a part of all men's history. You know how he took charge of raw recruits and in two months had sixty trained regiments ready for the service of his state. You know how hard it was for the South to get arms and ammunition. General Lee called upon all the citizens to give up all the guns they owned and saw that factories turned out as much ammunition as possible.

I don't have to tell you of Lee's victories and defeats, because you have read of them all.

He had not only to fight with the Northern armies but he had also to battle against home sickness and measles (measles during the Civil War were no joke) in his own camp.

Because the Southern States were fighting for their separate rights, the feeling of independence was particularly strong among the Southern officers, and General Lee was sometimes seriously hindered by not having his orders carried out.

Then came the last terrible years and months of the war when the South could not get food or clothes or shoes for her army. But the men in-

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spired by Lee, continued to fight bravely on. They knew that their general was not feasting while they starved; for often one cold sweet potato would be all that General Lee would have for a meal.

You can see how great an influence Lee had on the army, by the words that would pass from

mouth to mouth before a battle. "Remember, General Lee is looking at us."

Before one of the later battles of war, Lee was reviewing the troops. "These," said one of the officers, "Are the brave Virginians."

Without saying a word, Lee removed his hat and rode the length of the line. One man said it was the most eloquent speech he had ever heard.

A few minutes later as the men advanced to the charge one of the youngest called out, "Any man who would not fight after what General Lee said is a blame coward!"

During battle, Lee seemed not to know the meaning of fear. His officers were forever telling him to keep out of danger. On one occasion he was so determined to fight in the front of the battle, they had to refuse to advance until he went back. He said one time in his quiet vein of humor, "I wish some one would tell me what my place is on the battlefield, I seem never to be in it."

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Another time, he was seen to advance in the midst of firing, stoop, and pick something up. He was replacing a baby bird that had fallen out of its nest.

Finally with all supplies cut off. General Lee saw all further fighting was useless, and he accepted arrangements for surrender. One of his officers told him that history would blame him for surrendering. He replied that it did not matter if he knew it was right.

So at the courthouse at Appomattox, Lee proved himself as great as ever he had been in victory. It is easy enough to be great in the midst of victory, but the truly great man is the one who remains great in spite of defeat. That is the test.

General Grant was so much touched by the bravery and suffering of the Southern army that

by his orders no salutes of joy were fired.

After signing the articles of surrender, Lee came out of the courthouse, looked up for a moment at the Virginia hills for which he had fought so bravely, struck his hands together just once in agony, then mounted his confederate grey horse. Traveller, and rode calmly away.

As he rode, he passed in view of his men, — as many as remained of them. News of the surrender had spread, so they were standing about in

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dejected groups, when they caught sight of Lee. For a moment they forgot hunger and defeat and let out a mighty shout. Then they crowded around their former commander kissing his hands through their tears.

"Men," he said, "we have fought through the war together. I have done my best for you. My heart is too full to say more."

The College President

The Lees' beautiful home, Arlington, across the river from Washington, had been used as headquarters for the Union Army during the war. The country home they owned had been burned.

The family was now living at Richmond, and General Lee went to join them there. You can imagine how glad they were to see each other after their long and terrible separation.

But Lee was not allowed the peaceful home life for which he longed. Callers of every class crowded the house.

One morning an Irishman who had fought on the Northern side came with a basket of provisions, and insisted upon seeing General Lee. The servant could not put him off, so when the General appeared, Pat said to him, "Sure, sir,

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you're a great soldier, and it's I that knows it. I've been fighting against you all these years, and many a hard knock we've had. But, General, I honor you for it, and now they tell me you are poor and in want, and I've brought you this basket. Please take it from a soldier."

Lee, of course, thanked him for it and told him that although he himself was not in need there were poor soldiers in the hospital who would be glad to be remembered by so generous a foe.

With the death of President Lincoln, feeling in the North against the South took new life. Friends of Lee began to fear for his safety.

One day a confederate soldier in a tattered uniform called upon the general saying he was speaking for four other fellows around the corner who were too ragged to come to the house. They offered their loved general a home in the mountains where they would guard him with their lives. Lee thanked them with tears in his eyes, but he said he could not live the life of an outlaw. He gave them some of his clothes and the soldier went back to his friends around the corner.

Because of Mrs. Lee's poor health, it became necessary to leave Richmond. A friend offered them a country house near Cartersville in Cumberland county. But people followed him even here.

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An English nobleman offered him an estate abroad, but Lee would not leave Virginia now that she needed him more than ever.

He received all sorts of offers of money, of land, of stock if he would allow business companies just to use his name. He was offered the presidency of an insurance company at a salary of \$50,000 a year. He said he could not accept be-

cause he knew nothing about the insurance business. "But General, you will not be expected to do any work; what we wish is the use of your name."

"Don't you think," said General Lee, "that if my name is worth \$50,000 a year, I ought to be very careful about taking care of it?"

As one of his daughters said, "They are offering my father everything but the only thing he will accept, — a chance to earn honest bread while engaged in some useful work."

That speech made to a trustee of Washington College, brought Lee the offer of presidency of the college at a salary of \$1,500 a year. At first Lee would not accept, because he was afraid that because he was still a prisoner on parole it might hurt the college to have him as its head. When the trustees told him what an honor it would be to the college to have his name connected with it, he finally accepted.

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On his old war horse, Traveller, he rode into Lexington alone to take up his college duties. At first he was met with a reverent silence, but soon his old soldiers broke out into their far-famed rebel yell.

He took his oath as president on October 2, 1865, and from then until his death, he devoted himself to the needs of the college. When he took charge there were only four professors and forty students. Don't you think most men who had been commanders-in-chief would have considered it beneath their dignity to accept a position like that?

He put every student on his honor. If he found that a student was getting no good from the college, and that his influence might be bad on the others, the student was given the chance to leave instead of being expelled. Even as the college grew bigger, Lee knew every student personally, and even most of his marks.

Lee was still pursued by offers of large salaries for the mere use of his name. To one of these he replied what he might have said to all, "I am grateful, but I have a self-imposed task which I must accomplish. I have led the young men of the South in battle. I have seen many of them die on the field; I shall devote my remaining energies to training young men to do their duty in life."

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The trustees of Washington College wanted to give him as a home, the house erected for him as president. But he insisted that the building be kept by the college, he said he could not allow himself or his family to be a tax on the college.

Because of poor health, Lee went South during his last winter. While he was gone, the trustees voted to give his family three thousand dollars a year.

But this, like everything else, Lee refused. After Lee's Southern trip, it was hoped that he had regained his health, for he took up his college duties with such energy.

On the morning of September 28, 1870, General Lee was at his desk promptly as usual. In the afternoon he went to a business meeting of the Church officers. A steady rain was falling and the air was chilly. He presided at the meeting, sitting in the cold, damp church. When it was announced that the minister's salary had not been raised, Lee said he would pay what was lacking.

Tea was waiting for him when he came home. He stood up as if to say grace, but he could not speak. When the doctor came, he told Lee he would soon be up again riding his favorite gray, but Lee only shook his head. Then later in his delirium, he showed his mind had wandered back

to the battlefields, for once he said, "Strike the tents." And again speaking of one of his favorite officers who had been killed in the war, he said, "Tell Hill he must come up."

Then at last Lee passed peacefully away from all battlefields.

One time a young student was called to the president's office and was told gently that only patience and industry would prevent the failure that would otherwise certainly come to him.

"But, General, you failed."

"I hope that you may be more fortunate than I," was the quiet answer.

But it was only the General's great modesty that made him consider himself a failure. What greater success could come to any man than to be always a Christian and always a gentleman?

THE PLAY

Act I

SCENE I

Scene : Alexandria, Fa., the garden in front of the Lees' home in the spring of 1819.

Characters

Robert Lee, aged 12

Bud, his chum, aged 11

Slats, a friend, aged 12

Fat, another friend, aged 13

(Enter ROBERT and BUD. BUD has a fishing rod. ROBERT is carrying his school hooks. SLATS follows tossing a ball in the air and catching it. FAT trails along last, as usual.)

BUD — An say, Rob, get your pole and come on fishing. They say they're biting great. Have you asked your mother if you could go ?

ROBERT— No, I haven't.

SLATS — Well what do you think she is, a mind reader or something?

FAT — No, probably he thinks if he waits long enough, somebody will ask her for him.

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BUD — Don't judge everybody by yourself. Rob always does everything for himself and a lot of things for other people, and you know it, unless your head's too fat.

SLATS — Well, aren't you going to ask her Rob?

ROBERT— No, I told you before, I couldn't go fishing.

FAT — Well, how do you know you can't if you haven't even asked? Talk about my head being fat!

BUD — You better be careful what you say to Rob. He could trim the life out of you, and you know it.

ROBERT — I don't see what you boys are making all this fuss about. I just can't go fishing, that's all. You fellows go ahead and have a good time and tomorrow tell me all about that biggest fish that got away.

BUD — Don't you want to go, Rob ?

ROBERT — Of course I want to go, but I simply can't this afternoon, that's all.

BUD — Aw what's the secret, Rob? Aren't you and I pardners?

ROBERT— There isn't any secret. Bud. I'm just going to take mother out to ride just as I always do.

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SLATS— Well say, can't she stay home just for once?

ROBERT— She does stay home all the time except when I take her out to ride. Now be careful, or she might hear you, and not want me to take her out.

FAT— Say, if I'd thought of that sooner, I'd have talked at the top of my lungs.

BUD— Be careful. Fat, or Rob'll have you yelling at the top of your lungs.

ROBERT— Good luck, boys. Run along and have a good time. I hope the fish bite as fast as snapping turtles. {He goes in the house.}

BUD— Come on boys, no use trying to get Rob. When he makes up his mind, you might just as well not try to budge him.

FAT — Aw, he's tied to his mother's apron strings.

SLATS — You shut up before I make you I

BUD {To himself— Say if you were half as manly as he is, no one would know you.

FAT— I didn't mean anything. I like Rob just as well as the rest of you, but if I did all the things for my mother that he does for his, everyone'd call me a sissy.

SLATS — Yes, and probably they'd be right.
Come on. Fat, I mean *'Sissy,'"

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{BUD, SLATS and FAT go on their way.
Negro servant leads out horse and carriage,
ROBERT comes out of the house helping his
mother down the stairs,)

MRS. LEE — Don't strain yourself, Robert.

ROBERT — You don't know how strong I am,
Mother. Lean harder. I don't feel you at all.

MRS. LEE — I don't know what I'd do without
you Robert. You're both sons and daughters to
me.

{ROBERT helps her into the carriage.}

ROBERT — There, are you quite comfortable,
mother? {He arranges the cushions for her,}

MRS. LEE — Yes thank you dear, but I do feel
as if you ought to be out playing instead of tak-
ing an old invalid like me out to ride.

ROBERT — You aren't old and you must get
well so fast that you won't be an invalid any
longer, and both of us are going to have the best
possible ride. {They drive away,}

SCENE II

The Harbor of St, Louis , banks of the Missis-
sippi River f 1839.
Characters

Captain Robert E. Lee

First Lieutenant Smith

THE PLAY 33

Buck Brown, Town Bully

Coyote Jim, his pal, a half-breed

Soldiers at work

Eight friends of Buck and Coyote Jim

BUCK— I'm a-lookin' for the boss of these diggin's.

LIEUTENANT-You want Captain Lee.
{Pointing to him.}

BUCK — Be you Captain Lee?

LEE— That's my name. What can I do for you?

BUCK — You can't do nothin' for me. Me and my friends can do anything we want for ourselves. We ain't helpless, see?

LEE— That being the case, I wish you would proceed to your own affairs and allow me to attend to mine.

BUCK— We'd be happy to have you, but this here you're doing now, don't happen to be none of your business.

LEE — Evidently you are looking for trouble, but I am much too busy to oblige you.

BUCK — Unless you leave off being busy right here and now, you're pretty hable to land in a heap o' trouble.

LEE — I am not in the least interested in your

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threats and I will ask you to be kind enough to leave in order to save me the trouble of having you put out.

BUCK — I reckon you don't know who you're talking to. I'm Buck Brown and this is Coyote Jim, my running mate, and all the rest of these here is our pals and have come to back us up in anything we say.

LEE — I am here to work not to argue. If you are not away from these works in three minutes, I will take means to see that you are.

BUCK — Did you know the city gov'ment wasn't going to give you no money for your work?

LEE — They can do as they like with their own, but I was sent here to do certain work, and I will do it.

BUCK — (Pointing.) Do you see them cannons up there? Unless you quit your dirty meddling, you'll have a chance to get acquainted with them.

LEE — Do you think I'd be kept from doing my duty by a pack of bullies and cowards? Go back and hide behind your cannon. You'll need more than those to protect you if you meddle again.

{BUCK and his friends skulk out.}

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SCENE III

Banquet Hall of the Palace^ City of Mexico^ after its conquest by the American forces. Officers sitting around the table.

Characters

General Scott
General Wilcox
General Twiggs
General Magruder
Thirty other officers

WILCOX— Well, I must say I'm thankful It's all over and I do hope it Isn't long before we can get back to God's own country. Furthermore,

I for one am thankful enough to be sitting here enjoying myself.

SCOTT — I am Inclined to believe that If It had not been for one Captain Robert E. Lee, you and I would still be fighting those slippery Mexicans.

PIERCE — Yes, I have the utmost confidence In the skill and judgment of Captain Lee.

TWIGGS — His gallantry and good conduct deserve the highest praise.

WILCOX — {Rising and raising his glass.)
Gentlemen, I wish to propose a toast that I know you win all drink heartily. I propose the health

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of the Captain of Engineers who found a way for our army into the city. Gentlemen, (Raising his glass again) the health of Captain Robert E. Lee I

{All the officers rise at once and lift their glasses. Then look around for LEE.)

WILCOX— Why he isn't here. What can be the matter.

MAGRUDER— I'll go and fetch him.

SCOTT — You might know Lee would be first in the battle and last at a banquet.

TWIGGS — I thought all of the crowd were here.

SCOTT — They are all here but Lee. Evidently we were all too much interested in our food to notice anything else. Let's sing a song to welcome him. {They sing two stanzas of "Yankee Doodle:"}

TWIGGS — Here comes Magruder alone {MAGRUDER enters.) Why, what's the matter? Couldn't you find him?

MAGRUDER— Oh, I found him all right, but that was all the good it did me.

SCOTT— Is he ill?

MAGRUDER— If he is, I wish I had the same thing the matter with me. He's suffering from a sense of duty.

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TWIGGS — You don't have to worry then.

WILCOX— Tell us all about it.

MAGRUDER — You might as well sit down first because he isn't coming. (They all sit down hut MAGRUDER.) You see I found him in a little room in a corner of the palace hard at work on a map. I asked him why he wasn't at the banquet and he said he was too busy. I told him it was just drudgery and to let some one else do it, but he looked up at me with that mild, calm gaze we all know so well and said, "No, I'm just doing my duty."

Act II

SCENE I

General Scott's office, Washington, April 18,
1861.

Characters

Colonel Lee

General Scott

SCOTT — The nation is in a terrible condition.

LEE — As far as I can judge from the papers we are between a state of anarchy and civil war. May God avert from us both!

I see that four States have declared themselves out of the Union. Four more apparently will follow their example. Then if the border States are dragged into the gulf of revolution, one half of the country will be arrayed against the other.

I must try to be patient and wait the end, for I can do nothing to hasten or retard it.

SCOTT — I don't quite see why conditions have become so serious.

LEE — The position of the two sections which they hold to each other has been brought about by the politicians of the country. The great masses of the people, if they understood the real question would avoid it. I believe that it is an unnecessary condition of affairs and might have been avoided, if forbearance and wisdom had been practised on both sides.

SCOTT — Which side do you think is more to blame?

LEE — The South, in my opinion, has been aggrieved by the act of the North. I feel the aggression and am willing to take every proper step for redress. It is the principle I contend for, not individual or private interest. As an American citizen, I take great pride in my country, her prosperity, and her institutions. But I can anticipate no greater calamity for this country than a dis-

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solution of the Union. It would be an accumulation of all the evils we complain of, and I am willing to sacrifice everything but honor for its preservation. I hope, therefore, that all constitutional means will be exhausted before there is a resort to force. Secession is nothing but revolution. Still a Union that can be maintained only by swords and bayonets, and in which strife and civil war are to take the place of brotherly love and kindness, has

no charm for me. I shall mourn for my country and for the welfare and progress of mankind.

SCOTT — But do you think slavery is just?

LEE — If all the slaves of the South were mine, I would surrender them all without a struggle to avert this war.

SCOTT — Then your sympathies are with the North?

LEE — Though opposed to secession and war, I can take no part in an invasion of the Southern States.

SCOTT — But surely you could not desert the United States army?

LEE — I deeply regret being obliged to separate myself from the service to which I have devoted the best years of my life and all the ability I possessed.

SCOTT — But I have been given to understand

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that In case you remained loyal, you would be given a very exalted command.

LEE — Yes, Blair has just been talking to me In regard to the matter, but no consideration on earth could induce me to act a part however gratifying to me, which could be construed Into disregard of, or faithlessness to the Commonwealth. If I am compelled to resign I cannot consult my own feelings in the matter. Virginia is my country, her will I obey, however lamentable the fate to which it may subject me. If the Union is dissolved and the Government disrupted, I shall return to my native State and share the miseries of my people, and, save in her defence, will draw my sword no more.

SCENE II

Convention of Virginia^ Richmond^ April 23,
1861.

Characters

Robert E. Lee

Mr. Janney, President of the Convention

Convention members and citizens

JANNEY — In the name of the people of our
native State, here represented, I bid you a cordial

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and heartfelt welcome to this hall, in which we
may almost hear the echoes of the voices of the
statesmen, the soldiers, and the sages of bygone
days who have borne your name and whose blood
now flows in your veins. We met in the month of
February last charged with the solemn duty of pro-
tecting the rights, the honor, and the interests of
the people of this commonwealth. We differed
for a time as to the best means of accomplishing
that object, but there never was at any moment a
shade of difference among us as to the great object
itself; and now, Virginia having taken her posi-
tion, we stand animated by one impulse, governed
by one desire and one determination, and that is,
that she shall be defended, and that no spot on her
soil shall be polluted by the foot of an invader.

When the necessity of having a leader for our
forces became apparent, all hearts and all eyes
turned to the old county of Westmoreland. We
knew how prolific she had been in other days of
heroes and statesmen; we knew she had given
birth to the Father of his country, to Richard
Henry Lee, to Monroe, and last, though not least,
to your own gallant father; and we knew well by
your deeds that her productive power was not ex-
hausted. Sir, we watched with the most profound
and intense interest the triumphal march of the

army led by General Scott, to which you were attached, from Vera Cruz to the capital of Mexico. We read of the conflicts and blood-stained fields, in all of which victory perched upon our banners. We knew of the unfading lustre which was shed upon the American arms by that campaign, and we know also what your modesty has always disclaimed, that no small share of the glory of those achievements was due to your valor and your military genius.

Sir, one of the proudest recollections of my life will be that I yesterday had the honor of submitting to this body the confirmation of the nomination, made by the governor of this State, of you as commander-in-chief of the naval and military forces of this commonwealth. I rose to put the question and when I asked if this body would advise and consent to that appointment, there rushed from the hearts to the tongues of all the members an affirmative response, which told with an emphasis that could leave no doubt of the feeling whence it emanated. I put the negative of the question for formes sake, but there was an unbroken silence.

Sir, we have by this unanimous vote expressed our convictions that you are at this day, among the living citizens of Virginia, first in war, and we

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pray God most fervently that you may so conduct the operations committed to your charge that it may soon be said of you that you are first in peace, and when that time comes you will have gained the still prouder distinction of being first in the hearts of your countrymen.

Yesterday your mother, Virginia, placed her sword in your hands upon the implied condition — which we knew you will keep to the letter and in the spirit — that you will draw it only in defence, and that you will fall with it in your hand rather than the object for which it was placed there shall

fail. {Long applause from convention members and citizens.})

LEE — Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention: Profoundly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, for which I must say I was not prepared, I accept the position assigned me by your partiality. I would have much preferred it had your choice fallen upon an abler man. Trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow-citizens, I devote myself to the service of my native State, in whose behalf alone will I ever again draw my sword.

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Act III

SCENE I

General Lee*s Tent.
Characters

General Lee

Major W. H. Fitzhugh Lee, his son

Hon. B. H. Hill

General Starke

An Orderly

HILL — I have come to ask your advice. Do you think it would be wise to move the Southern capital farther South?

LEE — That is a political question and you politicians must answer it. I am only a soldier.

HILL — That is the proudest name today.

LEE — Yes, there never were such men in an army before. They will go anywhere and do anything if properly led.

HILL — They could have no commander equal

to General Lee.

LEE — No, we made a great mistake Mr. Hill in the beginning of our struggle, and I fear in spite of all we can do, it will prove to be a fatal mistake.

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HILL— What mistake is that General?

LEE— Why sir, in the beginning we appointed all our worst generals to command the armies, and all our best generals to edit the newspapers! As you know, I have planned some campaigns and quite a number of battles. I have given the work all the care and thought I could, and sometimes when my plans were completed, so far as I could see they seemed perfect. But when I have fought them through I have discovered defects, and occasionally wondered I did not see some of the defects in advance. When it was all over I found by reading a newspaper that these best editor-generals saw all the defects plainly from the start. Unfortunately, they did not communicate this knowledge to me until it was too late.

I have no ambition but to serve the Confederacy and do all I can to win our independence. I am willing to serve in any capacity to which the authorities may assign me. I have done the best I could in the field, and have not succeeded as I should wish. I am willing to yield my place to the best generals, and will do my best for the cause in editing a newspaper.

Even as poor a soldier as I am can generally discover mistakes after it is all over. But If I could only Induce these wise gentlemen, who seq

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them so clearly beforehand^ to communicate with me in advance, instead of waiting till the evil has come upon us — to let me know what they knew ail

the time — it would be far better for my reputation, and, what is of more consequence, far better for the cause.

HILL — Don't let those waspish editors annoy you. The South is behind you to a man. They know what General Lee cannot accomplish, no man can.

{ORDERLY enters and salutes,}

LEE— What is it?

ORDERLY — General Starke wishes to see you.

HILL — I must leave you General, I am grateful for the audience.

LEE — I am always glad to talk to those interested in our common cause. Good day, Mr. Hill.

HILL — Good day. General. (Exit.)

LEE — Show General Starke in.

{Enter GEN. STARKE. He salutes.}

LEE — {Saluting.} Good morning. General, what can I do for you.

STARKE — Nothing for me sir, but a good (leal for yourself.

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LEE — This Is no time to think of private benefits.

STARKE — But General your reputation is suffering, the press Is denouncing you, your own State Is losing confidence In you, and the army needs a victory to add to Its enthusiasm.

LEE — I cannot afford to sacrifice five or six hundred of my people to silence public clamor.

When It Is time to strike, we will strike with a will.

STARKE — ^I wish those Northerners were all dead.

LEE — How can you say so ?

Now I wish they were all at home attending to their own business, and leaving us to do the same. They also are my countrymen. General, there Is a good old book which says, *Love your enemies." What a cruel thing Is war; to separate and destroy families and friends, and mar the purest joys and happiness God has granted us In this world; to fill our hearts with hatred Instead of love for our neighbors and to devastate the fair face of the beautiful world.

STARKE — But think of our men who have laid down their lives so bravely.

LEE — The loss of our gallant officers and men throughout the army causes me to weep tears of

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blood and to wish that I might never hear the sound of a gun again.

STARKE — I am sorry to have worried you General, you are right, good day I

{Salutes and exit. Enter MAJOR W, H, FITZHUGH LEE.)

W. H.F.LEE— Father I

LEE — Fitzhugh, how good it is to see you. You don't know how much I have missed you and your mother and your brothers and sisters.

W. H. F. LEE — Won't it be wonderful when the war will be over and we can all be together again.

LEE — God grant that it may be so I

W. H. F. LEE — I can't stay any longer. Father. I just came in to see you a moment before starting. I must be about my duty.

LEE — I know that wherever you may be placed, you will do your duty. That is all the pleasure, all the comfort, all the glory we can enjoy in this world.

Duty is the sublimest word in the language. There is a true glory and a true honor, the glory of duty done, the honor of integrity of principles.

{They salute.}

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SCENE II

Battlefield, the Southern Lines, Shells falling all around.

Characters

General Lee
General Gordon
General Grade
General Stuart
Northern Prisoners
Soldiers

{Enter squad of Soldiers with three Northern prisoners. One without a cap.}

LEE — {Addressing prisoner without cap.}
Where is your cap? Did the Rebels shoot it off?

PRISONER— (»S«/M^f««^.) No, General, but one of them took it off.

LEE — {Noticing a blue cap on one of the Confederate soldiers.} Give him back his cap, even if your own is ragged.

Men, you had better go farther to the rear, they are firing up here, and you are exposing yourselves. {Exeunt soldiers and prisoners.}

{Enter General Grade who places himself directly in front of General Lee in the direction of the firing. }

so ROBERT E. LEE

LEE — Why General Grade, you will certainly be killed.

GRACIE — It is better, General, that I should be killed than you. When you go to the rear, I will.

(Enter General Gordon with company of men.)

GORDON — General Lee, this is no place for you. Do go to the rear. These are Virginians and Georgians, sir — men who have never failed — and they will not fail now — Will you boys? Is it necessary for General Lee to lead this charge.

SOLDIERS— No! no! General Lee to the rear. General Lee to the rear ! We will drive them back, if General Lee will only go to the rear.

GORDON — Forward! Charge! and remember your promise to General Lee. {Exeunt.}

GEN. STUART — General, this is no place for you, do go away at once to a safe place.

LEE — I wish I knew where my place is on the battlefield: wherever I go some one tells me it is not the place for me to be.

LEE — {To soldiers.} Soldiers, I am more than satisfied with you. Your country will thank you for the heroic conduct you have displayed, — conduct worthy of men engaged in a cause so just and sacred, and deserving a nation's gratitude and praise. Now you must go farther back, you are

exposing yourselves unnecessarily. {As they pass back a little, slowly and unwillingly , Lee goes farther forward, stoops down and picks up something.)

FIRST SOLDIER— What is he doing?

SECOND SOLDIER— Why he's picking up a little bird that had fallen from its nest.

FIRST SOLDIER— ^He who heeds the sparrow's fall."

SECOND SOLDIER— I've heard of God, but here is General Lee !

SCENE III

Outside Appomatox Courthouse during Lee's conference with Grant.

Ragged Confederate soldiers on one side.
Northern troops on the other.

1ST CONFEDERATE — Their uniforms don't look much like ours, do they ?

2ND CONFEDERATE— No, nor their General doesn't look much like ours either.

3RD CONFEDERATE— Didn't Marse Robert look wonderful when he went through that door? Just naturally hating to go in, but going just the same, because he knew it was right.

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1ST CONFEDERATE— Of course he had to go in, we couldn't have stood another day without any rations.

2ND CONFEDERATE— You mean you couldn't. I could have gone till I dropped without rations, if Marse Robert had said so.

3RD CONFEDERATE— But he wouldn't let his men suffer any longer when he saw it was no

use. Sh ! Here he comes now.

(Soldiers stand at attention. The door slowly opens and LEE steps out. He looks up to the hills and sky. Silently clasps his hands together ^ then slowly and almost bent, walks down the steps. For a moment the men are silent. Then the sight of GEN. LEE is too much for them and they crowd around him cheering him.)

LEE — (Lifting his hand for silence.) Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done my best for you. My heart is too full to say more.

Act IV

Scene — Lee's Parlor at Richmond,
Characters

Gen. Lee

Mrs. Jackson, a family friend

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Jack Sharpe, a former Confederate soldier

Sam, an old negro servant

G. W. Custis Lee, Gen. Lee's son

Mr. Brown, representative of an Insurance

Company-
Judge Brockenborough, Trustee of Wash-
ington College

PAT — (Bursting through door with a huge basket of provisions, salutes.) Sure, sir, you're a great soldier and it's I that knows it. I've been fighting against you all these years, and many a hard knock we've had. But, General, I honor you for it, and now they tell me you are poor and in want, and I've brought you this basket. Please take it from a soldier.

LEE — I thank you comrade, but I'm glad to tell you I am not in need. But there are plenty of poor fellows over at the hospital who would be only too glad to get food from so generous a foe.

PAT — Just as you say, sir, but if ever you are in need just let Pat Murphy know, that's all. {Exit. }

{Enter MRS. JACKSON.}

LEE — How do you do, Mrs. Jackson.

MRS. JACKSON— Good morning General, and how are all the family?

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LEE — We are all as usual, the women of the family very fierce and the men very mild.

MRS. JACKSON— I think every woman of the South is fierce now. I am bringing up all my sons to hate the Yankees.

LEE — Madam, don't bring up your sons to detest the United States Government. Recollect that we form one country now. Abandon all this local hatred and make your sons Americans.

MRS. JACKSON— How can you talk that way after the way you have been treated.

LEE — General Grant has acted with magnanimity.

MRS. JACKSON— If there ever was a saint on earth, you are one. Now I must go upstairs and tell your wife so, but I reckon she knows It. Good morning. {Exit MRS. JACKSON. Enter JACK SHARPE dressed in ragged clothes ^ he looks all around, then goes up to Lee and salutes.}

SHARPE — General, I'm one of your soldiers, and I've come here as the representative of four of my comrades who are too ragged and dirty to venture to see you. We are all Virginians, General, from Roanoke County, and they sent me

here to see you on a little business.

They've got our President in prison and now —
they — ^talk — about — arresting — ^you. And, Gen-

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eral, we can't stand — we'll never stand and see
that.

Now, General, we five men have got about two
hundred and fifty acres of land in Roanoke — very
good land, too, it is, sir — and if you'll come up
there and live, I've come to offer you our land,
all of it and we five men will work as your field
hands, and you'll have very little trouble in manag-
ing it with us to help you.

And, General, there are near about a hundred
of us left in old Roanoke, and they could never
take you there, for we could hide you in the hol-
lows of the mountains, and the last man of us
would die in your defense.

LEE — I thank you and your friends, but my
place is among the people of Virginia. If ever
they needed me, it is now. (He goes to the door
and calls SAM. Enter SAM.)

LEE — Sam I want you to find all the clothes I
can do without and give them to this soldier for
his friends.

SHARPE — I thank you general, and if ever
you change your mind, just let Jack Sharpe hear
from you. {Exit JACK and SAM. Enter Lee's
oldest son, G. W. CUSTIS LEE.)

G. W. LEE — Well, Father, hard at work en-
tertaining visitors as usual, I suppose.

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LEE — Yes, I don't see how so many find the
time to come here.

G. W. C. LEE — Lots of the poor soldiers are out of work.

LEE — I am sorry. Tell them they must all set to work, and if they cannot do what they prefer, do what they can. Virginia wants all their aid, all their support, and the presence of all her sons to sustain her now.

G. W. C. LEE — I don't quite know what I'm going to do myself yet.

LEE — You can work for Virginia, to build her up again. You can teach your children to love and cherish her.

G. W. C. LEE — You are right. Father, all my life you have never failed to give me Inspiration. {Exit. Enter SAM and hands LEE a letter. He opens it and reads. ^

LEE — "Dear General: we have been fighting hard for four years, and now the Yankees have got us In Libby Prison. The boys want you to get us out if you can, but, if you can't, just ride by the Libby, and let us see you and give you a cheer. We will all feel better after it."

SAM — Will you all go for to see 'em, Marse Robert?

LEE — ^They would make too much fuss over

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the old rebel. Why should they care to see me? I am only a poor old Confederate. {Exit SAM, shaking his head. Enter MR. BROWN ^ a well-dressed business man.)

BROWN — I have not the honor of your acquaintance, General, except as all the world knows you. My name is Brown and I represent a well known Insurance Company.

LEE — I am afraid my life is hardly worth in-

suring, Mr. Brown.

BROWN — It is not about that I came to see you. I understand you are not as yet permanently employed and I have come, therefore, to offer you the presidency of our company at a yearly salary of \$50,000.

LEE — I thank you, sir, but I would be of no value to your company, as I know nothing whatever in regard to insurance.

BROWN — But, General, you will not be expected to do any work, what we wish is the use of your name.

LEE — My name is not for sale. I thank you, sir. Good morning. {Exit BROWN. Enter Judge Brockenborough.}

GEN. LEE — Good morning. Judge, what a pleasure to see an old friend !

JUDGE — Good morning, General, I should

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not have dared to call on so busy a man if I did not have a special mission. I have come to offer you the presidency of Washington College, at a salary of \$1,500 a year. I am sorry we can offer no more, but the war has left the college in a wretched condition.

LEE — I am afraid because of my many enemies that my connection with the college would make its condition far more wretched.

JUDGE — No, General, the whole South loves and respects you, and if you will only accept this position you will make us the happiest of all colleges.

LEE — I would have much preferred that your choice had fallen upon an abler man. But if you really want me, I will be only too glad to come. I have led the young men of the South in battle.

I have seen many of them die on the field. I shall try to devote my remaining energies to training young men to do their duty in life.

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LISTER'S GREAT ADVENTURE

by Harold Blindloss
1920

CHAPTER I

CARTWRIGHT MEDDLES

DINNER was over, and Cartwright occupied a chair on the lawn in front of the Canadian summer hotel. Automatic sprinklers threw sparkling showers across the rough, parched grass, the lake shimmered, smooth as oil, in the sunset, and a sweet, resinous smell drifted from the pines that rolled down to the water's edge. The straight trunks stood out against a background of luminous red and green, and here and there a slanting beam touched a branch with fire.

Natural beauty had not much charm for Cartwright, who was satisfied to loaf and enjoy the cool of the evening. He had, as usual, dined well, his cigar was good, and he meant to give Mrs. Cartwright half an hour. Clara expected this, and, although he was sometimes bored, he indulged her when he could. Besides, it was too soon for cards. The lights had not begun to spring up in the wooden hotel, and for the most part the guests were boating on the lake. When he had finished his cigar it would be time to join the party in the smoking-room, Cartwright was some-

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thing of a gambler and liked the American games. They gave one scope for bluffing, and although his antagonists declared his luck was good, he knew his nerve was better. In fact, since he lost his money by a reckless plunge, he had to some extent lived by bluff. Yet some people trusted Tom Cartwright.

Mrs. Cartwright did so. She was a large, dull woman, but had kept a touch of the beauty that had marked her when she was young. She was kind, conventional, and generally anxious to take the proper line. Cartwright was twelve years older, and since she was a widow and had three children when she married him, her friends declared her money accoimted for much, and a lawyer relation carefully guarded against Cartwright's using her fortune.

Yet, in a sense, Cartwright was not an adventurer, although his ventures in finance and shipping were numerous. He sprang from an old Liverpool family whose prosperity diminished wh^n steamers replaced sailing ships. His father had waited long before he resigned himself to the change, but was not altogether too late, and Cartwright was now managing owner of the Independent Freighters Line. The company's business had brought him to Montreal, and when it was transacted he had taken Mrs. Cartwright and her family to the hotel by the Ontario lake.

Cartwright's hair and mustache were white ; his face was fleshy and red. He was fastidious about his clothes, and his tailor cleverly hid the bulkiness of his figure. As a rule, his look was fierce and commanding, but now and then his small keen eyes twinkled. Although Cartwright was clever, he was, in some respects, primitive. He had long indulged his appetites, and

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wore the stamp of what is sometimes called good living.

The managing owner of the Independent Freighters needed cleverness, since the company was small and often embarrassed for money. For the most part, it ran its ships in opposition to the regular liners. When the Conference forced up freights Cartwright quietly canvassed the merchants and offered to carry their goods at something under the standard rate, if the shippers would engage to fill up his boat. As a rule, secrecy was important, but sometimes, when cargo was scarce, Cartwright let his plans be known and allowed the Conference to buy him off. Although his skill in the delicate negotiations was marked, the company paid small dividends and he had enemies among the shareholders. Now, however, he was satisfied- Oreana had sailed for Montreal, loaded to the limit the law allowed, and he had booked her return cargo before the Conference knew he was cutting rates.

Mrs. Cartwright talked, but she talked much and Cartwright hardly listened, and looked across the lake. A canoe drifted out from behind a neighboring point, and its varnished side shone in the fading light. Then a man dipped the paddle, and the ripple at the bow got longer and broke the reflections of the pines. A girl, sitting at the stern, put her hands in the water, and when she flung the sparkling drops at her companion her laugh came across the lake. Cartwright's look got keen and he began to note his wife's remarks.

"Do you imply Barbara's getting fond of the fellow?" he asked.

"I am afraid of something like that," Mrs. Cartwright admitted. "In a way, one hesitates to meddle; sometimes meddling does harm, and, of course, if

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Barbara really loved the young man " She paused

and gave Cartwright a sentimental smile. "After all, I married for love, and a number of my friends did not approve."

Cartwright grunted. He had married Clara because she was rich, but it was something to his credit that she had not suspected this. Clara was dull, and her

dullness often amused him.

"If you think it necessary, I won't hesitate about meddling," he remarked. " Shillito's a beggarly saw-mill clerk."

" He said he was treasurer for an important lumber company. Barbara's very young and romantic, and although she has not known him long "

" She has known him for about two weeks," Cartwright rejoined. " Perhaps it's long enough. Shillito's what Canadians call a looker and Barbara's a romantic fool. I've no doubt he's found out she'll inherit some money ; it's possible she's told him. Now I come to think about it, she was off somewhere all the afternoon, and it looks as if she had promised the fellow the evening."

He indicated the canoe and was satisfied when Mrs. Cartwright agreed, since he refused to wear spectacles and own his sight was going. Although Clara was generous, he could not use her money, and, indeed, did not mean to do so, but he was extravagant and his managing owner's post was not secure. When one had powerful antagonists, one did not admit that one was getting old.

** I doubt if Shillito's character is all one could wish," Mrs. Cartwright resumed. " Character's very important, don't you think ? Mrs. Grant — the woman with

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the big hat — knows something about him and she said he was fierce. I think she meant he was Wild. Then she hinted he spent money he ought not to spend. But isn't a treasurer's pay good ? "

Cartwright smiled, for he was patient to his wife. " It depends upon the company. A treasurer is sometimes a book-keeping clerk. However, the trouble is, Barbara's as wild as a hawk, though I don't know where she got her wildness. Her brother and sister are tame enough."

" Sometimes I'm bothered about Barbara," Mrs.

Cartwright agreed. " She's rash and obstinate ; not like the others. I don't know if they're tame, but they had never given me much anxiety. One can trust them to do all they ought.'*

Cartwright said nothing. As a rule, Qara's son and elder daughter annoyed him. Mortimer Hyslop was a calculating prig; Grace was finicking and bound by ridiculous rules. She was pale and inanimate; there was no blood in her. But Cartwright was fond of the younger girl. Barbara was frankly flesh and blood ; he liked her flashes of temper and her pluck.

When the canoe came to the landing he got up.
" Leave the thing to me," he said. " I'll talk to Shillito."

He went off, but when he reached the steps to the veranda in front of the hotel he stopped. His gout bothered him. At the top Mortimer Hyslop was smoking a cigarette. The young man was thin and looked bored ; his summer clothes were a study in harmonious colors, and he had delicate hands like a woman's. When he saw Cartwright stop he asked : " Can I help you up, sir?"

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Cartwright's face got red. He hated an offer of help that drew attention to his infirmity, and thought Mortimer knew.

" No, thanks ! I'm not a cripple yet. Have you seen Shillito ? '*

" You'll probably find him in the smoking room. The card party has gone in and he's a gambler."

'*Soam I!"

Mortimer shrugged, and Cartwright wondered whether the fellow meant to imply that his gambling was not important since he had married a rich wife. The young man, however, hesitated and looked thoughtful.

" I don't know your object for wanting Shillito,

but if my supposition's near the mark, might I state that I approve? In fact, Vd begun to wonder whether something ought not to be done. The fellow's plausible. Not our sort, of course; but when a girl's romantic and obstinate "

Cartwright stopped him. "Exactly! Well, I'm the head of the house and imagine you can leave the thing to me. Perhaps it doesn't matter if your sister is obstinate. I'm going to talk to Shillito."

He crossed the veranda, and Mortimer returned to his chair and cigarette. He did not approve his stepfather, but admitted that Cartwright could be trusted to handle a matter like this. Mortimer's fastidiousness was sometimes a handicap, but Cartwright had none.

Cartwright entered the smoking-room and crossed the floor to a table, at which two or three men stood as if waiting for somebody. One was young and tall. His thin face was finely molded, his eyes and hair

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were very black, and his figure was marked by an agile grace.

He looked up sharply as Cartwright advanced.

** I want you for a few minutes/' Cartwright said roughly, as if he gave an order.

Shillito frowned, but went with him to the back veranda. Although the night was warm and an electric light burned under the roof, nobody was about. Cartwright signed the other to sit down.

" I expect your holiday's nearly up, and the hotel car meets the train in the morning," he remarked.

" What about it? " Shillito asked. " I'm not going yet."

** You're going to-morrow," said Cartwright grimly.

Shillito smiled and gave him an insolent look, but his smile vanished. Cartwright's white mustache bristled, his face was red, and his eyes were very steady. It was not for nothing the old shipowner had fronted disappointed investors and forced his will on shareholders' meetings. Shillito saw the fellow was dangerous.

" I'll call you," he said, using a gambler's phrase.

" Very well," said Cartwright. " I think my cards are good, and if I can't win on one suit, I'll try another. To begin with, the hotel proprietor sent for me. He stated the house was new and beginning to pay, and he was anxious about its character. People must be amused, but he was running a summer hotel, not a gambling den. The play was too high, and young fools got into trouble ; two or three days since one got broke. Well, he wanted me to use my influence, and I said I would."

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" He asked you to keep the stakes in bounds ? It's a good joke ! "

" Not at all," said Cartwright dryly. " I like an exciting game, so 'long as it is straight, and when I lose I pay. I do lose, and if I come out fifty dollars ahead when I leave, TU be satisfied. How much have you cleared ? "

Shillito said nothing, and Cartwright went on : " My antagonists are old card-players who know the game ; but when you broke Forman he was drunk and the other two were not quite sober. You play against young fools and your luck's too good. If you force me to tell all I think and something that I know, I imagine you'll get a straight hint to quit."

" You talked about another plan," Shillito remarked.

" On the whole, I think the plan I've indicated will work. If it does not and you speak to any member of Mrs. Cartwright's family, I'll thrash you on the veranda when people are about. I won't state my grounds for doing so ; they ought to be obvious."

Shillito looked at the other hard. Cartwright's eyes were bloodshot, his face was going purple, and he thrust out his heavy chin. Shillito thought he meant all he said, and his threat carried weight. The old fellow was, of course, not a match for the vigorous young man, but Shillito saw he had the power to do him an injury that was not altogether physical. He pondered for a few moments, and then got up.

" ril pull out," he said with a coolness that cost him much.

Cartwright nodded. "There's another thing. If you write to Miss Hyslop, your letters will be burned."

He went back to the smoking-room, and playing with

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his usual boldness, won twenty dollars. Then he joined Mrs. Cartwright on the front veranda and remarked : " Shillito won't bother us. He goes in the morning."

Mrs. Cartwright gave him a grateful smile. She had long known that when she asked her husband's help difficulties were removed. Now he had removed Shillito, and she was satisfied but imagined he was not. Cartwright knitted his white brows and drew hard at his cigar.

" You had better watch Barbara until the fellow starts," he resumed. " Then I think you and the girls might join the Vernons at their fishing camp. Vernon would like it, and he's a useful friend; besides, it's possible Shillito's obstinate. Your letters needn't follow you; have them sent to me at Montreal, which will cover your tracks. I must go back in a few days."

Mrs. Cartwright weighed the suggestion. Vernon was a Winnipeg merchant, and his wife had urged her to join the party at the fishing camp in the woods. The journey was long, but Mrs. Cartwright rather liked the plan. Shillito would not find them, and Mrs. Vernon had two sons.

" Can't you come with us? " she asked. ** Mortimer is going to Detroit."

" Sorry I can't," said Cartwright firmly. " I don't want to leave you, but business calls."

He was relieved when Mrs. Cartwright let it go. Clara was a good sort and seldom argued. He had loafed about with her family for two weeks and had had enough. Moreover, business did call. If the Conference found out before his boat arrived that he had engaged Oreana's return load, they might see the

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shippers and make trouble. Anyhow, they would use some effort to get the cargo for their boats. Sometimes one promised regular customers a drawback on standard rates.

" rU write to Mrs. Vernon in the morning/" Mrs. Cartwright remarked.

" Telegraph," said Cartwright, who did not lose time when he had made a plan. " When the lines are not engaged after business hours, you can send a night-letter ; a long message at less than the proper charge."

Mrs. Cartwright looked pleased. Although she was rich and sometimes generous, she liked small economies. After all, writing a letter's tiresome," she said.

Telegrams are easy. Will you get me a form? "

CHAPTER II

IN THE DARK

IN the morning Cartwright told the porter to take his chair to the beach and sat down in a shady spot. He had not seen Barbara at breakfast and was rather sorry for her, but she had not known Shillito long, and although she might be angry for a time, her hurt could not be deep. Lighting his pipe, he watched the path that led between the pines to the water.

By and by a girl came out of the shadow, and going to the small landing-stage, looked at her wrist-watch. Cartwright imagined she did not see him and studied her with some amusement. Barbara looked impatient. People did not often keep her waiting, and she had not inherited her mother's placidity. She had a touch of youthful beauty, and although she was impulsive and rather raw, Cartwright thought her charm would be marked when she met the proper people and, so to speak, got toned down.

Cartwright meant her to meet the proper people, because he was fond of Barbara. She had grace, and although her figure was slender and girlish, she carried herself well. Her brown eyes were steady, her small mouth was firm, and as a rule her color was delicate white and pink. Now it was high, and Cartwright knew she was angry. She wore boating clothes and had obviously meant to go on the lake. The trouble was, her companion had not arrived.

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"Hallo ! '* said Cartwright. " Are you waiting for somebody?"

Barbara advanced and sat down on a rocky ledge.

" No/' she said, " Fm not waiting now/"

Cartwright smiled. He knew Barbara's temper, and his line was to keep her resentment warm.

" You mean, you have given him up and won't go if he does arrive? Well, when a jounge man doesn't keep his appointment, it's the proper plan."

She blushed, but tried to smile. " I don't know if you're clever or not just now, although you sometimes do see things the others miss. I really was a little annoyed."

" I've lived a long time," said Cartwright. " However, perhaps it's important I haven't forgotten I was young. I think your brother and sister never were very young. They were soberer than me when I knew them first."

" Mortimer is a stick," Barbara agreed. " He and Grace have a calm superiority that makes one savage now and then. I like human people, who sometimes let themselves go ^"

She stopped, and Cartwright noted her wandering glance that searched the beach and the path to the hotel. He knew whom she expected, and thought it would give her some satisfaction to quarrel with the fellow. Cartwright did not mean to soothe her.

" Mr. Shillito ought to have sent his apologies when he found he could not come," he said.

Barbara's glance got fixed, and Cartwright knew he had blundered.

" Oh ! " she said, " now I begin to see ! Mother kept

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me by her all the evening ; but mother's not very clever and Mortimer's too fastidious to meddle, unless he gets a dignified part. Of course, the plot was yours ! "

Cartwright nodded. Sometimes he used tact, but he was sometimes brutally frank.

" You had better try to console yourself with the Wheeler boys ; they're straight young fellows. Shillito is gone. He went by the car this morning and it s unlikely he'll come back."

" You sent him off? " said Barbara, and her eyes sparkled. " Well, I'm not a child and you* re not my

father really. Why did you meddle? "

" For one thing, he's not your sort. Then I'm a meddlesome old fellow and rather fond of you. To see you entangled by a man like Shillito would hurt. Let him go. If you want to try your powers, you'll find a number of honest young fellows on whom you can experiment. The boys one meets in this country are a pretty good sample."

" There's a rude vein in you," Barbara declared.

" One sees it sometimes, although you're sometimes kind. Anyhow, I won't be bullied and controlled ; I'm not a shareholder in the Cartwright line. I don't know if it's important, but why don't you like Mr. Shillito?"

Cartwright's eyes twinkled. In a sense, he could justify his getting rid of Shillito, but he knew Barbara and doubted if she could be persuaded. Still she was not a fool, and he would give her something to think about.

" It's possible my views are not important," he agreed. " All the same, when I told the man he had better go he saw the force of my arguments. He went.

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and I think his going is significant. Since I'd sooner not quarrel, I'll leave you to weigh this."

He went off, but Barbara stopped and brooded. She was angry and humiliated, but perhaps the worst was she had a vague notion Cartwright might be justified. It was very strange Shillito had gone. All the same, she did not mean to submit. Her mother's placid conventionality had long irritated her; one got tired of galling rules and criticism. She was not going to be molded into a calculating prude like Grace, or a prig like Mortimer. They did not know the ridiculous good-form they cultivated was out of date. In fact, she had had enough and meant to rebel.

Then she began to think about Shillito. His carelessness was strangely intriguing; he stood for adventure and all the romance she had known. Besides, he

was a handsome fellow; she liked his reckless twinkle and his coolness where coolness was needed. For all that, she would not acknowledge him her lover ; Barbara did not know if she really wanted a lover yet. She imagined Cartwright had got near the mark when he said she wanted to try her power, Cartwright was keen, although Barbara sensed something in him that was fierce and primitive.

Perhaps nobody else could have bullied Shillito; Mortimer certainly could not, but Barbara refused to speculate about the means Cartwright had used.

Shillito ought not to have gone without seeing her ; this was where it hurt. She was entitled to be angry — and then she started, for a page boy came quietly out of the shade.

" A note, miss," he said with a grin. " I was to give it you when nobody was around."

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Barbara's heart beat, but she gave the boy a quarter and opened the envelope. The note was short and not romantic. Shillito stated he had grounds for imagining it might not reach her, but if it did, he begged she would give him her address when she left the hotel. He told her where to write, and added if she could find a way to get his letters he had much to say.

His coolness annoyed Barbara, but he had excited her curiosity and she was intrigued. Moreover, Cartwright had tried to meddle and she wanted to feel she was cleverer than he. Then Shillito was entitled to defend himself, and to find the way he talked about would not be difficult. Barbara knitted her brows and began to think.

At last Mrs. Cartwright told her they were going to join the Vernons in the woods and she acquiesced. Two or three days afterwards they started, and at the station she gave Cartwright her hand with a smiling glance, but Cartwright knew his step-daughter and was not altogether satisfied. Barbara did not sulk; when one tried to baffle her she fought.

The Vernons' camp was like others Winnipeg people pitch in the lonely woods that roll west from Fort William to the plains. It is a rugged country pierced by angry rivers and dotted by lakes, but a gasoline launch brought up supplies, the tents were large and double-roofed, and for a few weeks one could play at pioneering without its hardships. The Vernons were hospitable, the young men and women given to healthy sport, and Mrs. Cartwright, watching Barbara fish and paddle on the lake, banished her doubts. For herself she did not miss much; the people were nice, and the cooking was really good.

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When two weeks had gone, Grace and Barbara sat one evening among the stones by a lake. The evening was calm, the sun was setting, and the shadow of the pines stretched across the tranquil water. Now and then the reflections trembled and a languid ripple broke against the driftwood on the beach. In the distance a loon called, but when its wild cry died away all was very quiet.

Grace looked across the lake and frowned. She was a tall girl, and although she had walked for some distance in the woods, her clothes were hardly crumpled. Her face was finely molded, but rather colorless; her hands were very white, while Barbara's were brown. Her dress and voice indicated cultivated taste ; but the taste was negative, as if Grace had banished carefully all that jarred and then had stopped. It was characteristic that she was tranquil, although she had grounds for disturbance. They were some distance from camp and it would soon be dark, but nothing broke the gleaming surface of the lake. The boat that ought to have met them had not arrived.

" I suppose this is the spot where Harry Vernon agreed to land and take us on board? " she said.

" It's like the spot. I understand we must watch out for a point opposite an island with big trees."

" Watch out ? " Grace remarked.

^ Watch out is good Canadian," Barbara rejoined.

" I'm studying the language and find it expressive and plain. When our new friends talk you know what they mean. Besides, I'd better learn their idioms, because I might stop in Canada if somebody urged

me.

Grace gave her a quiet look. Barbara meant to

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annoy her, or perhaps did not want to admit she had mistaken the spot. Now Grace came to think about it, the plan that the young men should meet them and paddle them down the lake was Barbara's.

" I don't see why we didn't go with Harry and the other, as he suggested," she said.

" Then, youVe rather dull. They didn't really want us ; they wanted to fish. To know when people might be bored is useful."

** But there are a number of bays and islands. They may go somewhere else," Grace insisted.

" Oh well, it ought to amuse Harry and Winter to look for us, and if they're annoyed, they deserve some punishment. If they had urged us very much to go, I would have gone. Anyhow, you needn't bother. There's a short way back to camp by the old loggers' trail."

Grace said nothing. She thought Barbara's carelessness was forced; Barbara was sometimes moody. Perhaps she felt Shillito's going more than she was willing to own. For all that, the fellow was gone, and Barbara would, no doubt, presently be consoled.

If mother could see things!" Barbara resumed.

Sometimes one feels one wants a guide, but all one gets is a ridiculous platitude from her old-fashioned

code. One has puzzles one can't solve by out-of-date rules. However, since she doesn't see, there's no use in bothering."

" I'm your elder sister, but you don't give me your confidence."

Barbara's mood chaged and her laugh was touched by scorn. " You are worse than mother. She's kind, but carft see; you don't want to see. I'd sooner trust

it

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*my stepr-father. He's a very human old ruffian. I wish I had a real girl friend, but you tactfully freeze off all the girls I like. It's strange how many people there are whom virtuous folks don't approve."

Grace missed the note of appeal in her sister's bitterness. She did not see the girl as disturbed by doubts and looked in perplexity for a guiding light. Afterwards, when understanding was too late, Grace partly understood.

" Mr. Cartwright is not a ruffian," she said coldly.

" I suppose you're taking the proper line, and you'd be rather noble, only you're not sincere. You don't like Cartwright and know he doesn't like you. All the same, it's not important. We were talking about getting home, and since the boys have not come for us we had better start."

The loon had flown away and nothing broke the surface of the lake ; the shadows had got longer and driven back the light. Thin mist drifted about the islands, the green glow behind the trunks was fading, and it would soon be dark.

" In winter, the big timber wolves prowl about the woods," Barbara remarked. ** Horrible, savage brutes! I expect you saw the heads at the packer's house. Still, one understands they stay North imtil

the frost begins."

She got up, and when they set off Grace looked regretfully across the lake, for she would sooner have gone home on board the fishing bateau. She was puzzled. The bays on the lake were numerous, and islands dotted the winding reaches, but it was strange the young men had gone to the wrong spot. They knew the lake and had told Barbara where to meet

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them. In the meantime, however, the important thing was to get home.

Darkness crept across the woods, and as she stumbled along the uneven trail Grace got disturbed. She felt the daunting loneliness, the quiet jarred her nerve. The pines looked ghostly in the gloom. They were ragged and strangely stiff, it looked as if their branches never moved, and the dark gaps between the trunks were somehow forbidding.

Grace did not like Canada. Her cultivation was artificial, but Canada was primitive and stern. In the towns, one found inventions that lightened life, and brought to the reach of all a physical comfort that in England only the rich enjoyed, but the contrasts were sharp. One left one's hotel, with its very modern furniture, noisy elevators and telephones, and plunged into the wilderness where all was as it had been from the beginning. Grace shrank from primitive rudeness and hated adventure. Living by rule she distrusted all she did not know. She thought it strange that Barbara, who feared nothing, let her go in front.

They came to a pool. All round, the black tops of the pines cut the sky; the water was dark and sullen in the gloom. The trail followed its edge and when a loon's wild cry rang across the woods Grace stopped. She knew the cry of the lonely bird that haunts the Canadian wilds, but it had a strange note, like mocking laughter. Grace disliked the loon when its voice first disturbed her sleep at the fishing camp; she hated it afterwards.

"Ga on!" said Barbara sharply.

For a moment or two Grace stood still. She did not want to stop, but something in Barbara's voice indicated

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strain. If Barbara were startled, it was strange. Then, not far off, a branch cracked and the pine-spray rustled as if they were gently pushed aside.

" Oh ! " Grace cried, ** something is creeping through the bush ! "

" Then don't stop," said Barbara. " Perhaps it's a wolf!"

Grace clutched her dress and ran. At first, she thought she heard Barbara behind, but she owned she had not her sister's pluck and fear gave her speed. She must get as far as possible from the pool before she stopped. Besides, she imagined something broke through the undergrowth near the trail, but her heart beat and she could not hear properly.

At length her breath got labored and she was forced to stop. All was quiet and the quiet was daunting. Barbara was not about and when Grace called did not reply. Grace tried to brace herself. Perhaps she ought to go back, but she could not; she shrank from the terror that haunted the dark. Then she began to argue that to go back was illogical. If Barbara had lost her way, she could not help. It was better to push on to the camp and send men who knew the woods to look for her sister. She set off, and presently saw with keen relief the light of a fire reflected on calm water.

Monologues and Dialogues

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Newfoundland Verse*, by E. J. Pratt

I

CARLO

"The dog that saved the lives of more than ninety persons in that recent week, by swimming with a line from the sinking vessel to the shore, well understood the importance as well as the risk of his mission."—Extract from a Newfoundland paper.

I see no use in not confessing—
To trace your breed would keep me guessing;
It would indeed an expert puzzle
To match such legs with a jet-black muzzle.
To make a mongrel, as you know,
it takes some fifty types or so,
And nothing in your height or length,
In stand or color, speed or strength,
Could make me see how any strain
Could come from mastiff, bull, or Dane.
But, were I given to speculating
On pedigrees in canine rating,
I'd wager this—not from your size,
Not merely from your human eyes,
But from the way you held that cable
Within those gleaming jaws of sable,
Leaped from the taffrail of the wreck
With ninety souls upon its deck,
And with your cunning dog-stroke tore
Your path unerring to the shore—
Yes, stake my life, the way you swam,
That somewhere in your line a dam,
Shaped to this hour by God's own hand,
Had mated with a Newfoundland.
They tell me, Carlo, that your kind
Has neither conscience, soul, nor mind;
That reason is a thing unknown
To such as dogs; to man alone
The spark divine—he may aspire
To climb to heaven or even higher;
But God has tied around the dog
The symbol of his fate, the clog.
Thus, I have heard some preachers say—
Wise men and good, in a sort o' way—
Proclaiming from the sacred box
(Quoting from Butler and John Knox)
How freedom and the moral law
God gave to man, because He saw
A way to draw a line at root
Between the human and the brute.
And you were classed with things like bats,
Parrots and sand-flies and dock-rats,
Serpents and toads that dwell in mud,
And other creatures with cold blood
That sightless crawl in slime, and sink.
Gadsooks! It makes me sick to think

That man must so exalt his race
By giving dogs a servile place;
Prate of his transcendentalism,
While you save men by mechanism.
And when I told them how you fought
The demons of the storm, and brought
That life-line from the wreck to shore,
And saved those ninety souls or more,
They argued with such confidence—
'Twas instinct, nature, or blind sense.
A man could know when he would do it;
You did it and never knew it.
And so, old chap, by what they say,
You live and die and have your day,
Like any cat or mouse or weevil
That has no sense of good and evil
(Though sheep and goats, when they have died,
The Good Book says are classified);
But you, being neuter, go to—well,
Neither to heaven nor to hell.
I'll not believe it, Carlo: I
Will fetch you with me when I die,
And, standing up at Peter's wicket,
Will urge sound reasons for your ticket;
I'll show him your life-saving label
And tell him all about that cable,
The storm along the shore, the wreck,
The ninety souls upon the deck;
How one by one they came along,
The young and old, the weak and strong—
Pale women sick and tempest-tossed,
With children given up for lost;
I'd tell him more, if he would ask it—
How they tied a baby in a basket.
While a young sailor, picked and able,
Moved out to steady it on the cable;
And if he needed more recital
To admit a mongrel without title,
I'd get down low upon my knees.
And swear before the Holy Keys,
That, judging by the way you swam,
Somewhere within your line, a dam
Formed for the job by God's own hand,
Had littered for a Newfoundland.
I feel quite sure that if I made him
Give ear to that, I could persuade him
To open up the Golden Gate
And let you in; but should he state
That from your legs and height and speed

He still had doubts about your breed,
And called my story of the cable
"A cunningly devised fable,"
Like other rumors that you've seen
In Second Peter, one, sixteen,
I'd tell him (saving his high station)
The devil take his legislation,
And, where life, love, and death atone,
I'd move your case up to the Throne.

II

OVERHEARD BY A STREAM

Here is the pool, and there the waterfall;
This is the bank; keep out of sight, and crawl
Along the side to where that alder clump
Juts out. 'Twas there I saw a salmon jump,
A full eight feet, not fifteen minutes past.
Bend low a bit! or else the sun will cast
Your shadow on the stream. Still farther; stop!
Now joint your rod; reel out your line, and drop
Your leader with the "silver doctor" on it,
Behind that rock that's got the log upon it.
There's nothing here; the water is too quiet;
You need a pool with rapids flowing by it:
Plenty of rush and motion, heave and roar.
To turn their thoughts from things upon the shore;
The day's too calm—I told you that before.
Just mind your line! I tell you that he's there.
I saw him spring up ten feet in the air—
Twelve pounder, if an ounce! Great Mackinaw!
Look! Quick! He's on! The "doctor" in his jaw.....
Snapped! Gone! You big fool: worse than any fool!
What did you think to find here in this pool—
A minnow or a shiner—that you tried
With such a jerk to land him on the side
Of this high bank? That was a salmon—fool!
The biggest one that swam within this pool;
The one I saw that jumped twelve feet—not lower;
Would tip the scales at fourteen pounds or more.
Lost—near that rock that's got the log upon it,
Gone—with the leader and the "doctor" on it.

III

OVERHEARD IN A COVE

(The Old Salt Talks Back)

Swiles=seals.

Quintal=cwt.

THE SCHOLAR (recovering from heroic seizures)

Existence in this little town I find

Much too constricted for an ample mind;

Unheeded on these vain and deafening shores

Might Wisdom cry aloud her precious stores—

Wisdom for whom the Universe unseen

An illustrated page has ever been;

Who but initiates may understand

The forms and pressures of her amorous hand!

Her thoughts that wander through Eternity

Would perish here beside this muddy sea,

For no divine afflatus ever reaches

The men who dry their fish upon these beaches.

THE SALT.

Your poor old dad and granddad, long since dead—

God rest their weary souls—were born and bred

Upon this shore, as fine God-fearin' sort

As ever brought a leaky ship to port.

They never put up any braggin' claims

To learnin'—couldn't more than write their names,

And yet, no dealer born could take 'em in,

In things of common sense, like figurin'

Accounts, or show them any solid reason

Why number one prime cod might any season

Drop in price, while the fish remained as good

As ever, and a quintal always stood

A quintal; and there never was a strait

Or gulf or cape they couldn't navigate;

And fair or foul it made no difference.

They had no learnin', but the chunk of sense

The Good Lord gave 'em for their calculation,

While other men who learned their navigation

From books, got drowned; so you for all your letters

Have got no call for sneerin' at your betters.

THE SCHOLAR (with condescension).

But, my dear man, I feel I must admit

To such a native modicum of wit,

By this, plus luck, if such a thing there be,

A man may wrest his living from the sea;

But on the troublous sea as on the land.

Note what we owe the scientific hand.

The world's dark secrets have been opened out
By men who forged their faith from honest doubt.
Who rounded out the universe for us
But Galileo and Copernicus?
Who gave us chart and compass, sextant, log,
And apparatus for detecting fog
And wind and currents? Who gave us thermometers?
Again, I ask; who, prisms and barometers?

THE SALT (snortingly).
A man that owns a hand can use a log,
An idiot with one eye can see a fog
When it is comin'.

THE SCHOLAR.
But no wit surmises
The calculated way the wind uprises;
The place it comes from, whereunto it goes,
Nor tell you to the mile the rate it blows,
A full seven days ahead. But Science draws
Exact determinations of the laws
That govern wind and waves; though, to be sure,
In charting atmospheric temperature
She may, for uninformed mentalities,
Use terms like unexplained contingencies.
But still, when all her facts are massed together,
Unerring is her forecast of the weather;
In our metropolis we have a man
Who plots it every day.

THE SALT (fired by reminiscence).
Like hell he can.
Whenever that fool bulletin comes out,
With cock-sure talk about the heat and drought
That's bound to last a week, I always ask
The missus for me flannels and a flask
Of gin to keep me goin' through the day.
And when it says—"Look out for frost, 'twill stay
Three days or more," I know we'll have a spurt
Of heat would boil a man inside his shirt.
Its everlasting fable—"Fair and warm"
Means "brewin' for the devil of a storm."

THE SCHOLAR (with righteous warmth).
This open and unshamed prevarication

Perturbs my soul with moral agitation.
A votary of Truth I shall abide,
That Wisdom of her child be justified.

THE SALT.

And let me tell you this: a half a brain
Can tell a nor'-east wind will bring a rain.
A sun-hound in the evenin' or a ring
Around the moon—there is no safer thing
For prophesyin' weather; as for cold,
You boasted that your man up yonder told
That frost was comin'. Why, sure, a skunk knows
That and more; three months ahead he grows
A chunkier tail.

THE SCHOLAR.

Your language, my good sir,
Is rank: but, waiving that, I must aver
With emphasis that human life is longer,
As knowledge grows from more to more, and stronger,
With every age, the race. Take medicine,
And note its triumphs. How shall I begin
To glorify that heavenly art enough,
Since Aesculapius.

THE SALT.

I calls it bluff,
This doctorin' business. There's Jim Hennessey's lad.
When he was young his father thought he had
The makin's of a doctor in him. I,
Inquirin' like, asked him the reason why.
He said the lad was handy with a knife,
The way he'd carve a rabbit up alive,
Or a young robin, maybe, just to see
What the innerds were like.

THE SCHOLAR.

Anatomy!
A subject of minute research.

THE SALT.

Then Jim
Put no less than six years expense on him.
When he came back, some said it was decline;

He called it asthma, but he had the sign
Of a gone man; the neighbors were afraid
To have him in; their children, so they said,
Might catch the wheezin' off his chest. One case
His dad got for him—more to save his face,
I said, but let that bide—Jim got his son
A case of Jack spavin—a wicked one
I will allow it was—in Hazzard's mare.
The boy put on a apron, then a pair
Of rubber gloves, and then he said he'd freeze
The leg and dose her up with fumes to ease
The pain; and afterwards he'd operate.
Then sew her up and leave the rest to fate.
He did his honest bit—at least he tried;
The mare kicked down the stalls before she died.

THE SCHOLAR.

But your example only serves to show
What dire results from ignorance may flow.
He had no skill for equine malady—
No special training.

THE SALT.

Just what Hennessey,
His father, thought. So the old man, grown wise,
Gave him another year to specialize—
This time in spavins.

THE SCHOLAR.

How does this impugn
The Science by which man is made immune
From all those fearsome, devastating ills,
From cholera morbus to domestic measles,
That swept the cosmos? Tell me, has not man
Added by this to his allotted span
Two decades?

THE SALT.

I don't see it with my eyes.
This generation's dyin' off like flies;
And why? Each mother son of them and daughter
Are bred on arrowroot, with milk and water.
They're all a scraggy lot; too much spoon-fed;
Wants water bottles when they go to bed;
Smokes cigarettes and drinks vile, home-made wine.

Rhubarb will corn 'em; so will dandyline.
'Tis not the same as what it was. I know,
Away back in the sixties, when our crew
Was home from swilin' and a regular streak
Of thirst had struck us, how, one night a week,
And after lodge was out, each man would take a
Good, long and steady swig of old Jamaica,
And never feel the worse on it. 'Twould blow
A colony like you to Jericho.
As tough as staragons, they had no call
For other medicine. A swig was all
They asked for, and a swig was all they got.
It cooled them off when they were dry, and shot
Them up, when they were cold. And, say, what can,
Within a lifetime, come to any man,
Except a burnin' fever or a freezin'?

THE SCHOLAR.

Your argument is void of rhyme or reason;
Your observations on disease, mere chatter.

THE SALT.

Maybe 'tis so; but I looks at the matter
Quite different wise. I holds that not in strength,
Nor muscle, nor in gumption, nor in length
Of days, are young folks like they used to be.
I minds how in a blinkin' storm at sea,
When both the captain and the mate were drowned,
Under a double reef we had to round
The Cape, on a lee coast, and, undermanned,
And the taffrail blown to bits, the youngest hand
On board, Sam Drake, took his turn at the wheel.
He couldn't see the mainmast—had to feel
The schooner's course, yet brought her down the bay,
With every shred of canvas swept away.

THE SCHOLAR.

Is not the clamant menace of the sea
Silenced by steam, by electricity,
By gasoline?

THE SALT.

My notion's still the same,
That folks were better off before they came.
More swiles were taken in the spring; more fish

Were dried upon the flakes, and if you wish
To get my views on gasoline, I think
The racket of the engine and the stink
Is drivin' all the cod out of the bay.
'Tis gettin' hopeless quite—no fish, no pay.
But there's a worse account I feel like makin'
Against new-fangled notions. They are takin'
The backbone from the lads—initiation
You called it—

THE SCHOLAR.

No. Allow my emendation—
Initiative! However, I understand.

THE SALT.

Maybe you're right; maybe you're not. 'Tis sand,
I calls it; but no matter what 'tis called,
With any kind of little snag they're stalled.
They'd starve and die with plenty all around 'em.
I minds when our supplies ran out we found 'em,
Sometimes when we were in the bush, with tea
And baccy gone—no drink or nothin'—we
Would fetch a kettle full of juniper
And boil it for an hour or so, and stir
Barbados black-strap with it—

THE SCHOLAR (in deep spiritual reflection).

Do I see,
In its archetypal form, Zymology,
That most potential art?

THE SALT.

Yes, sir, the brew
Would grow a jumper on your chest. We'd chew
The dried sap of the spruce, and then we'd take
Dried tea-leaves with the chips of bark and make
A powerful, fine smoke. You never saw,
I suppose, a man rig up a lobster claw
With quid, to get a drag when he had lost
His pipe? I needn't ask. That never crossed
Your mind. I'd like to see a good round score
Like you, a-headin' all for Labrador,
Stowed in a fore-and-after with the sea,
A-ragin' through the scuppers. It would be
A sight for Satan, every time the ship,

With not too much of ballast, took a dip
To come right up again with soakin' jibs—
To watch your queasy stomachs and your ribs
In need of oilin'.

THE SCHOLAR.

Trivial your words,
Your passions bestial. The irrational herds
Roaming the plains would scorn such thoughts as these;
The ox, the zebra and the ass appease
Their several hungers, earth-born as they are—
Without afflatus, without mind—with far
More worthy satisfactions. What care you
(recurrence of symptoms)
For the primrose by the river's brink, the blue
Within the violet's eye, in fine, for flowers?
Eating and drinking you lay waste your powers,
The world being too much with you. Have you felt
A presence that disturbs you? Have you knelt
At Nature's shrine, bathed at her crystal fount,
And found her central peace? Say, do you count
By figures or by heart-throbs? Have you never
Listened to brooks that babble on for ever?
Sermons there are in stones; alas, they stir
You not.

THE SALT.

Shame on you, you idolater,
For worshippin' stocks and stones. I see you took
All your religion from a bot'ny book,
And a dry, small lump it is, by every sign
That I can see, you heathen. I gets mine
From another kind of book. You don't need learnin'
Neither, the kind that kills the soul's discernin'
Of spiritual things. That's what our parson said,
And he had learnin', too. It killed him dead
Before he gave it up, like a dry rot
That puts the blight on damson plums—that's what
It is. Give me what makes a critter whole,
And pours the blazin' glory on his soul,
And saves him from the horrors.

THE SCHOLAR (on the verge of a paroxysm).

A most rude
Conception of the spirit's growth—mere food
For sucklings, for the race at those low stages

Of history that form the world's Dark Ages.
From your contentions, then, must I assume
That in your mind's horizon is no room
For formulæ that dominate our times;
For laws that tell how by successive climbs
Our common human nature has become
The paragon magnificent for dumb
And erring brutes? Millions of years have passed
Between the first crude cycle and the last,
In which, despite the bludgeonings of chance
And fate, has man his own deliverance
Wrought out; survived the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to. In the eternal rocks
Engraven is the epic.

THE SALT.

Pedley's lad,
When he came back from learnin', was as bad
As Hennessey. I might say worse, for he
Lacked any bit of skill that Hennessey
Might seem to own if he got started right.
Pedley, for so his old man thought, was quite
A brainy boy when growin' up. He'd shirk
Any and every job that looked like work.
He wouldn't run, he wouldn't walk; he'd fetch
A book, and then for hours at a stretch
He'd squat down on the wharf—takin' the air,
I said it was. He wouldn't read. He'd stare,
Then drowse, then stare again, just like a sheep.
Whose brains the wise God only gave for sleep,
When Jeff, his younger brother, might be seen
Shapin' the model of a brigantine,
Or doin' something handy, steepin' bark,
Or renderin' out the liver of a shark.
Well, when the old man finally understood
He could do nothin' with him, for the good
Of his soul—the last thing left—he thought he'd send
Him off to join the Church; thought if he'd spend
Ten years wearin' a collar or a satin
Gown, and got crammed right to the neck with Latin,
And the seven tongues, and all the other learnin',
He'd be a thumpin' wonder on returnin'.
He was. As bad as you for gall, he'd chin
The Lord out of his job, on points like sin,
Damnation and the rest of it. He told
Us how the world—I can't just mind how old,
He said it was; but just to illustrate
His point, he took a pencil and a slate,

Marked five in the left-hand corner near the top,
And added zeros till he had to stop
For want of room, and added more by tongue,
Then ended, claimin' that the world was young.
Just like a mushroom, so to speak; and when
He thought he'd finished his explainin', then
Our pastor put a poser to him straight.
Just how, he asked him, did he calculate
It out?—the parson, I'll allow, was rough
On questions—Was the slate not big enough?
Did he run out of zeros? Was he sure
He had the tally right? A zero more,
What mattered it, and how did he arrive
By any kind of reckonin' at that five?
It looked so lonesome by itself. Would not
Another zero do instead? And what
Do you allow his answer was? I've heard
Some blasphemy against the Livin' Word
Within my time—the Livin' Word that says
The world's bin waggin' now, omittin' days,
Six thousand years; but Word and Church and Lord,
The evidence of the Fathers and the Sword
Of the Spirit, everything—he cast them out
With one deliberate, sacrilegious clout.
He told us—and it sounded like a boast—
He told us—are you listenin'?—that the most
Of all his facts he got from skulls; from graves
Of savages that one time lived in caves;
From skeletons of serpents, elephants;
I think he mentioned bugs and bees and ants
And frogs' backbones and such, but most of it
He got from skulls so old that not a bit
Of chop was left upon the jowls. He said—
Grantin' the man who owned the skull was dead
So long, the crown had rotted—yet he'd tell
The story from the jaw-bone just as well.

THE SCHOLAR (delivering le grand coup).
Thanks to the scientist's imagination,
The point is proven to a demonstration,
Your patriarchal history is a fable,
A groundless fiction like your Tower of Babel,
Your Samson or your Jonah. Had you sense
To follow while I forge the evidence,
How from the void of dancing vortices,
The human mind has wrought its destinies,
You'd gather what the Universe discloses.

THE SALT (with profound disgust).
I'm done with you, my lad—I stands by Moses.

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